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# Together

JUNE 1964

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

*Roy L. Smith's Color Slides*  
*Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship*  
*Must Wives Obey Their Husbands?*  
*Picture Story: A Pastor Moves*





# A SUPERHIGHWAY Claims a Historic Church

*Boston's world-famous Church of All Nations  
falls before the demolition crews as a turnpike  
extension cuts through the city's blighted heart.*

*On a Sunday in August, 1963, doors are closed and a procession begins.*







*With ruthless indifference, while rubble is hauled from the scene, a giant wrecking crane smashes its way toward the old church's brownstone face.*

THE RENDING sounds of demolition, of shattered masonry cascading into a quiet sanctuary, last November ended another chapter in the story of Boston's unique Church of All Nations. In months to come, when automobiles flash along the way cleared for a new turnpike, many will recall the church's 45-year stand against poverty and despair.

The imposing Gothic structure, officially named Morgan Memorial Methodist Church, was partially built of bricks from houses of prostitution; now the membership is temporarily quartered in a former pool hall. Such facts will not seem strange to those who know the mission of this church in Boston's blighted South End. It was—and is—a church for all races and nationalities. Within the walls that came tumbling down was refuge for the lost and friendless. Here Goodwill Industries was born. The sanctuary became a school and a nursery for the children of working mothers. Altar paintings in the chancel symbolized the church's unique ministry.

The Church of All Nations had work to do in the streets as well as in the sanctuary, for the area once included one of the nation's notorious red-light districts. It had its skid row, its endless vistas of taverns, liquor stores, and cheap rooming houses. Morgan Memorial existed to help the many unfortunates, the disinherited, at its very doorstep.

The fight is not over in Boston, but the turnpike may well transform the character of the area—for crime, vice, even poverty, tend to retreat before urban renewal. If so, Morgan Memorial Methodist Church may move to another place where the need is greater.

*In new quarters—a renovated pool hall—Morgan Memorial is Gothic and imposing no longer, but the need and her mission remain the same.*



*It's Morgan Memorial's last Easter service, and Bishop James K. Mathews is present to preach in the sanctuary of classic Gothic design.*



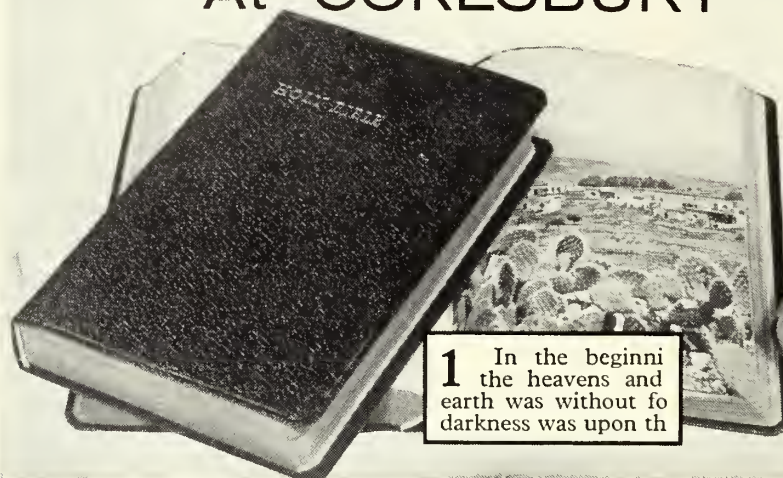
*Carrying Communion vessels and Bible, altar cross and hymnals, officials and members proceed to the temporary church nearby.*





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**1** In the beginning the heavens and the earth was without form, darkness was upon the deep; and the Spirit of

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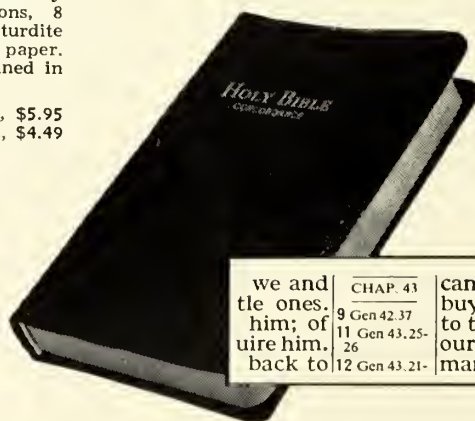
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# The Church in Action

## Methodism Loses

### Another Ethnic Division:

# Japanese Conference Dissolved

**The News.** Another special ethnic organization, through which American Methodism has served peoples of different cultural and language backgrounds for 145 years, will disappear May 24. On that date, the 6,672-member Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, meeting in San Francisco's historic Pine Methodist Church, mother church of Japanese-American Methodism, will conclude its final session as a conference in The Methodist Church.

By late June, the conference's 31 churches will be integrated into the California-Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Pacific Northwest, Rocky Mountain, and Southern California-Arizona Conferences of the church's Western Jurisdiction.

**The Background.** Historically, Methodism often has surmounted language barriers to carry out its mission. Its founder, John Wesley, studied German so he could better communicate with Moravian friends. He also learned Spanish so he could minister to Spanish-speaking Indians as a missionary in Georgia. And he could preach in Italian and French.

Later, Methodists in the American colonies became involved with building a growing church and they developed no special ministries for non-English-speaking people. It was not until 1819—35 years after the founding of the former Methodist Episcopal Church—that Methodism developed a language mission. In that year, the Missionary Society was organized and began its first bilingual work among French settlers in Canada, Florida, and Louisiana.

In the years that followed, Methodism in the United States developed 18 organized foreign-language conferences for work among Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Welshmen, Japanese, Latin Americans, Koreans, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans, Italians, Cubans, Bohemians, Greeks, Poles, Syrians, and Romanians.

**Japanese Work Begins.** The Pacific Japanese Pro-



*A \$40,000 gift from the Japanese Methodist Church at Oxnard, Calif., made possible this \$230,000 St. Paul's Methodist sanctuary when the churches merged.*

visional Conference dates back to the uniting conference of 1939, when the three main branches of Methodism in America became The Methodist Church. In that year, the General Conference authorized formation of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference within the church's newly formed Western Jurisdiction.

Methodist work among Japanese in the U.S. actually began in 1877. A young Japanese *samurai* (nobleman), Kanichi Miyama, who had come to San Francisco in 1876, was converted and baptized by the superintendent of a Methodist-related Chinese mission. Subsequently, he helped organize the Japanese Gospel Society, became the first Japanese Methodist minister, and was a missionary among his people in Hawaii. By 1893, the society had grown into the Japanese District of the California Conference, serving Japanese on the West Coast and in Hawaii. And in 1900, the Pacific Japanese Mission was organized, followed 39 years later by the provisional conference.

**Seventeen Years of Planning.** At its 1947 session, the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference named



a committee to study "ways of integrating into the whole onward movement of Methodism." In 1956, it set 1964 as the date for integration.

Integration actually began earlier. In 1962, 22 members of the former Simpson Methodist Church of the Rocky Mountain Conference in Denver were transferred into a formerly all-Japanese congregation, which then took the name Simpson Methodist Church. And in 1963 the Japanese church at Oxnard, Calif., was merged with St. Paul's Methodist Church of the Southern California-Arizona Conference.

Although not actually a merger, First Church of Loomis, Calif., in the California-Nevada Conference, is very much integrated—about one third of its active members are of Caucasian background.

**Integration Mechanics.** Under the integration plan, pastors of the former Japanese conference will be appointed to pulpits in other conferences on the same basis as all other Methodist ministers. Eventually, many Japanese ministers may serve predominantly Caucasian churches, and vice versa. There may also be further consolidation of some churches.

Japanese ministers will have the same status as the ministers in the non-Japanese conferences. They will participate in minimum-salary provisions where such exist, and many already have qualified for the pension reserve of the church.

**Bilingualism Continues.** Dissolution of the Japanese conference does not mean elimination of the church's bilingual approach, or of its special organizational units for work among people of various backgrounds.

Remaining will be the bilingual work of the Division of National Missions of the General Board of Missions, the separate Rio Grande Conference serving Spanish-speaking people in New Mexico and Texas; the Puerto Rico Provisional Conference serving Spanish-speaking people in Puerto Rico; the Oklahoma Indian Mission Conference; other mission work serving Indians in 13 states; and the 17 annual conferences of the Central Jurisdiction.

The church now is in the process of dissolving its Central Jurisdiction, but bilingual work is expected to continue for some time.

**Time a Factor.** Integration of the Japanese-American Methodists into predominantly Caucasian conferences represents a significant step in race relations.

The Japanese, along with the Chinese, long were targets of Oriental-exclusion acts. During World War II, the Japanese were uprooted from their West Coast homes and moved to relocation camps. After the war they

faced a trying period of resettlement, but they found refuge in churches, many of which were reopened through the support of the Division of National Missions. [See *Livingston's Good Neighbors*, page 31.]

An important factor leading to the eventual integration movement was the gradual shifting of local church leadership from Issei (first-generation) Japanese-speaking members to English-speaking second and third generations—the Nisei and Sansei.

It was the same kind of change which brought about dissolution of earlier specialized cultural and language organizations and work within the church.

Despite the bitterness of war-inflamed feelings and local antipathies against people of different cultures and languages, much of the prejudice against ethnic groups within the church has been overcome.

**Significance.** Commenting on dissolution of the Japanese conference, Bishop Donald H. Tippett of San Francisco, who has administered the conference, points out that Japanese-speaking ministers still will be required—especially in churches with older members whose knowledge of English is limited.

The Japanese themselves have urged the creation of a language-ethnic department within the Division of National Missions to serve a number of ethnic and language groups needing help in adjusting to American society.

The Section of Home Missions of the Division of National Missions is fully aware of this need and is trying to meet it, according to Dr. Allen B. Rice, executive secretary of the sec-

tion. Dr. Rice further explained:

"The Japanese, Korean, and Filipino churches, although merged, still are bilingual. In a greater number of these churches we have associate pastors for English and the other language. This is primarily for the older generation, but in some cases for the young adults such as war brides from Japan.

"I cannot see how the Rio Grande Conference and other Spanish-speaking churches can give up Spanish for a number of years because of the influx of Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, and others who now form the principal immigration stream in the U.S.

"I would emphasize that we look forward to the day when there is complete integration of all the churches. When a new Italian, Japanese, or Spanish-speaking church is started, it is our policy to have the church so located that it will eventually become a regular Methodist church serving all the people in its primary parish."

## Bishops, Theology Professors Denied Worship in Jackson

Two Methodist bishops, one a Negro, were barred in Jackson, Miss., from Easter services at Galloway Memorial, the state's largest all-white Methodist church.

The same day, seven white theology professors and two Negro students refused to leave Capitol Street Methodist Church, also in Jackson. They were arrested and charged with trespass and disturbing public worship. The trespass charge was dropped, but the nine were fined and given jail sentences on the other charge. The convictions are being appealed.

At Galloway, Bishops James K. Mathews of Boston and Charles Golden of Nashville, Tenn., were stopped by ushers and the board chairman. They asked to see Dr. W. J. Cunningham, Galloway's pastor.

Assured that they could, they waited at a side entrance for about 20 minutes. Then, seeing that the service would start in another 10 minutes, they handed the board chairman a prepared statement and left to worship in a nearby Negro church.

Bishop Golden said he and Bishop Mathews had been discussing for several months last fall's declaration of the Council of Bishops which took a firm stand against racial segregation and called for its elimination in The Methodist Church. [See *The Council of Bishops on Race*, February, page 15.] He said the two had planned to go to Mississippi earlier, but decided to wait for the local people there to come to grips with the problem. By Easter, he said, they felt they could delay no longer. The Jackson visit was for the sole purpose of worshipping at

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Galloway Church, the Negro bishop said.

"I asked my colleague and longtime friend to come as it is a problem in the bounds of my area and one with which I have to deal. We went to worship, just as we would go to any church. The policy of the open door must be made clear for the whole church and supported by the whole church."

Bishop Golden described as almost a stalemate an earlier meeting he had with Jackson Area Bishop Marvin Franklin, Jackson district superintendents, and pastors of the Central and Southeastern Jurisdictions.

Bishop Mathews said he hoped and felt that the Jackson church would allow two bishops to enter without restraint. "We are general superintendents of the church . . . we conducted ourselves with courtesy and restraint, and did not court arrest."

The two bishops' statement said they harbor no ill will toward those who turned them away, though they were disappointed and concerned for the witness of the whole church.

Arrested in the other Jackson incident, along with two Negro students from Tougaloo Southern Christian College, were the Rev. Van Bogard Dunn, 42, dean, and Professors Arthur Hopper, 33, Charles Tilson, 41, and Paul Minus, 28, all of the Methodist Theological School in Ohio; the Rev. David Randolph, 29, of Methodist-related Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, N.J.; the Rev. Tyler Thompson of Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill.; and the Rev. Henry B. Clark of Union Theological Seminary, New York.

City Judge James Spencer told the group, "I firmly believe that a congregation has the right to worship in the way it desires without someone coming from Illinois or from any other place to tell a congregation to do it another way."

Meanwhile, a unit of the National Council of Churches has filed a "friend of the court" brief in the U.S. Appellate Court, on pending action involving more than 30 Methodist ministers and several Tougaloo students. The NCC Commission on Religion and Race seeks to enjoin the city of Jackson, Miss., from arresting persons attempting to worship in its churches.

### Plan Alaska Methodist Relief

Reports on Methodist churches and personnel in the part of Alaska hard hit by the Good Friday earthquake, at press time, revealed considerable but not overwhelming damage to property. There were no serious injuries or loss of life among pastors and missionaries.

Despite these hopeful reports, how-



Allen J. Indzonka, Attorney  
(address on request)

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Methodist Bishop Everett W. Palmer (beneath sign, wearing clerical collar) was among 2,000 persons in a recent rally for a Seattle ordinance to bar racial discrimination in sale or rental of housing. At left in light-colored coat is the Rev. Jack M. Tuell, Puget Sound District Superintendent, and in right foreground, the Rev. Parree Porter, pastor and district superintendent in the Ebenezer AME Zion Church.

ever, the loss of resources was great.

There was slight damage to the Anchor Park and First Methodist churches in Anchorage, but more severe damage in Seward at the Wesleyan Hospital and Jesse Lee Children's Home. The latter was so badly damaged its buildings were condemned and must be replaced.

An Alaska Earthquake Appeal was authorized by the Council of Bishops and Council on World Service and Finance. Their statement said that Alaska Methodists have few resources to keep their institutions going, and help is needed for salaries.

The nationwide offering is being conducted by the Division of National Missions, according to its general secretary, Dr. H. Conwell Snoko, and by the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Priority will go to restoration and repair of churches, parsonages, and the university buildings in order that they may serve to maximum capacity.

Many students at Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, their resources wiped out, need aid to stay in school.

The most authoritative estimate, \$800,000 for rebuilding and for undergirding the work of Methodist personnel, was reported after a New York meeting of an emergency committee composed of Methodist officials. However, the group indicated that the needs will total more than \$1 million.

The homes of several AMU trustees were swept into the bay, reported President Fred McGinnis, but the school was less severely hit. Its dormitories were sheltering hundreds of homeless, as well as patients from the nearby Roman Catholic hospital.

Two days after the quake, AMU was planning to reopen classes, Dr. McGinnis said in a report to Bishop A. Raymond Grant, whose Portland Area includes Alaska.

Bishop Grant and Bishop Everett W. Palmer of Seattle Area telegraphed pastors in the 520 churches of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, asking for an offering for Alaska Methodism. First to turn in money was the church in Kent, Wash., which gave \$200.

One of the first checks in the nationwide drive was \$50 from students at Methodist-related Rust College, a Negro school in Mississippi.

### Methodists Asked to Protest Repression of USSR Jews

"Letters of conscience" from Methodist individuals and churches to officials of the Soviet Union are being sought by a division of the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

Issued by Grover Bagby, head of the Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs, the request suggests as a pattern the sample letter published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

The writer, "profoundly disturbed by authoritative reports of discriminatory and repressive treatment of Jews," asks for them the full measure of equality to which they are entitled under the Soviet Constitution.

Every vestige of anti-Semitism should be eradicated, the letter states, and unrestricted worship and religious instruction should be allowed to religious institutions serving the Jews.

The USSR is asked to allow cultural and religious bonds with Jews abroad,

and the reopening of Jewish cultural institutions.

Permission should be granted, the letter continues, for Jews separated from loved ones by the former Nazi regime to rejoin them in other lands. Finally, the USSR is asked to cease making Jews the scapegoat in its campaign against economic crimes within its borders.

The Jews comprise that nation's only "alien nationality," that is, the only one whose majority population lives outside the country. Unlike other religious groups, they are not allowed to have nationwide federations, central organizations, or any publications. Since 1917 there has been no Hebrew Bible or any Russian translation of the Old Testament. Since the early 1920s no Jewish religious book of any kind has been printed.

According to a report being circulated by the Anti-Defamation League, thousands of Jews come to their synagogues, but cannot understand the services because of the 50-year-old ban on Hebrew. The training of rabbis is discouraged, and the exchange visits made by churchmen and delegates from other denominations and nations are denied the Jews.

In early 1962, the public baking and sale of *matzah*, the unleavened bread which is a vital part of the Passover service, was totally banned.

The Soviet Union's policy of attrition has been accompanied by sharp attacks in the press against Jews and their traditional observances. Their image is presented as the typical anti-Semitic stereotypes, and they are constantly linked with subversion and lack of patriotism.

The dilemma of the Jew is that he cannot assimilate or, on the other hand, live a full Jewish life, nor can he emigrate to Israel or other places.

### Churchmen Start Film Group

Life and times of Adoniram Judson, the nation's first missionary to Burma, will be the first film subject of a motion picture group formed by leading Southern California churchmen.

Imperator Productions, a nonprofit corporation headed by Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, has signed Samuel Engel, a well-known producer, for the picture. He has spent six weeks in the Orient to gather background material and survey possible location sites.

The film script adaptation is being made from *To the Golden Shore*, the biography of Courtney Anderson. Interior scenes are to be made in Hollywood.

The Judson story is the kind which Imperator wishes to produce, Bishop Kennedy said, with the greatest possible entertainment value and strong



moral structure. He added that Producer Engel is a fortunate choice, for his long record of film successes includes *A Man Called Peter* and *Come to the Stables*.

Plans are underway for Imperator's second film, *The Valley of the Shadow*, based on the book by Hans Lilja. It deals with heroism and spiritual resistance in Germany during World War II.

### Radio Units Go to Philippines

A Filipino Methodist bishop, speaking via the Telstar satellite, thanked a group of San Francisco churchmen for a gift of three radio transmitters.

While Bishop Dionisio D. Alejandro was talking, some 60 church people from several United States and Canadian denominations were at the dock from which the shipment was being made.

The three units, built by volunteers with aid of \$25,000 from the National Council of Churches' Division of Foreign Missions, will be used by Christian broadcasting stations. Two will be installed in Dumaguete City, the other in a Manila FM station.

Funds for the units were contributed by The Methodist Church and nine other denominations.

### National Missions Division Supports Cuban Refugees

The Division of National Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions is sending \$2,450 a month to Florida for the support of Cuban pastors working with refugees.

Since the first of the year, the division has had in its budget an item of \$30,000 for Cuban refugees. A recent report [See *Cuban Refugees in Florida: Still Strangers and Sojourners*, March, page 3.] stated that funds for Cuban relief had been contributed by the Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions.

Work within the United States is the responsibility of the Division of National Missions, and the Department of Work in Home Fields of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

In addition to financial aid, the division has administered a large amount of Advance funds collected mainly from the Southeastern Jurisdiction and other areas of the Church. Florida Methodists have given a major share.

The Division of National Missions also has five Cuban refugees as ministers in Puerto Rico, and others in New Jersey, New York, and several other states.

### Methodist Task Force to Congo

A 15-man task force of special-term missionaries is preparing for work in the Congo through an emergency re-



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quest of the Methodist Church there.

All single young men, they will spearhead work in troubled areas, many of them places where missionary families cannot go. They will serve in Methodist centers under African Christians and career missionaries.

The Rev. Jon D. Guthrie of Fort Smith, Ark., will head the team, it was announced by Methodist Bishop W. Kenneth Pope of Arkansas. The 29-year-old special-term missionary spent three years in education and youth work in Elisabethville during the period of turbulence in the Congo.

While the 15 young men will be prepared to do any kind of church work, their basic job is teaching in high schools and helping to supervise and plan church extension programs.

They leave June 15 after their orientation at Methodist-related DePauw University in Indiana, and will have nine months of language study in Belgium, arriving in the Congo in June, 1965.

### Methodists in the News

Methodist Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas received a special citation for outstanding contributions to Christian unity from the Texas Council of Churches.

Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, Methodist lay preacher and teacher, and number 2 man of the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration, was given the 1964 Robert H. Goddard Memorial Trophy honoring a rocket pioneer.

Dr. Edgar R. Miller of Wilmington, Del., Methodist layman and chest surgeon who pioneered in helping set up the first Christian medical work in Nepal, received a national citation from King Mahendra of Nepal.

Miss Madge Lee Duncan, a Red Cross nurse and a Methodist from Clarksburg, W.Va., was awarded the American Red Cross Nursing Service's Estabrook award for outstanding volunteer service.

Dr. Walt Holcomb of Atlanta, Ga., 86-year-old retired Methodist minister, has given the Methodist Board of Missions more than \$12,000 for evangelism in Cuba and the southeastern United States.

Milburn P. Akers, a Methodist and editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has been elected honorary chancellor of Methodist-related Florida Southern College for 1964.

Dr. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, executive secretary for East Asia of the Divi-



*Queen Salote of Tonga, Methodist head of state and church on the Pacific island, attended a private service in New Zealand on her 64th birthday. The Rev. Arthur H. Scrivin, veteran Methodist missionary, who preached, is at left of the queen and her grandson, Prince Alai-Vahamama'o. The Rev. Athol R. Penn, president of the New Zealand Methodist Conference, and Mrs. Penn are at right.*

sion of World Missions, Methodist Board of Missions, received a distinguished alumnus award from Boston University School of Theology and certificate of appreciation from International Christian University, Tokyo, Japan, as one of the founders of the school.

U.S. Senator Lister Hill, member of First Methodist Church, Montgomery, Ala., received a 1963 Raphael award for significant contributions and accomplishments in mental health, given by the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation. He also received the American Heart Association's Award of Merit.

The Rev. Earl Kenneth Wood, Methodist Information director for Denver Area, joins the staff of the Methodist Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, headquartered in Evanston, Ill., as an associate editor. He succeeds Dr. Oscar L. Simpson, retiring after 12 years as an editor with the commission, and for many years with its predecessor office, the Advance for Christ and His Church, and other Methodist agencies. Darrell Shamblin, managing editor of *Methodist Story*, becomes the associate editor.

### 10 Bishops to Be Elected

Ten new Methodist bishops are to be elected by the jurisdictional conferences in forthcoming weeks.

Central Jurisdiction, meeting June 16-21 in Daytona Beach, Fla., will replace retiring Bishops Matthew W. Clair, Jr., of St. Louis, and Edgar A. Love, Baltimore. Both were elected in 1952.

South Central's meeting June 29 in Dallas will select a successor to Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas, who has served since 1938. At Cleveland, Ohio,

on July 8-12, North Central will name bishops for Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois Areas. There, Bishop Charles W. Brashares, Marshall R. Reed, and Edwin E. Voigt will retire.

In Southeastern Jurisdiction, Bishops Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss., and Nolan B. Harmon, Charlotte, N.C., are retiring. Also to be elected is the successor to the late Bishop Bachman Hodge of Birmingham, Ala. The jurisdictional meeting is July 8-12 at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Successor to Bishop Glenn R. Phillips of Denver will be chosen at the Western Jurisdiction conference July 8-12 in Portland, Oreg.

### Fete Retiring Publicist

Dr. Ralph Stooddy, retiring Methodist public-relations executive, was honored at a recent New York dinner for nearly 25 years of service and contributions as a religion publicist.

Dr. Stooddy held part-time publicity positions during a 20-year pastorate, becoming the first head of the Methodist Commission on Publicity created by the 1940 General Conference. The agency now has 33 directors in various areas, and is known as the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information. Dr. Stooddy wrote many Methodist-centered stories for national publications. He is credited with expert help to the World Council of Churches Second Assembly in 1954 and with helping to bring together the diverse elements in the World Methodist Council and the more than 20 million Methodists it represents. He is active in the council.

His book, *A Handbook on Church Public Relations*, won wide acclaim, including the medal of St. Bernadine of Siena and distribution among many Roman Catholic churches.

Dr. Stooddy officially retired in



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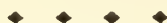
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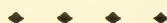


## A Place and a Way to Retire

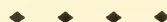
**WOULD YOU** escape from cooking meals, keeping house, tending yard and cleaning walks? Is living alone or with children a problem? Would you like to travel?



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## CENTURY CLUB

Six Methodists, who have celebrated 100 or more birthdays, join the TOGETHER Century Club this month. They are:

Mrs. Willia A. Underwood, 100, Yakima, Wash.

Mrs. Julia Douglas, 100, Ashland, Ill.

W. I. H. Pitts, 102, Waverly Hall, Ga.

Miss Valetta Harklerode, 100, Cortland, Ohio

Mrs. Willa Welden, 101, Ashland, Nebr.

Samuel H. Moore, 100, Sandy Hill Beach, Md.

When sending nominations for the Century Club, please give nominee's name, address, birth date, and where church membership is held.

April but remained until after General Conference.

He was succeeded by Dr. Arthur West, who has been the commission's associate secretary and director of its Chicago office.

## Stamp Honors Russell

The new postage stamp bearing the work of Charles Marion Russell, famed frontier artist and a Methodist, is regarded by collectors as one of the most beautiful ever issued.

Along with works by Frederic Remington, John James Audubon, and Winslow Homer, it is part of the fine-art series begun in 1961.

First-day ceremonies for the Russell stamp took place in Great Falls, Mont., on the 100th anniversary of his birth and of the year Montana became a territory. The original of the painting, *Jerked Down*, hangs in a Tulsa, Okla., art gallery.

Russell produced more than 3,000 works in oil, bronze, and watercolor, mainly on Western themes. His statue is Montana's contribution to the National Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C. Russell's fidelity earned him the title of "Rangeland Rembrandt."

His painting of Brother Van, Methodist missionary and trailblazer of the late 1800s, appeared in TOGETHER, July, 1958 [page 38].



Russell commemorative stamp.



# A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship

By F. DONALD SAX

SO WE'VE had our conference stewardship emphasis. We've listened to the lectures, read the literature, and conducted our classes; and frankly—for what? Oh, no doubt there will be some increase in giving to the church, and this will be hailed as “success” by some. But a success for whom? For the church—or for the Body of Christ? For an institution—or for God?

I question first the motive behind this year of stewardship emphasis. When the campaign began, we were told that tithing by itself is not necessarily a Christian doctrine, that true Christian stewardship has to do with time and talents as well as money. Such statements, I suppose, were intended to assure us that this was not simply a campaign to raise money. And yet on the first night of the stewardship class we heard that this all arose from the bishop's dream that ours might become a tithing conference. The tithe was mentioned frequently. I have the distinct impression that the goal, a tithing church, was posited; then came the attempt to fool the troops, so to speak, to convince them that the goal was really something else, something presumably more palatable.

Second, it seems to me, the treatment of the act of commitment has been inconsistent, shallow. Commit ourselves to what or to whom? Despite some generalizations to the contrary, the act of commitment was depicted to us as the giving of time, talent and money *to the church*. This I can understand from the point of view of the clergy, professionals who might conceive their institutional concerns to be the only legitimate Christian concerns. But I cannot understand its acceptance by laymen. To me it is absurdity to claim total commitment to what is actually a part-time endeavor. Repeatedly, statements were made without serious challenge, identifying the major thrust of Christian living with work in or through the church. What was meant, obviously, was a particular institution on a particular corner.

I do not tithe, nor do I have any intention of allowing myself to be brainwashed into accepting this cheap substitute for commitment. The demands of the Christ are placed squarely on my entire existence. I commit not 10 percent, or 5 percent, or 2 percent to him, but *all*. I commit myself. This means my business, my politics, my family life, my recreation—all that I am or do is to be centered in him and under his orders.

Finally, our stewardship program failed completely to grapple with the idea of the

church in a secular society. Here is the heart of the matter. We have no real, dynamic, gut-shaking concept of the church's role in the world today.

Each of us has a fair idea of his own secular role: the scientist to develop some new technological miracle, the land developer to sell land, the preacher to keep the church alive. But what of the church? How can the major thrust of one's life be committed to the maintenance of an institution if that institution cannot relate its own reason for existence to a task in the world?

It is in secular society that I expend myself. This is where I live my commitment, whatever it may be. This is where I have the opportunity—possibly my only opportunity—to be “the church.”

It may even be that the institution you and I know and love will fall, giving way to some new functional form. But if it does so in expending itself for the Gospel, what other choice is there? Or are we still laboring under the tragic and idolatrous conviction that if The Methodist Church were to fall, God would have to resign?

The institution on the corner is a vital necessity in my life, but not as the object of my allegiance or the place where I live out this commitment. It becomes a place of instruction, of sharing, of participation in the fellowship. This is where I can face my failures, see the depth of my sinfulness, and hear the word of forgiveness. But I really become the church only when I leave this fellowship, when I stand in a world that is secular, generally pagan, and dare to attempt to live the Christian faith.

So let's encourage each other to dare to get out of the church, to step into the middle of this complex world, not as a fortunate few who possess great truths but as the bought ones who can look the world in the eye and say: “I don't know the answer to the meaning of humanness. But I do know that if we meet each other in openness to that great reconciling Event, secure in the knowledge that nothing is secure except the One Who Is, then something happens in our relationship that transcends all, in fact gives eternal meaning to all we are!”

Only as we step into the world as forgiven sinners—indeed as the most despicable of all sinners—and live the Good News in the world can we ever be the church. This is the only word we have, the Word of Jesus Christ.

This then might open the way, the way for us to see the world with its great ongoing processes as somehow created by God, sustained by God, and moving ultimately to his ends.

And when we in our very bowels begin to feel this, then we will begin to perceive the essence of life as stewardship under Almighty God. □





# THE 30th PARALLEL

*Though East-West conflict will continue, even may get worse,  
a Methodist missions executive warns of growing tensions  
between the world's have and have-not peoples.*

By EUGENE L. SMITH

THE COLD WAR, in its classical phase, is over. But many, unaware of that fact, are still trying to fight according to the old rules. If we continue to do so, we can waste enormous amounts of energy, vast amounts of money, and, in the process, undermine a precious store of goodwill toward America.

The supreme symbol of the cold war's classical phase was the wall dividing the city of Berlin. Here was the separation of East and West. The colossus of the East was Russia. The colossus of the West was the United States.

Today, however, the major symbol of the cold war is no longer a line between East and West. The great dividing wall has become one of North-South separation: a line circling the globe and roughly following the 30th parallel in the Northern Hemisphere—except in Asia, where it swings north to follow the northern boundary of Communist China.

North of that line white men are in the majority. Here are the areas of primary Christian influence, the northern Temperate Zone, and the world's greatest concentrations of prosperity.

South of that line are the colored majority of mankind, the great

strongholds of the major non-Christian faiths, the tropical belt, and the centers of the world's population explosion. (The population south of that line is increasing about twice as fast as north of it.) Finally, south of that line are the world's greatest concentrations of poverty. It has been estimated that the contrast in living standards between the two sides of that line now is 16 to 1—and increasing every year.

## We Forget About History

Following World War II, under the tensions of the cold war, we too easily forgot how changeable have been the relations between Russia and the United States. When the United States came into being, it was the most revolutionary of major nations, and Russia—then under Catherine—was the most conservative.

For years, we desperately wished for recognition from Russia because our young nation needed her trade. But that recognition was contemptuously withheld. In contrast, during the classical phase of the cold war, we were considered the conservative nation, and Russia the revolutionary.

The basic fact in the relationship

between these two nations is that geophysical factors do not tend to make them either friends or enemies. The relationship has been determined instead by fears. It was Russia's fear of England that gave Alaska to the United States. In 1867, Russia much preferred selling that piece of land so close to her shores to the younger nation rather than risk the threat of its being seized by the British fleet. Thus the factors which earlier had created the Crimean War (1854-56) and the continual fighting in the Khyber Pass had much to do with Alaska becoming a part of the United States.

At a later stage, it was mutual fear of Germany which twice made Russia and the United States allies in war. After World War II, however, everything between Russia and the United States, in Asia and in Europe, was devastated. We had nothing to be afraid of except each other—so the cold war developed.

## Two New Blocs Emerge

Now two other colossuses have arisen. One is China. It is significant that, even at a time of desperate economic difficulty at home, China has substantially increased her political influence in southeast





*The line of division runs roughly along the 30th Parallel, except where it swings upward to follow the northern border of Red China. Below the line, the population is primarily nonwhite, non-Christian, undernourished, overcrowded. The people are young, rebellious—and on the march.*

Asia. The other colossus is newly prosperous and unified western Europe. So where in the early years after World War II there were two great power centers of international politics, today there are four.

Perhaps the greatest danger this country could face is the threat of conducting foreign affairs after 1964 according to the political patterns of the 1950s. In the far more complex world we are entering today, the changing patterns of alliances and enmities will be much more difficult to predict.

This does not mean that Russia, or communism, has become any less dangerous a threat. In fact, the threat may be even greater because

of the increasing complexity of the issues which we confront.

Today, however, the 30th parallel is paramount, and the fundamental decisions made about relations along that line and the border of China will help determine, with massive import, the future of mankind.

The fact can be illustrated in so many ways. Consider just the headlines we read today. We have had recent crises in Panama, in Vietnam, in Africa. We have the constant preoccupation with Cuba. We have the growing threat of massive upheaval in Latin America.

This increasingly decisive quality in relations north-south is as

critical for western Europe as it is for the United States. In some ways, it may be even more so for Russia. I doubt whether we can understand the deep meaning of the relations between China and Russia except as we look at this line encircling the world.

#### China Turns Southward

China is the one major nation in the Temperate Zone which is economically and racially most akin to most of those in the tropics. With that advantage, China today is fighting for leadership of the tropical majority of mankind. This is why Chou En-Lai made an extended tour of Africa last year, and why Chinese propaganda is increasingly racial. This is why the Chinese are saying more and more that it is the task of the exploited nations of the world to resist the white imperialism from the north (and this imperialism refers to Russia as much as it does to western Europe or America). This is why the racial issue around the world will be even more determinative in the future than it has been in the past.

This is why the communist world is divided so deeply.

This is why India is so massively



#### THE WORLD IS HIS PARISH

Dr. Eugene L. Smith is the chief overseas mission executive of The Methodist Church. As general secretary of the Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions, he directs a force of more than 1,100 people in 40 countries. Born in Iowa, he attended Willamette University, Drew Seminary, and later New York University, earning a Ph.D. He was elected to his present post in 1949 after serving East Coast churches, and has traveled the world over.—EDITORS



important to the rest of mankind. India is the major experiment in freedom in the whole tropical belt, and India's struggle for freedom is, in a profound sense, a struggle of desperate importance to all mankind. This also is why the tremendous achievement of Mexico in both political stability and economic progress is of such importance in our relationships with Latin America.

These facts underscore a major concern which many are feeling about the United States. In this country, 6 percent of the world's population enjoys 46 percent of the world's wealth. Perhaps the amazing thing is that a nation so wealthy should remain so liberal so long.

### Students Are Troubled

The signs of a dangerous conservatism, however, multiply. One is the attitude of many college students. The young people of America are in the peculiar position of finding themselves born at the top of the ladder. This is an exquisite form of torture. If you have been given so much that you cannot expect to gain appreciably more, then what? What can you do at that point, when you have a church that does not really know how to present the cross as a realistic alternative? The only way one can move from that point on the ladder, without climbing down, is to climb upon a cross. Yet the complacency and comfort of so many of our congregations makes their understanding of the cross vague and unclear.

Perhaps that is why I have heard some privileged college students talk almost with envy of the Negro students in America who are given the incredible blessing of having (1) a cause worth fighting and suffering for, and (2) one which they know will ultimately triumph.

A second frightening element in American life is our age distribution. Right now 15 percent of our population is above the age of 65. By the year 2,000, more than 35 percent will be past that age.

Thus, in both youth and age, we see the development of almost a glacial movement toward a cold conservatism. There is before us the real possibility of this nation mov-

ing out of the central stream of history.

### Latin America Accents Youth

Look again at the meaning of the north and south axis. Below the Rio Grande is a vast section of mankind, growing more rapidly than any other. The average age there is 20 years, and it will drop still more. There people are burdened by poverty and in increasingly angry revolt—a vast section of mankind becoming more youthful, more radical, more determined to change what they now see. This same kind of movement is taking place in Africa and in Asia.

We are confronted with searching questions. How can a nation increasingly wealthy, increasingly privileged, increasingly elderly, and increasingly conservative even understand what is happening in the vast majority of the world that is increasingly rebellious, increasingly radical, and increasingly youthful?

Moreover, how can we in the church recruit, among those nurtured in luxury, the missionaries who will understand this world? How can we find a kind of giving, in this nation of luxury, which is geared to the needs of people in such poverty?

In the years ahead, far more even than in years past, salvation of this country in its relationship to the rest of the world will depend upon our sensitivity, amidst luxury, to the problems of poverty.

All this undersees the enormous unpredictability of the years ahead, and the tragic mistakes we will make if, in the next 15 years, we determine our international relationships according to the patterns of the last 15.

Despite the problems, however, only the fainthearted will find reason for fear. "Behold," says the angel in the Book of Revelation, "I have set before you an open door, which no one is able to shut."

What does this say to Christians? Doors are being opened. New vistas, vast beyond our highest hopes, are being revealed. If we are ready to move into the future, then there is no limit to our opportunity.

But God thunders to us, in every

event of contemporary history, that an attitude of "business as usual" means certain defeat. We must become increasingly capable of bold, new, and controversial actions.

Such actions are evident in the ecumenical movement, including the widespread change in atmosphere of relations between Protestants and their Roman Catholic brethren.

### Overseas Churches Lead Way

Perhaps the most significant expression of confidence is in the assurance that new forms are being found for the Christian mission. This confidence is being expressed in one way by a deep revolt against many of our present forms of organization and witness. It is seen in the increasing maturity and self-confidence of the younger churches overseas, and in their demands for autonomy.

One new form which is being discovered is summarized by the words, "Joint Action for Mission." Here is a bold idea: That all the churches and all the related missions in a particular place might be led under God to take a look at the total situation in which they live, to decide where God wants vigorous new thrusts to be made, and to surrender privilege, prerogative, and primary claim upon funds so that this witness can be made where it is most needed.

This idea is so revolutionary that when first proposed it was taken almost humorously. However, it will not be silenced, and at each succeeding meeting where it is discussed, more people will begin to be under its control. Out of this may develop new and far more adequate missions.

One of the times when Jesus was angry was when the disciples were unable to heal a paralytic boy because they did not trust the power which Christ had put into their hands.

The only thing that we really need to fear is that we might fail our Savior by not trusting adequately the revolutionary power of the Gospel which he has put into our hands.

The new doors will not be closed. There is danger only if we fail to enter them. □





The Sunday after installing Woman's Society officers in his last service at Vine Grove, John Brinson holds his first at Parkview—after learning by which door the former pastor reached the pulpit. His sermon text: "Behold, I make all things new." (Revelation 21:5.)

## From Vine Grove *A Pastor Moves* to Parkview

ON SATURDAY night, toward the end of a hectic week, the Rev. John Brinson sat down on a packing case, flicked perspiration from his brow, and tried to remember. It was June, it was humid, he was tired, and he knew the book he wanted as a sermon aid was somewhere in one of the 35 unpacked boxes of books he had moved from Vine Grove to the Parkview par-

sonage at Shively, near Louisville, Ky. He suspected he would look through 34 boxes before finding the book—and so he did.

Such things are all in the game, however, for a Methodist minister who has conditioned himself to preaching a "first" sermon to a new congregation in a new community every few years. Mr. Brinson knew that moving week would offer no

opportunity to prepare a completely new sermon. After nearly 20 years in the ministry—and 5 previous moves—he had learned to hold a sermon in reserve for this emergency.

The Louisville Conference has an official "moving day" which falls on the Thursday after appointments are announced. This gives a minister time to preach his farewell ser-

*Since dogs don't understand the whys and wherefores of the Methodist itinerancy, Tiny, the Brinson pet, becomes a tardy passenger . . .*

*Tiny gazes sadly from a window as the station wagon moves away from the old parsonage, but Debbie—now a veteran mover—takes a catnap.*







Old friends and new: At Vine Grove, 90-year-old Virgil Richardson stops in to say good-bye. Arriving at the parsonage in Shively, the Brinsons find a friendly welcome, plus a table of fried chicken and potato salad.



mon and move out of the old parsonage with the assurance that the previous tenant at his new charge will also be on his way.

It worked like clockwork in 1963 for Mr. Brinson, his wife Eleanor, and daughters Patti Sue and Debbie. When the Brinsons left Vine Grove, the Rev. Avery Wheat moved into that parsonage, and Mr. Brinson took over Parkview from the Rev. Jonathan Booher who left a note to his successor before pulling out for Scottsville, Ky.:

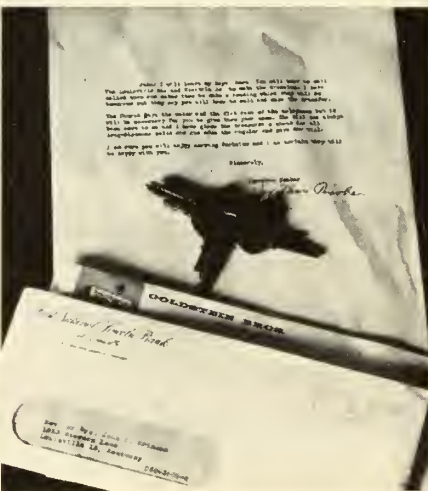
"John, I will leave my keys here. You will have to call the Louisville Gas and Electric Co. to make the transition. I have called them and asked them to make a reading which they will do tomorrow. . . . I am sure you will enjoy serving Parkview, and I am certain they will be happy with you."

When a Methodist minister moves, it's no different than for anyone else—except it happens oftener. Not that John and Eleanor Brinson object too seriously, for both grew up in Methodist parsonages and from early childhood were familiar with the Methodist itinerancy system.

Their fathers spent ministries in the same conference, both served in Louisville (where John was born), and "moving day" is an acceptable fact of life to the Brinsons—as well as to thousands of other



He briefs his successor, Avery Wheat (left), on sanctuary lighting controls. At Shively: The parsonage keys, personal mail, a note of household advice.



Vine Grove's churchwomen give Mrs. Brinson a shower, while at Parkview the congregation plans a potluck supper and pounding. The watermelon has pickle eyebrows, potato ears, and a banana mouth.







*Out of one parsonage, into another: The Brinsons, having combed Vine Grove for packing boxes, spent the last night there sleeping on couches, the first night at Parkview on sofas and the parsonage floor.*

Methodist ministers and families.

Eleanor Brinson has "moving day" down to a science. "I get 100 boxes and pack a week before we move," she says. "I packed for one move, however, and we didn't move. My mother packed for a move, and we didn't move—but she left everything packed, and we did move within a month."

Patti and Debbie are becoming adjusted to changing schools every few years and the repeated agony of "preacher's kids": changing old friends for new. When Patti was 18 months old, however, "the sight of a packing box would cause her to burst into tears," Mrs. Brinson said. *(Story concluded on next page)*



*Saying good-bye, Patti and a Vine Grove friend (above) don't talk a lot, but many things are to be said when she meets a new friend at Shively. Timy, the Brinson dog, was present—as expected—both times.*







*An early visitor at the Parkview parsonage is Mrs. Brinson's father, the Rev. R. L. Sleamaker, retired, whose ministry also included many moving days.*

SO MANY considerations go into making Methodism's annual appointments that someone remarked, not so facetiously, the answer might be found in a system of computers operated by the bishop and the district superintendent responsible for selecting the right man for the right pulpit. Does this one church need only a good preacher? A fund-raiser, a youngster, or a seasoned veteran?

At St. Mark Church in Louisville in 1957, John Brinson started with a new congregation of 86, stayed 19 months and left the church with 281 members. His four years at Vine Grove were fruitful ones also. Vine Grove lent 62 of its 433 members to start a new church at Radcliff—but the principal challenge was a building debt which was paid off by the time Mr. Brinson left for Parkview in June, 1963.

"There were many times when we realized the Holy Spirit was leading us at Vine Grove," he says. "But when the terms of a will helped us pay off the building debt—well, if you want to know how Moses felt at the Red Sea, ask me!"

When ministerial challenges are met at one church, others are just around the corner—usually in a package with the next appointment. Mr. Brinson arrived to find Parkview condemned for a new expressway. The church, some 150 years old, would be relocated. Characteristically, he waded in with sleeves rolled up. Even before preaching his first sermon, he conferred with his official board and was on the spot to survey the proposed site of his new church. □

*A friendly pony comes up to nudge a stranger's knee as John leans on the pasture fence to survey the proposed site (on nearby rise) of a new Parkview church to replace the old one condemned for an expressway. Once again, he has a new charge, a church to build, a future to be realized.*





*Should the Pope have spoken out against the Nazis' extermination of the Jews? A play asks a question that touches the conscience of all Christians.*

# A Furor Over Silence

By HELEN JOHNSON, Associate Editor

STUNNED silence is the reaction of most Broadway playgoers to *The Deputy*, a tense, agonized drama that concerns itself with the murder of 6 million Jews during World War II and the failure of Pope Pius XII to throw the forces of the Roman Catholic Church against the gas chambers and crematoria of the Nazi death camps.

But outside New York's Brooks Atkinson Theatre rages the most violent storm of controversy set off by any literary work in this generation. The Broadway version, like different earlier productions of the same drama in a number of European countries, is a shortened form of a play that would take eight hours to perform in toto. It was written after exhaustive research by a 32-year-old German dramatist, Rolf Hochhuth, and originally published in Germany in 1963 as *Der Stellvertreter*. Now available in translation in 11 other languages, it is published in the U.S. as *The Deputy* (Grove Press, \$5.95, translation by Richard and Clara Winston).

The drama revolves around a young Vatican emissary, Riccardo Fontana. After he fails to persuade the Pope, as Christ's deputy on earth, to raise his voice against the inhuman slaughter of Europe's Jews, Fontana joins the victims in the death camp at Auschwitz. The character of Fontana is modeled closely after Provost Bernhard Lichtenberg, a leading German Catholic churchman, who publicly stood up for the Jews and applied to the Nazis for permission to go with them to the death camps.

Another central figure in the play is Kurt Gerstein, a German Protestant who, incredibly, became an SS officer to help save victims from torture and death. Gerstein actually

existed. It was he who supplied the truth about the extermination of the Jews to German Catholic and Protestant leaders.

Most unsettling to many Roman Catholics is the portrayal of Pius XII as preoccupied with financial matters, concerned with the necessity of maintaining Vatican neutrality, and so fearful of the Communists that he discounted the evil of the Nazis. It was this which led Pope Paul VI, who worked daily with Pius XII during the entire period of World War II, to declare that the play's criticism of the wartime pope was unjustified.

Yet the play is not anti-Catholic. Hochhuth dedicated it to Provost Lichtenberg and the Polish priest Maximilian Kolbe, who died at Auschwitz.

Stage versions and audience reactions have differed from country to country. In Paris, performances were greeted with riots, rotten eggs—and cheers. In Berlin, audiences filed out in pained, bitter silence. And from Lambaréné, Dr. Albert Schweitzer wrote that the drama is a "clarion call to our time."

The Broadway adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg, produced and directed by Herman Shumlin, has not impressed the critics with its dramatic quality. But after finding flaws in the writing, the characterizations, and the staging, they have plunged into the controversy with the same intensity that has been displayed in pulpits, on television, in newspaper and magazine columns, in theater aisles, and in the streets outside the theaters.

Some Roman Catholics think Pius XII failed in his Christian duty. Others point out that the thousands of Jews who were saved by the Vatican testified to the humanity of this sorely burdened Christian

leader. Pope Paul VI, when still Cardinal Montini, said: "An attitude of protest and condemnation . . . would have been not only futile but harmful: that is the long and short of the matter."

But the significance of Hochhuth's play goes beyond the rightness or wrongness of Pius XII's action—or inaction. All men of goodwill who read or see *The Deputy's* nightmarish exploration of the depths of evil are forced to search their own consciences with this question: If they and their leaders—of whatever nationality and faith—had spoken out against the perverted horror, would the fate of millions of human beings have been different?

But why did Dr. Albert Schweitzer describe the play as a "clarion call to our time"? From the pulpit of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill., the Rev. Dow Kirkpatrick summed it up:

"Come away thinking not of the Pope but of yourself and your relations to the agonies of this present day. In such times the failure of any man to speak out is bad enough, but for the Christian man silence is the worst failure of all." □

*Emlyn Williams (left)  
plays the Pope on Broadway,  
Fred Stewart, the cardinal, Jeremy  
Brett, the young priest.*





*Church buildings reflect our heritage and vibrate with history in the making. Among the most significant are those included in this three-day . . .*

## \$4 Tour of New York

*By C. EDMUND FISHER*

MANY OF THE millions threading their way through the wonders of the 1964 New York World's Fair will be attracted to the fair's nine religious pavilions. Among the largest is the Protestant and Orthodox Center [see April, page 1] in which Methodists have an extensive display.

But the full meaning of religion's deep roots in the history and culture of New York can be found only by visiting at least a few of the city's 3,500 churches.

Some, like John Street Methodist, St. Paul's Chapel, and Trinity Church, are a hard-core part of American history. Others, including St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and Christ Church, Methodist, are landmarks of architectural beauty.

On Manhattan Island, the city's teeming heart, several areas offer outstanding opportunities for three solid days of sight-seeing at a maximum cost of \$4 (plus lunches) for a family of four. Most out-of-towners stay in midtown Manhattan, so each tour (by bus at a modest 15¢ fare) begins and ends there.

Taken neighborhood by neighborhood, New York is a city of many faces that reflect both its wrinkled age and its sleek newness. Except for its modern skyscrapers, the so-called

"downtown" area at Manhattan's southern tip retains a colonial flavor in the remaining old buildings and narrow, twisting streets. So let's tour this old part of the city first.

### First Day: Old New York

A Broadway South Ferry bus drops visitors at the doorstep of the city's oldest church building, **St. Paul's Chapel** (Protestant Episcopal) at Fulton Street, built in 1766. George Washington worshiped here when New York was the nation's capital. Earlier members were Lord Howe, who routed Washington's army on Long Island, and Lord Cornwallis, whose surrender ended the Revolutionary War.

St. Paul's opens at 8 a.m. for visitors who want to see Washington's pew and gaze at the many tablets and documents along the walls.

Two blocks southeast is **John Street Church**, home of the oldest continuing Methodist society in the United States. (It took root at services in the home of Philip Embury in 1766.) Although the church is surrounded by skyscrapers, once inside the 123-year-old edifice—third on the site—visitors are immediately a part of colonial times.

A clock sent to the New York Methodists by John Wesley keeps perfect time in the downstairs meeting room.

Still in use are candleholders from the founding service in Embury's home, as well as the original altar rail and the Bible reading desk.

Dozens of tablets, scrolls, etchings, prints, and paintings are on display. One print is of the church's first building, dedicated in 1768. The original, painted about 1830 by Joseph B. Smith from sketches he made as a boy, is presently on display in the New York City Building at the World's Fair.

Five short blocks south of John Street Church many important events of American history took place. Here, where once stood the old Federal Hall, first national capitol under the Constitution, Washington was inaugurated as the first president, the first Congress adopted the Bill of Rights, and the Supreme Court was founded. The site, at Nassau and Wall Street, is now the home of the **Federal Hall National Memorial**, where these and other events of the era are recorded in museum exhibit rooms.

Across the street is the New York Stock Exchange, which offers free guided tours, and just up Wall Street is towering **Trinity Church** (Protestant Episcopal), flanked by its churchyard where many famous Americans, including Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton, are buried.

*St. Paul's Chapel*

*John Street Church*

*Trinity Episcopal Church*

*Metropolitan Museum of Art*





## Second Day: Midtown

The second day of sight-seeing is in sections of midtown Manhattan where the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Christ Church, the American Bible Society, and St. Patrick's Cathedral are located.

A Fifth Avenue bus (No. 2, 3, or 4) drops visitors at 81st Street, where the **Metropolitan Museum** opens its doors at 10 a.m. Mondays through Saturday, at 1 p.m. Sundays and holidays. The museum is a storehouse of art treasures. Besides paintings by such masters as Raphael and El Greco, there are religious wood carvings, silver plates, and enamel designs on stone and metal.

Thoughts of a full day at the Metropolitan will beguile you, but for the sake of our tour, resist that temptation. After lunch in one of the two cafeterias, head resolutely for an exit. A Fifth Avenue bus will take you to 60th Street, from where you can walk two blocks east to the jewel-like Byzantine building that is **Christ Church, Methodist**. It was built during the long ministry of Dr. Ralph W. Sockman and dedicated in 1933.

Storytelling mosaics in rich and glittering colors grace the interior. In the center of the apse is the figure of Christ seated on a throne. Below the dome are Moses and John the Baptist, representing the Old Law and the New, along with the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

At Park Avenue and 57th Street, not far from Christ Church, is **Bible House**, headquarters of the American Bible Society. More than 23,000 volumes of the Scriptures in more than 1,100 languages are in the library. A display on Bible history includes the first King James edition.

By swinging over to Fifth Avenue again you can visit century-old **St. Patrick's Cathedral** (Roman Catholic)

at 50th Street. This is the first major cathedral of Gothic revival design built in the United States.

## Third Day: Cathedral and Campus

If you are an early riser, you can start your third day of touring at 6 a.m. in the massive and awe-inspiring **Cathedral of St. John the Divine** (Protestant Episcopal). A No. 4 Fifth Avenue bus takes you to the door on Cathedral Avenue, also called 110th Street. This is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, and although the cornerstone was laid in 1892, it won't be finished for another 20 or 30 years. Faithful to principles of original Gothic design, it contains no steel to support the building.

Nearby are Broadway and the edge of the Columbia University campus, home of interdenominational **Union Theological Seminary** (at 120th Street). Abutting Union is the four-year-old **Interchurh Center**, facing on Riverside Drive. About 50 church and church-related organizations are housed in its 19-story tower.

Of special interest to Methodists here are a lounge in honor of Dr. Sockman, a robing room in honor of Bishop William C. Martin, a 400-seat chapel, the Methodist Board of Missions library, and a small chapel.

Another highlight is a Board of Missions room paneled with wood from countries in which Methodist missionaries are stationed. On the first floor, hallways are lined with recessed exhibits of religious works of art, and more than 1,000 Lucite tubes create the impression of a star-studded heaven in the narthex. Hungry sight-seers are welcome to eat in the 1,500-seat cafeteria on a lower level.

Next door to the Interchurch Center is the interdenominational **Riverside Church**, topped with a 400-foot tower that houses the world's largest carillon.

If you want to close the day on a historical note, the tomb of President U. S. Grant (a Methodist, by the way) is just to the north.

## One Additional "Must"

While in New York, no doubt you, like most other out-of-towners, will visit the United Nations. A church-related stop recently has been added to that tour—the new **Church Center for the United Nations**, built by Methodists but occupied by offices of other church bodies as well. [See *Church Center for the UN*, March, page 1.] The 12-story bronze and glass building at United Nations Plaza and 44th Street faces the UN.

Leaders of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and Board of Missions direct year-round educational activities for visitors, and they have planned special programs from May 11 to September 11 for Methodists who are in New York for the World's Fair. (For details, write Dr. Carl D. Soule, Room 1100, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.)

At the close of your sight-seeing, you will have seen more of New York than a lot of native New Yorkers see in a lifetime. When I moved there 15 years ago, I was amazed to learn how little many knew about one of the most interesting cities in the world.

To help you share some of the city's cultural richness, write for two excellent annotated maps that are free. One is "The Visitors' Guide and Map," offered by the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, 90 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. The other is "Our Fair City," put out by the Chase Manhattan Bank, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10005.

With the maps and suggestions in this article, you will see the New York that opens its doors to bestow on you a lifetime of memories. □

*Christ Church, Methodist*

*Union Theological Seminary*

*Interchurch Center*

*UN Church Center*





JAY OSTRANDER, sixth-grade teacher in the western Michigan town of Pentwater (population 1,100) and member of Centenary Methodist Church, describes himself this way: "I'm a bachelor. I've been making something over \$5,000 a year for some time. I have no car. I spend \$10 a week on a room, and I do my own cooking."

Every June, however, he spends almost as much in one week as it costs him to live during the other 51. This spring, he is taking some 30 Pentwater teen-agers on his 28th annual tour of Chicago for such groups. Other years he has taken groups to Washington or New York. Unfailingly, he arranges for them to see both the city's greatness and tragedy.

Why does he do it? In 1919, fresh from rural Michigan, he got lost in the slums of Louisville, Ky. "I saw the human derelicts and the terrible things that can happen in a big city," he says, "and that gave me the idea that I'd like to help young folks stay away from troubles like that."

One of his joys is that many of the young people he has taken on tour have chosen professions in later years in which they serve others. Mr. Ostrander has spent about \$80,000 on the trips. And such expenditures, considered personal gifts, are definitely *not* tax deductible! □



JAY OSTRANDER: An \$80,000 investment in youth.

*Among Methodism's millions,  
here are four whose lives make them  
candidates for the title . . .*

## UNUSUAL

LIKE ANY good leader of Camp Fire Girls, Mrs. Connie Sekijima plays no favorites. But in her case it's unusual, because Mrs. Sekijima has maintained normal group activity even though 3 of the 12 girls in her Spokane, Wash., group are blind, and another has only the slightest bit of sight. She has guided the group through five years together, starting in the second grade as Blue Birds. Beyond moving the furniture back against the walls when they are due to arrive in her busy home, Mrs. Sekijima makes no special preparations.

"Even when the blind ones can't really enter in," she explains, "they like the sense of being included, not being different from the rest. They do many things that a few years ago I would have thought impossible. They especially love the cooking projects, perhaps because they involve other senses—such as smell and touch."

Mrs. Sekijima, who attends Highland Park Methodist Church, thinks of her work with the girls as quite ordinary, but the national awards committee of the Camp Fire Girls disagreed. They voted her a leadership medallion—one of only 17 given across the nation in 1962. □

CONNIE SEKIJIMA: Cooking projects are best.



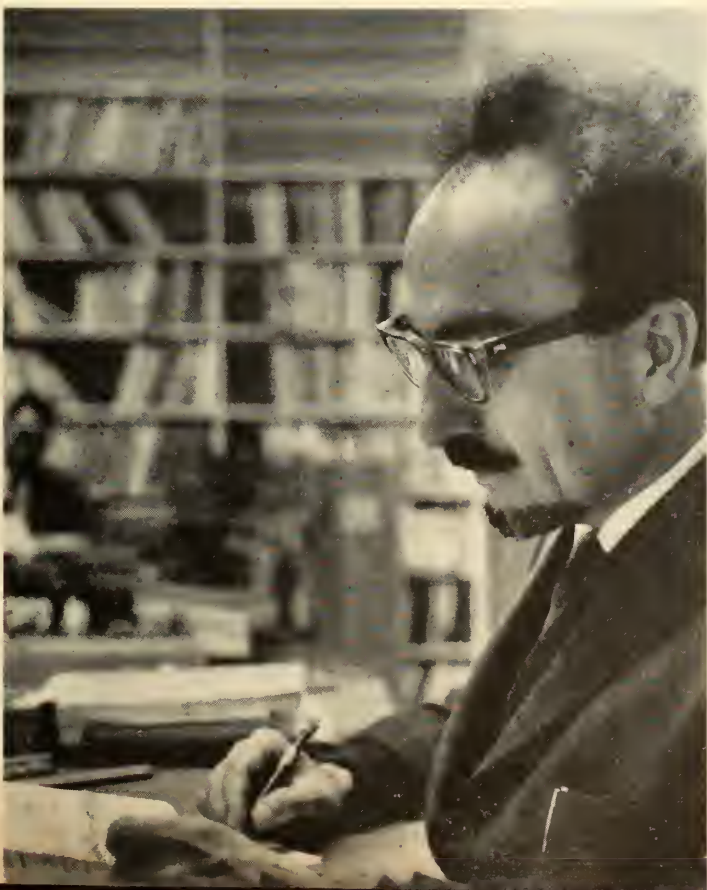




ASHLEY T. LAW: *Two careers in the service of God.*

# Methodists

MOSES MANOUSHAGIAN: *Pillar to post to Massachusetts.*



DESPITE HIS talent and the efforts of the United States Army, Ashley T. Law's promising art career was interrupted for 32 years—by a stronger call to the ministry. But, says Mr. Law, "There have been two fires in my soul, one telling me to preach and one telling me to paint." Now retired from pastorates in Mississippi and Louisiana, he is a full-time artist again, at his studio-home in Alexandria, Va.

Mr. Law set out to be a painter after graduation from high school in his hometown of Benoit, Miss., in 1911, and by the time World War I erupted he had attended art schools in Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, and had opened a studio in New York. When the war ended, he was just another soldier in Germany—until the commander had him transferred to the army's art center near Paris, where he won honors as a portrait painter.

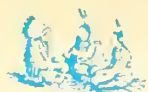
Finally a civilian again, he set about his work but soon felt such an overwhelming call to the ministry that art was virtually abandoned. Until retirement in 1960, he never had time to paint more than a couple of canvases a year. Even today, his two life interests are intertwined, for most of Mr. Law's art earnings go to support a Methodist missionary serving in Africa. □

THE LIFE of Moses Manoushagian, church-school superintendent at Calvary Methodist Church in Arlington, Mass., is a modern odyssey. He was born in Turkey of Armenian parents, a third generation Congregationalist (thanks to missionaries), whose father was a minister. He grew up on the island of Cyprus, then lived in Palestine until, as a result of the Arab-Israeli conflict, he emigrated to Lebanon. From there he went to Syria, then back to Lebanon before two Congregational churches brought him in 1960 to Massachusetts. He works now in Harvard University's Widener Library as a cataloger of Turkish and Armenian books.

Mr. Manoushagian became a Methodist as a result of his friendship with the Rev. Robert Mezoff, pastor of Calvary Church, who soon had him teaching, then superintending, in the church school. With his wife and five children, Mr. Manoushagian plans to become an American citizen when they meet residence requirements.

But perhaps the odyssey is not over. Someday, he says, he may return for a time to the Near East to teach. "I guess I have the missionary spirit," is the way he explains it. □



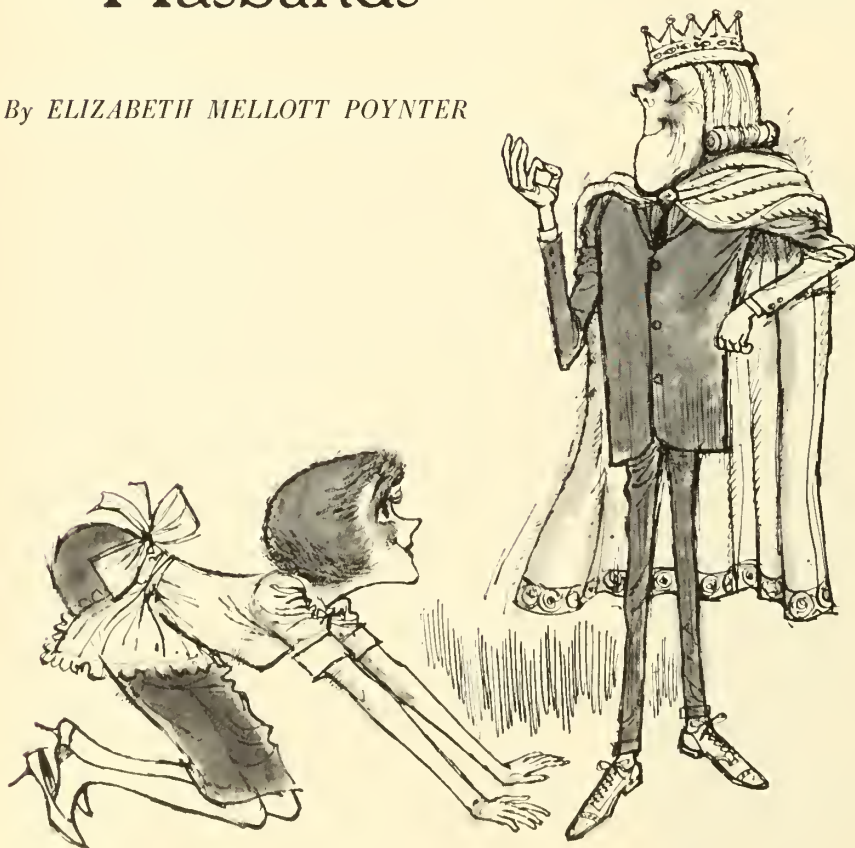


MIDMONTH  
POWWOW

*A housewife and mother  
opens up on a subject that  
has caused lively debate since  
Eve spake unto Adam.*

# Wives, Be Subject to Your Husbands

By ELIZABETH MELLOTT POYNTER



“WIVES, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is head of the church.” Thus spoke Paul (Ephesians 5:22-23).

And I say, “Amen!” A wife, I could not agree more heartily with anyone!

My friends, particularly of the feminine variety, often have been startled to hear me say a wife should be subject to her husband. So I ask them: “Would you go to sea on a ship run by a committee of two instead of a captain?”

Of course they wouldn’t!

By the same token, marriage needs a captain. Indeed, it cannot be expected to survive peacefully without one.

Otherwise, no matter how charming the couple or how blissful their romance, things exist under a shadow—a shadow of the time when he says “yes” and she says “no” and the family slips into anarchy. This is tragic—tragic, not because of the bitterness and estrangement (bad as they are), which inevitably grow out of mari-

tal anarchy, but because it all could have been avoided in the first place!

How? By a little uncommon sense. Every man contemplating matrimony should tell his wife-to-be that HE will be the head of the house. That in matters affecting the whole family, *his word will be final!*

Yet marriage usually is entered into by the young and the starry-eyed, who may not fully realize that they are assuming a new relationship to each other which must last them for the rest of their lives. The young man often does not have any intention of defining his role in his household—*before* he is married. I have listened to many unhappy wives moan, “If I’d only known then what I know now, I’d have made a very different choice.”

Not all starry-eyed couples meet marital shipwreck, of course. I am happily married, and I was a college girl when the man who is now my husband asked me to marry him. How well I remember what a joy it was to be a sweet young thing, romping about the campus, visions of choosing my silver pattern dancing in my head, and flashing *his* ring!

Would *my* young man think to interrupt his bride-to-be’s fantasies with something as mundane as who was to be head of the new household?

Indeed he did! My fiancé presented me with a typewritten sheet and said, “Betsy, I want you to read this very carefully. This is a list of conditions to which you must agree or, no matter how great our love, we never could be happy together. So think it over before you give me your answer.”

Then he added, “Betsy, I encourage you to do the same for me. I want to know what you expect of me as your husband—because these issues will come up after we are married. And I want them settled now, before any vows have been made—while each of us is free to find a more compatible partner.”

I accepted the paper from him with no little misgiving. I felt I knew quite a bit about getting married—had read all the bride’s magazines, in fact, and knew just who followed the flower girl down the aisle and what was the correct



phrasing for the invitations. But nobody had prepared me for this!

So I dutifully studied the list. Among other things, it stated:

1. Our home was to be a Christian home.

2. The husband was to be the head of the house. In all matters the wife's wishes would be sought—and would be followed if the husband felt them in the best interest of the family. But in case of disagreement, the husband's decision was to be *final*—and uncontested!

After much soul-searching, I decided I could not only live, but live happily, with my husband under his conditions.

WHEN we married, I knew what was expected of me, and he knew what was expected of him. Many potential arguments never even reach the budding stage because my husband is the boss and I agreed to that arrangement!

I firmly believe having the husband be the boss is the only sound way to run a marriage. The husband always should be the head of the household. Never the wife.

Why? Because the husband, and he alone, has the full responsibility for the family. He did not decide this. Nor did his father before him. The world has long put the responsibility for the welfare and well-being of the family squarely upon the husband.

Whoever has responsibility *must* have authority. The husband has final responsibility for his family so he must have final authority over it.

What a responsibility the husband has! His job is not his alone; his reputation is not his alone—it is the family's. If the husband succeeds, his family prospers; if he fails, his wife and children suffer. Yet, this is one thing which, I have found, so many wives fail to realize.

A young wife once told me how much she admired her husband's fearless initiative—initiative needed to handle a responsible job in a highly competitive establishment. Unfortunately, the couple quarreled frequently. And the wife would flounce into my living room, saying triumphantly, "Well, I cut *him* down to size again!"

I have often wondered if she would not someday pay a terrible price for her little victories. What man, whose wife whittles away at him at home, can be expected to maintain his family's position at work? Or anywhere else.

A wife who is subject to her husband, who realizes how very important he is, would never dream of belittling him either in public or in private. She *honors* her husband for what he is: the rock upon which the family is built.

Her greatest happiness comes from showing her husband in a hundred little ways, as only a loving wife can, how very much he means to her. I recall how one of my former neighbors did this every day. We lived in apartments then. The street where family cars were parked was a considerable distance from the front door. Yet every morning, when her husband went to work, my neighbor walked with him down to the car. And every night she went out to meet him when he drove up.

They were not newlyweds either; they had been married 15 years! Even after they had a new baby—"in our old age," as she would say in jest—she bundled the infant up and accompanied her husband each morning. He had a wife who not

only loved him but who honored him as well!

Although the phrase is part of the marriage vows, "to honor" your husband may sound a little medieval to women today—as though the church expects a wife to submit to a lifetime of serfdom to an autocratic master.

I feel the main reason a wife might balk at being subject to her husband, and fail to honor him, is fear—fear that he will exploit and take advantage of her forever after. This reasoning leaves out the cornerstone of the Christian marriage: love. Paul commands, "Wives, be subject to your husbands." But he continues, "Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her . . ."

Christian love is woven into the very fabric of the marriage ceremony. Both husband and wife stand before God, and each vows "to love and to cherish" the other.

The truly cherished wife can well afford to be subject to her husband, for she knows full well he lives for her and her alone.

And she knows she is among the truly blessed, for she is cherished with the same love Christ bears toward his church.

What woman could ask for more than that! □

What Say, Ladies . . .

### *Is He Your Lord and Master?*

*THERE was a time when it was said a wife's business was kitchen, children, and church. In all other matters, she deferred without question to her husband. Nowadays, many working wives consider themselves on a par with their husbands in almost everything; some even assert their supremacy.*

*Do you agree with Mrs. Poynter that the husband should be the boss? Or do you disagree? We invite your comments.—YOUR EDITORS*



*A well-known marriage counselor  
gives penetrating answers to 10 questions  
of special interest to couples . . .*

# Engaged to Be Married

By DAVID R. MACE

Executive Director  
American Association of Marriage Counselors

*1. Is the modern engagement any different from the old-time "betrothal"?*

Many people do not believe so and use the words "betrothed" and "engaged" interchangeably. I think, however, that there is a difference.

For most of human history, marriages usually were arranged by parents. When two families agreed that a son from one and a daughter from the other would marry, the betrothal signified that the decision was sealed and settled on both sides. In these negotiations, the boy and girl concerned sometimes were not even consulted! The wedding followed as soon as there had been time to make the necessary arrangements.

Nowadays, young people choose their future marriage partners for themselves. When they feel sure enough that they seriously intend to marry, they become engaged and announce this fact to their relatives and friends. I think it is a good plan to use the word "betrothal" to describe the old-time pledge *between the families*, and the word "engagement" for the agreement *between the couple themselves*.

*2. In view of this change in our customs, is the engagement really necessary today? Hasn't it become a rather useless social custom?*

It is true that engagements have become the occasion for a number of social events (parties, newspaper announcements, showers) that are not strictly necessary. This should not obscure the fact that the engagement is, in our culture, a most important institution.

Our Western way of life has many imperfections, but our system of mate selection is a really good one—if only we will use it. First, we encourage young people of the opposite sex to mix socially and to look each other over, without pressure or commitment. Second, we have a system of courtship—nowadays we call it going steady—which allows two young

people who are strongly attached to each other to spend enough time together to find out how deep their love really is. Third, we provide the engagement for those who, after a period of courtship, are pretty sure that they love each other enough to plan marriage.

At each stage in this process, the opportunity to become acquainted is increased, and the degree of commitment gets deeper. Yet, at each point, it is possible to draw back if you are not really sure. Professor E. E. LeMasters, who has made the most extensive study of the American courtship system ever undertaken, thinks that most marriage failures can be traced to the fact that the couple did not use the system properly, and especially to the fact that they skipped one of the stages. The one you simply cannot afford to skip, he says, is the engagement.

*3. Since you consider the engagement a useful institution, what exactly should be its purpose?*

The engagement really has two purposes—testing the relationship of the couple and their growing together in preparation for marriage.







*Besides working with many couples, Dr. Mace is a prolific writer and frequent speaker on marriage problems.*

Thorough testing of personal compatibility is very important in our modern world. In older times, marriage as an interpersonal relationship was not much stressed. What was important, then, was continuing the family tradition by keeping up the homestead and rearing children. Today, these utilitarian goals of marriage have become less important, while the personal goals of comradeship and mutual fulfillment have taken the central place. The major purpose of engagement is to enable a couple to find out whether they really have what it takes to live together in harmony for the next 50 years.

Engaged couples, however, do not usually put emphasis on the testing process. It would make their relationship unreal to be aware that they were constantly evaluating one another. What they do is to assume that they are well matched, and that they are now preparing for their future life together.

#### **4. Do you favor short or long engagements?**

In one major study, it was found that couples engaged two years or more had five times as many

chances of avoiding an unhappy marriage as had those engaged less than three months. What this means is simply that a long engagement is such a searching test that most of the misfits cannot take it. But it does not mean that every couple needs such a test.

Length of engagement depends on many factors—the age and maturity of the couple, what difficulties they encounter, how they use their time together, whether they see a great deal of each other or meet only occasionally. On the whole, I favor an engagement of not less than six months and not much more than a year. But I also am not in favor of couples becoming engaged until they can definitely plan to marry in the reasonably near future.

#### **5. If the engagement is intended to test whether the couple are suited to each other, does this include sex?**

The Christian standard throughout the ages has always been that sexual intercourse belongs *only* in marriage. It is often argued that studies have proved that premarital sex relations favor good marital adjustment. I believe I have examined all the major studies quite



carefully, and I find that this is simply not so. The Kinsey Report is often quoted in this connection, for instance. I once asked Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey personally about this, and he said the figures were being misinterpreted. Our researches so far are so contradictory that they provide us with no answer to this question. On the other hand, premarital sexual intercourse can lead to guilt feelings, to the embarrassment of being found out, and to unwanted pregnancy.

**6. *In judging whether two young people are well matched, how reliable are the opinions of their parents and their friends?***

The available studies indicate that young couples are very unwise when they ignore the opinions of their parents about their choice of marriage partners. The judgment of the girl's parents seems for some reason to be more reliable than that of the boy's parents. Opinions of close friends, specially of the girl, also prove to be worth taking seriously.

Parental approval makes quite a difference to the success of marriages, too. The study by Professor E. W. Burgess and L. S. Cottrell showed that among poorly adjusted couples nearly twice as many had married against the wishes of their parents as had done so with their blessing.

**7. *What about engaged couples making confessions to each other?***

I believe that one of the main purposes of the engagement is to enable couples to get to know each other as completely as possible. I, therefore, think that they should not withhold important information just because it is distressing or embarrassing to them. To go into marriage on a basis of deception is to make a bad start in a relationship that should, ideally, be one of complete sharing.

Of course, it is unpleasant to have to tell the whole truth about yourself to anyone. But it also is deeply satisfying to be loved for what you are by someone who knows everything about you.

Telling all should not, however, be the universal rule. There are some confessions that implicate other people, and some that can be needlessly hurtful. The wise plan is to go first to your minister or to a counselor, make your confession to him, and then consider with him whether your future marriage partner also should be told.

**8. *Is there any way of testing in advance how a marriage will turn out?***

Not in all cases. But it may surprise you to know that it has been estimated that, on the basis of our present knowledge, we could predict pretty reliably the future outcome of about half of all prospective marriages. We could identify, by suitable tests, the top 25 percent that are almost sure to succeed, and the bottom 25 percent of the marriages that are very likely to fail.

Unfortunately, we cannot use this knowledge which we already have. It requires a skilled marriage counselor to make the evaluation. And even if he is not too hopeful about a couple's prospects, he would

probably be inclined to give them the benefit of the doubt. However, he is not likely often to be placed in this predicament.

The couples whose chances of success are very low are the only ones who hardly ever look ahead or plan ahead, so they would be most unlikely to ask that a prediction be made!

**9. *Under what circumstances should an engagement be broken?***

It usually is painful to terminate a relationship in which a couple have done some growing together. But the distress this may cause is nothing compared to the misery resulting from a broken marriage, perhaps with children involved.

One of the good features of our modern system is that engagements now can be honorably broken when there is serious doubt as to whether the couple are suited to each other. In one study, it was found that from one third to one half of all engagements were broken.

So it is no disgrace to admit that you were mistaken. If you are in serious doubt, take the problem to a marriage counselor.

Our current convention is that the girl breaks the engagement. This makes sense, because it is more damaging for a girl than for a boy to be rejected as a prospective marriage partner.

**10. *How can an engaged couple best prepare for their future marriage?***

First, by using the engagement period in the way I have indicated. The most reliable evidence that two people will succeed in marriage lies in their capacity to go through about a year of close acquaintance without becoming involved in serious conflict.

However, besides what they can do for themselves, there is outside help available that they can use. Reading good books about marriage has been proved to be very beneficial. Discussing their experiences with other engaged and recently married couples is of particular value, and is probably far better than lectures by experts as an organized means of marriage preparation.

Premarital medical examinations to check general health, to clear up concerns about sexual functioning, to get sound guidance about planned parenthood, can prevent later troubles. Counseling sessions in which the couple can take a long, hard look at their own and at each other's personalities can bring to light conflict areas where major readjustments may have to be made. Unloading secret anxieties, and resolving them with counseling help, can enable you to face marriage with quiet confidence.

Our present growing knowledge about what it takes to make a marriage succeed; our sound system of mate selection; the increasing number of skilled, trained counselors available to help those in difficulty—these represent a wealth of resources which are available to every engaged couple.

Our problem is not that we lack the knowledge to prevent marital disasters. Our problem is that, having the knowledge, we are not given the chance to make it available to those who need it. □





*Programs and parties bring together youth of Livingston's two Methodist churches.*

## Livingston's Good Neighbors

*By CLIFF SCHLEGEL*

**C**AN A MINORITY group new to a community overcome prejudice simply by working hard and living as Christians?

In Livingston, Calif., at least, the answer is yes. With Japanese-Americans still numbering less than 300 of the thriving town's 5,000 population, they hold many important elective offices and are accepted at every level of community life.

The picture was not always so rosy. Back in 1906, when the first 15 Japanese families settled on small farms near Livingston, they were not warmly welcomed. Even nature seemed against them as rabbits nibbled away young plants and blowing sand buried some crops. Debts piled up.

By dawn-to-dusk toil and scientific farming methods, the determined settlers gradually turned sandy wastelands into bountiful orchards, fields, and vineyards.

Unfortunately, this success created envy and fear among some of their Caucasian neighbors. Other farmers were sure that the frugal Orientals would undersell them in the market. As additional Japanese families arrived, fear gave way to open hostility. In 1920, signs appeared outside the town, warning: "No more Japanese wanted here!"

The years of tension and subtle humiliation that followed came to a head when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Livingston's Japanese-Americans, like all such persons living on the West Coast, were uprooted and interned in resettlement centers. Caucasian friends in Livingston formed a committee to watch over some 105 farms they left behind.

Torn from their homes and shocked because their loyalty was questioned (nearly all were American citizens), they nevertheless accepted their fate with Christian

forbearance. They sought in every way to prove their loyalty. The young men enlisted for U.S. military service in greater ratio than any other nationality group. Three sons of Livingston colonists died in battle; many others were wounded.

Despite this glowing record, when the first Japanese-American farmer returned to his Livingston acreage after the war, bullets were fired into his house at night.

Since then, however, something of a revolution in race relations has taken place in Livingston. Who would have imagined, through all those tribulations, that by the early 1960s the presidents of the Livingston Lions Club, elementary-school board, and the Rotary Club, the postmaster, and the chairman of the Livingston community swimming pool project all would be of Japanese ancestry—and Methodists, too!

It all goes back to 1906, when



Kyutaro Abiko and others bought 2,000 acres near Livingston to establish a Christian-centered community for immigrant Japanese. Abiko, then publisher of the *Nichi Bei Times* in San Francisco, set aside 10 acres for a church.

Later, Grace Methodist Church was founded, and today most descendants of the original colonists belong to it. Several other colonists became charter members of First Methodist Church in Livingston before Grace Church was organized.

What those Christian pioneers sought to achieve is set forth best in a message from Kiyoeichi Naka at the colony's 50th anniversary. Naka, one of the founders of Grace Methodist, wrote:

"We raised our families to honor God and to understand that they were Americans, inheritors of the great traditions which made the United States the great democracy it is. . . . By believing in Christ, we achieved a sense of social solidarity. Our children received religious training which contributed to their character building."

In the 58 years, only one member of the colony has been arrested for a felony—and he was largely a victim of circumstances in a financial mixup. The county juvenile office has no record of any youngster accused of a serious offense. Principal Grandon Russell of Livingston High School says:

"During the seven years that I have been principal here, only one

student of Japanese origin has been referred to me for disciplinary action. That turned out to be a very minor offense."

The original colonists had placed a high value on education. One of their first acts was to hire a tutor to teach their children English before they entered the public schools.

Today, almost 100 percent of the Japanese-American high-school graduates in Livingston enter college. And the Oriental pupils are among the leaders in scholarship.

"One reason why they excel," says Principal Russell, "is that they are given a richer kind of love at home. Consequently, the children strive harder to please."

Respect for elders is a common trait among Orientals. But among the Livingston Japanese-Americans, this is enriched by Christian love. It is a love based upon understanding, not fear.

Kazuo Masuda, the first child born in the colony, recalls that his parents never spanked him.

"But," he adds, "I distinctly remember receiving some fine lectures while sitting on my father's knees whenever I had done anything to displease him."

Reflecting on the many leadership positions held by the Japanese, Keith Winton, a prominent insurance man, says:

"The Japanese-Americans have earned these honors—by applying Christian principles to their everyday conduct.

"You could not find people more

moral, honest, or trustworthy."

Civic acceptance is one thing. So is church acceptance. But what about social acceptance?

Families of both races are beginning to invite one another to their homes. Young people from the predominantly Caucasian First Methodist Church and the 100 percent Japanese-American Grace Methodist Church attend each other's parties. And the Rev. Harry H. Murakami of Grace Church and the Rev. Earl L. Langguth of First Methodist think nothing of filling each other's pulpit.

The role that Christianity has played in this process is perhaps best summarized by Mr. Langguth:

"It was providential that these people chose Christianity to guide their way in a strange land. Had they retained their Oriental religions, they might have remained withdrawn and apart from the community, because some of these religions are contemplative and introspective.

"Christianity, by contrast, inspires an outgoing type of love—a love that encourages a helping hand for friend and foe alike, a love that wins victories over intolerance and prejudice.

"The story of the Livingston colony offers living proof that the application of Christian concepts by all concerned can do more toward solving racial problems than all other forces combined. It is an object lesson that today's world desperately needs to learn." □

*Kazuo Masuda, first child born to Livingston's Japanese, works in the insurance agency of Methodist Keith Winston, whose father helped care for farms of Japanese-Americans interned during World War II. Manning the shovel at right is Tsuneo Iwata, chairman of the community swimming pool.*





*From his early ministry  
in the Midwest to maturity  
as editor, author, and traveler,  
he spent his years bringing  
the "late news of God."*

## Roy L. Smith



### *Man With a Suitcase - - and a Camera*

*By T. OTTO NALL, Bishop, Minnesota Area, The Methodist Church*

IT WAS a bright spring morning in Minneapolis, and the church custodian was working outside when Roy L. Smith, the pastor, drove up.

"Good morning, doctor," the old man said. "Do you bring any late news of God this morning?"

All of Dr. Smith's preaching and writing, globe-trotting and picture-making was for that purpose—gathering and dispensing late news of God. Even when he delved into biblical history, he linked yesterday with today and tomorrow. "Now" was at the center of all he said and did, and every photograph he took was a news picture in some larger, deeper sense. In fact, his ministry of telling the Good News can be summarized in a series of word pictures.

First, there is the lean young preacher, with a theological degree and a master of arts in economics, matching ingenuity and energy with the problems of a great old church surrounded by slums. While

pastor at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Chicago, Roy Smith gathered much of the material for his book *Capturing Crowds*. His interest in community problems, and the social issues on which he was always ready and able to take a stand, was reflected in *The Young Christian and His Community*, which was used as an Epworth League text.

Another picture of Roy L. Smith shows him busy at Simpson Methodist Church in Minneapolis. ("I like to be at my desk soon after seven," he once told me, "so that I can get in an hour's work before people begin calling to ask what each other's telephone numbers are!") He is putting in a crowded day with meetings and interviews, and will stay up late to write newspaper and magazine articles.

One morning he called on the editor of the *Minneapolis Journal* with samples of "Sentence Sermons." They were sharp little epigrams intended to stay with the

reader and help him solve everyday problems. "How soon can you turn out 50 more?" the editor asked. Roy Smith had them ready by nightfall! "Sentence Sermons" became widely popular, first syndicated in hundreds of newspapers and later published in book form.

Some aspects of his ministry recall the prominent role he once played in the Chautauqua movement. He hunted talent, organized programs, served as a floor manager for a time, and sang in a preacher's quartet. This dramatic flare helped produce the popular Sunday evening which brought new life to Simpson.

On one occasion, a 12-year-old boy was "auctioned off," with spokesmen for several jobs (including a bartender) bidding for his future. Roy Smith himself spoke for the lad as a preacher, as he sat on the spotlighted platform in the darkened auditorium.

When he invited all the city's streetcar motormen and conductors





WORLD-FAMED Christian leaders who were photographed by Dr. Smith on his frequent travels included these three: The late John R. Mott (above), early leader of the ecumenical movement and first honorary president of the World Council of Churches; Albert Schweitzer (top right), philosopher, musician, and perhaps the best known of all living missionaries, still serving the people of West Africa; and (lower right) the late Toyohiko Kagawa, renowned Japanese evangelist. All three photos are from Dr. Smith's camera.

to a special service, 400 attended. After that, a rider anywhere in the Twin Cities had no trouble learning the location of his church!

It was at Simpson that I first met this remarkable Good-News man, who was to become my chief and my close friend.

Another picture shows Roy Smith in Los Angeles, after a year of sabbatical leave. Now he is giving his attention entirely to writing, doing several special features for the Salvation Army's *The War Cry*.

In California, Dr. Smith had a long pastorate in what was then the fastest-growing urban community in the nation. Increasingly, he assumed responsibilities in worldwide Methodism, and as a result of his chairmanship of a General Conference Committee on Missions, he wrote the book *The New Revolution in Missions*.

After Methodist unification in 1939, he was the obvious choice as editor of *The Christian Advocate*. From California he called Clarence W. Hall, now a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*, and from the old

*Epworth Herald* he called me to make up the *Advocate* team.

The picture of Roy Smith that I know best discloses him at his editorial desk. Under his leadership *The Christian Advocate's* circulation boomed. He dealt with contemporary issues like the Christian statesman he was. I shall never forget his comment one day shortly before Pearl Harbor: "I wonder what I can say to the preachers in Methodism when our country is finally drawn into the war." When the storm broke, he wrote:

"There is no place in the pulpit of the Christian Church for rehashes of political harangues, for echoes of the bellicose speeches of the warmongers, for imitations of the political propagandists, or for the dissemination of purely secular appeals for war hysteria. There is a place, however, for a firm and sure assertion of God's mastery of a world at war. . . ."

During his eventful years in the editorial chair, he showed himself to be not only an accomplished journalist (though so kindhearted

that he hated to send a rejection slip) but a faithful minister as well. He approached every problem with a pastor's heart. Always cheerful, he never allowed vitriolic letters to bother him. He knew what he believed, and he was not afraid.

One maxim of those days was: "Do everything possible to perfect unification." Another: "Strengthen the ties of the world church."

Roy Smith and *The Christian Advocate* were a means of collecting more than \$45,000 for Madam Chiang Kai-shek's orphanages for refugees. And when, in 1947, I brought back pictures of the plight of German pastors, he began a campaign that resulted in a fund of some \$65,000 for clothing. We started out to provide a new suit for every Methodist pastor in Germany. We ended by outfitting every parsonage family.

A tireless traveler, Dr. Smith visited 82 countries, preaching, teaching, counseling, leaving a windmill in Cuba and a dormitory in Africa. In all his travels, at home and abroad, he continued writing. His set of Bible studies shows scholarship of a high order, and his dramatic touch made old stories live anew.

His best book, in my opinion, is *The Future Is Upon Us*, published in 1962. For this series of studies, he consulted editors, specialists, scientists, newspaper correspondents, government officials, librarians, university professors, and many others in writing the chapters about the world we live in. More important, he consulted his own experience and his own conscience, bringing to bear on today's problems the teachings of Christianity.

A new volume, *Tales I Have Told Twice*, appeared in April and delights us with autobiographical anecdotes. As editor of *The Christian Advocate*, and later as publishing agent of The Methodist Publishing House, he stood in the succession that began when the first editor promised to record "the stately doings of our God in the churches."

Roy L. Smith, writing, preaching, and making pictures, did the job with transparent devotion and dedicated skill. Every picture of his long, active life shows him bringing Good News from God. □





*Astride a camel on Egypt's timeless sands, where Moses walked, the late Roy L. Smith visits sphinx and pyramids.*

**'It was a marvelous experience to be alone in the midst of it all...'**

*A world away, he catches an Alaskan mood shot—clouds, wintry water, and forlorn gulls on a frigid shore.*





*Because He Wanted to  
Share the World's Beauty  
and Meet Its People...*

DR. ROY L. SMITH wrote colorfully and well; he preached many great sermons and wrote many books; he traveled everywhere; and he could handle a camera with professional — almost poetic — skill. When he died in April, 1963, he left some 7,000 color transparencies taken during more than 600,000 miles of travel to every part of the globe. These priceless photographs were made available to The Methodist Publishing House by Mrs. Smith, who wrote: "I am happy for you to have them, and the price will be the pleasure I'll have when I see some of his pictures in TOGETHER."

The pictures on these pages hardly scratch the surface of this vast collection of color slides—many undated, unlabeled, and in some cases involving people and locales known only to the photographer himself. Accompanied by a few quotations from Dr. Smith, they were selected to reveal something of the heart and soul of this remarkable man as well as the breadth of his interests and the extent of the travels he undertook—both as a lecturer in wide demand and as a minister-evangelist of Methodism.

*In Australia, between  
lectures, he meets a denizen  
of the island continent.*



*On side trips in Holland, he liked to visit villages where  
varicolored roofs reminded him of "blossoms in a green garden."*





*A tiled plaza in the heart of modern Ankara, Turkey, where Hittites ruled 2,000 years before Christ.*

**'I had made up my mind I would see it...'**



*Formosa: Boats on water fascinated the Kansas-born minister and many are found among his color photographs.*

*Athens: Of the Parthenon's magnificent ruins, he agreed, "No human hand can copy it, no words can really describe it."*







*In pre-Castro days, he visits Cuban Methodists with Bishop Roy Short (right).*

"I HAVE NEVER known anything quite like the sensation of getting off a plane in a foreign land in the middle of the night," Roy Smith said. "You feel stranger then than in any other time of your life." But the feeling never lasted long. Of an arrival in Ireland, for example, he wrote:

"Immediately I began making contacts with my friends in the city, the first of whom, of course, was Dr. W. L. Northridge, the head of the Methodist Theological Seminary. Dr. Northridge had arranged a series of 'rallies' in Methodist churches which called for us to make a drive that would carry us into every county .... The little stone cottages with their thatched roofs were going to become as much a part of the landscape for me as the Chicago Water Tower near my office."



*Faces along the way: M*

'I meditated on what I had seen...the old and the new, the ancient and

*In a Fourth of July celebration at Kotzebue, Alaska, Eskimo women race tou*







New Delhi...



...an Alaskan madonna and child...



...and a happy boy in a Beirut market.

the modern, the brilliant and the drab...'

camera. Roy Smith enjoyed people everywhere.



In Guatemala, descendants of the noble Maya pose for him.







*Devout churchman that he was, it was inevitable that Roy Smith would visit England, home of Methodism's founder, and follow historic Wesleyan trails wherever they led him.*

*Certainly he would visit Oxford, where the Wesleys and other Holy Clubbers were first called "Methodists."*

**'The countryside through which we drove was exquisitely beautiful...'**

*Touring Catholic-dominated Spain and Portugal, he photographed this religious procession on a Lisbon street.*





ROY L. SMITH earned world fame as a preacher, writer, editor, columnist—but he was a radio personality, too, and for eight years was pastor of a church in Los Angeles, at that time the largest Methodist church in the world. Still, he was ever the wide-eyed boy who grew up in a small Kansas town and dreamed over Bible or geography books of faraway, legendary places beyond the rim of his world. His sense of wonder never dimmed; nor was he ashamed to register exultation or awe, whether before grandeur or simple beauty. Among his photographs, Alpine forget-me-nots or roses are as numerous as any of the great wonders of the world. Visiting the Mediterranean, he found himself “within a few feet of sea level, in a sea of grapes; the vineyards cling to the sides of the mountains like lichens to the sides of a boulder.” Of Holland: “They are a great people in a small land.” Taking off from an airport: “I never get over the wonder of an airplane.” Or at the end of any day, at home or abroad: “It has been a beautiful day, and its memory will linger for years to come like some glorious sunset....” Such depth of feeling did not show in official announcement of his forthcoming trips. Typically, one would read: “Roy L. Smith is scheduled to leave Los Angeles Dec. 17 for the Far East. On Dec. 19 he preaches at First Church, Honolulu, and on Christmas Day in the Fiji Islands. In January he will go to Australia.”



*He sought out ancient writings that gave roots to the world's great religions.*

*Visiting Thailand, he surveyed Buddhism's fantastic, sculptured realm, photographing jutting spires on ancient temples.*

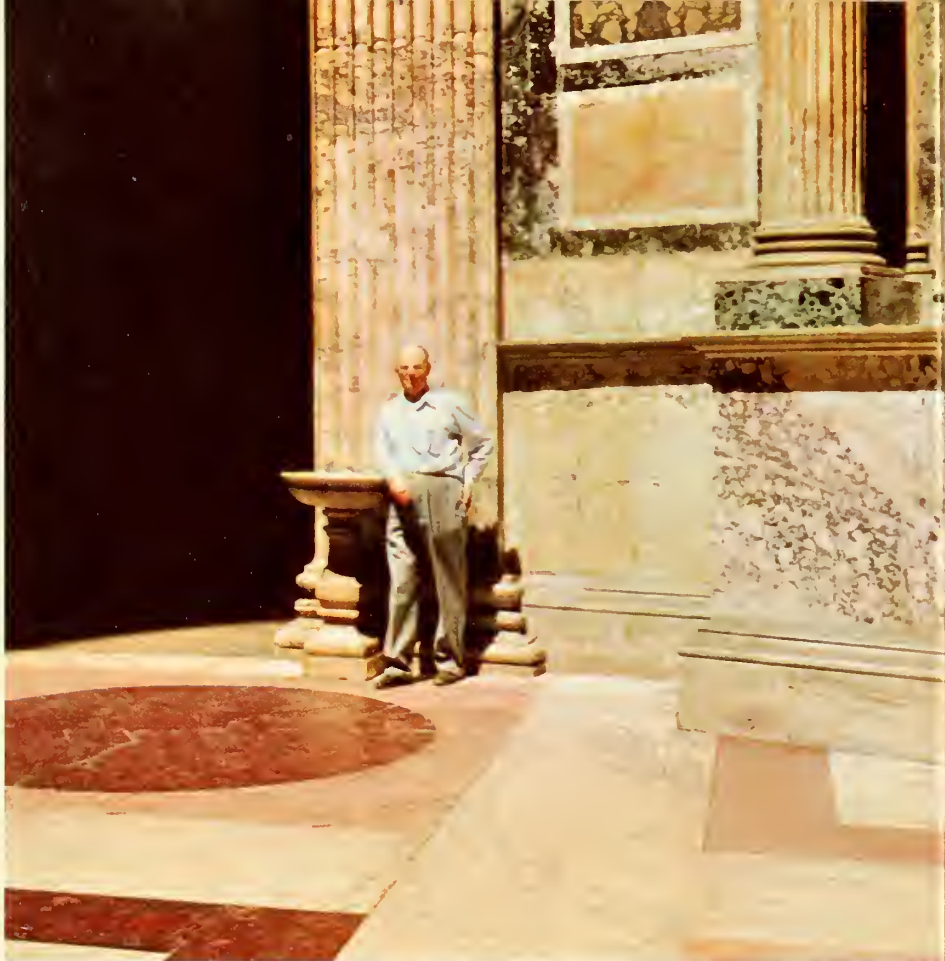




FIRST, LAST, and always, Roy Smith was a man of God, and it was natural that his extensive travels in Bible lands alone would provide enough photographs for a score of lectures. What better than color pictures to help describe what a deeply religious man feels when he comes down out of the Hebron hills and sees Jerusalem's stone walls reflecting a sunset across valleys brimming with dusk? It was not enough for Roy Smith to tell how he stood by the Sea of Galilee where Jesus' disciples fished; how he walked in Nazareth or visited the Mount of Olives. He wanted beautiful pictures to share with others; he wanted all to see what he had seen.

If he were alive today, he likely would be planning yet another trip to the Holy Land, trusty camera in hand; and it is certain that he would say, as he often said:

"If I had another life to give, I would give it again to the Church."



*Rome: He wanted to go wherever the Apostle Paul journeyed.*

'...I was loath to leave a place so quiet, so serene.'

*Geneva: Boats again, and night waters "upon which the lights have inscribed their autographs."*





# PRISON WITHOUT WALLS



*Only a wire fence—to keep the cattle out—encloses the federal prison at Seagoville, Texas.*

*The new look in correctional institutions is based on using brains, not restraint, to win men's respect and restore them to good citizenship.* By J. EUGENE WHITE

JUST AFTER sunset, five inmates of the federal prison at Seagoville, Texas, sped in the warden's automobile through the outer gate. Close behind them were 24 other convicts in the prison bus. In less than 30 minutes, all were swallowed by the big-city crowds in Dallas, only 20 miles away.

But this was not a prison break. Accompanied by the warden and two other prison officials, these 29 of the 550 federal prisoners at Seagoville had taken the evening off to attend a concert of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra.

"We often have outings such as this," the warden said proudly.

Warden Luster P. Gollaher of the Federal Correctional Institution at Seagoville is director of stewardship, associate teacher of a couples Bible

class, and on the official board of the First Methodist Church of Seagoville.

Warden Gollaher has been with the Federal Bureau of Prisons for 24 years—nine years at Seagoville. During World War II, he was a commissioned officer in the Navy.

He worked his way through the University of Redlands in California, where he majored in sociology. He had planned on a career as YMCA secretary, but when he was graduated in 1933, the Ys, hard hit by the depression, were closing. After five years as a social worker for the state of California, he went to Alcatraz as a social caseworker.

The penitentiary at Seagoville has no wall. It is partly enclosed by a wire fence seven feet high—"to keep the cattle out," says Warden Golla-

her. But the gate has no lock. There are no searchlights, no bars, no guns; and there is little regimentation.

"Men who are surrounded by steel and piles of cement and live under a tightly regimented program become resentful. And resentful prisoners are escape hazards," he avows.

"Win the man's respect; that gives you a better grip on him than all the walls and towers in the entire prison system," he instructs his custodial officers. With a sly grin he adds, "You'll have to use your brains instead of physical restraint. We don't carry weapons."

Gollaher points to the conventional prison system as evidence that even the best rehabilitation programs are of little value unless there are vital changes of heart and mind. He sees to it that such changes have the



best possible climate in which to come about.

Let's consider the case of the man who had been imprisoned in Leavenworth, Alcatraz, and McNeil Island, then served the last year of a 24-year sentence at Seagoville. During the previous 23 years he had done nothing to help himself even though extensive facilities had been available. When he came to Seagoville, he was almost illiterate. Participating in the prison's self-help program, he completed elementary and junior high school work in 11 months and was issued a certificate by the State of Texas. After his release he wrote to the warden signing his letter with a proud flourish.

"I believe I can stay out of trouble now," he said. "Always before, a job depended on my signing something I couldn't even read. I'd give up and get with a crowd that didn't care whether I could read or write."

This man has become a productive citizen after serving 24 years (reduced from 60) for kidnapping.

An expert bricklayer serving a 30-year sentence for mail fraud was working on a construction job several hundred yards outside the compound and out of sight of the gate attendant. When I expressed surprise at what appeared to be a lack of supervision, he rather haughtily informed me that this place does not even have cell blocks.

"Entrances to honor dormitories are never locked," he said. "And I guess this is the only prison in the country that permits every man to carry a key to his private room."

The warden verified this.

In the prison's spotless kitchen, a former nightclub entertainer convicted on a narcotics charge said, "They call us by name around here. No numbers. They treat us like people. That's why there's never been a riot or any kind of disturbance."

Federal Bureau of Prisons Director James V. Bennett, considered one of the foremost penologists in the world, began the operation of Seagoville as an "open" prison 19 years ago with the hope of proving that the average lawbreaker can be rehabilitated more successfully by psychology than by violence.

"Seagoville proves he was right," says Gollaher. "The program has been so successful that society seldom



*Prison Warden L. P. Gollaher is active at Seagoville's First Methodist Church, where he serves on the official board.*

spends money twice on the same man from Seagoville."

More than 50 percent of the 70,000 persons released each year from federal and state prisons are back within five years. Fewer than 25 percent from Seagoville *ever* repeat.

The colonial, red-brick buildings and acres of green lawn and shrubbery contrast sharply with the massive, gray stone walls, guard towers, searchlights, and sirens at other prisons. The 830-acre compound resembles a college campus rather than a prison.

The institution opened in August, 1940, as a reformatory for women. With the outbreak of World War II, the Immigration and Naturalization Service used it as a detention camp for enemy aliens. That is when the fence was built. Seagoville became a prison for men in June, 1945.

The warden frankly warned the prisoners: "It is easy to escape. But if you do, you will not be returned here. And remember—of the 175,000 sent to federal prisons in the last 10 years, only 11 are unaccounted for."

According to Warden Gollaher, escapes average less than 1 percent. "This has been called the easiest prison in the world from which to escape," he said. "Yet, no greater number go 'over the wall' of this institution than at other federal prisons."

Records show that seven or eight men a year leave illegally.

Custodial officers with a pioneering spirit were transferred from

penitentiaries of maximum custody, such as Alcatraz, or from juvenile institutions. With little precedent for operating a prison on this liberal scale, they discarded conventional ideas and developed others to fit the new look in prisons.

Inmates include men convicted of armed robbery, kidnapping, narcotics "pushing," and murder. Some even have a record of jailbreaks. Many men who have served long sentences with good conduct in other prisons begin their adjustment to the outside by serving the last two or three years at Seagoville.

No restraining partitions are used between the inmate and his visitors. They meet in a comfortably furnished lounge or they visit in lawn chairs just across a white picket fence from a natural pond. Children entertain themselves on playground equipment. Families eat with the men whom they visit, with father sitting at the head of the table. Warden Gollaher believes an important part of rehabilitation is the prisoner's feeling that he is still the head of his family.

In the dining hall, tables for four are used rather than long tables and benches. Meals are served cafeteria style. The men eat at any time during the serving period with whom-ever they choose.

Censorship is practically unheard of, and inmates send or receive as much mail as they wish. According to the warden's knowledge, no other prison in the world is without mail restrictions.

"Most of the men take part in at least one of the half-dozen religious functions here," reports the warden. "We don't have any captive congregations, though. Besides the weekly services conducted by the resident Protestant chaplain and the visiting priest, there are religious activities arranged by the inmates, including a weekly study group and a Christian brotherhood organization. Attendance is voluntary, and all are well attended," he said.

Inmates present programs in many churches in Dallas and nearby areas. The warden, proud of the adjustment of most new men, said:

"Although Seagoville has never had a major discipline problem, a few inmates have adjustment difficulties. Whenever a man fails to



observe prison regulations, he goes before the adjustment board—not to receive punishment but to receive help in discovering and overcoming his problem.

"If this fails, he goes before the disciplinary board. This board functions in much the same manner as the adjustment board, except that it sometimes prescribes punishment. Even then, punishment fits both the circumstances and the man.

"For minor infractions, an inmate may volunteer for restrictions. In such case, he does not go before the adjustment or disciplinary boards, and no report is entered on his record."

Inmates sometimes even request to be locked up.

"Warden," declared a 21-year-old garment-shop worker one Friday, "I don't believe I can trust myself over the weekend. There has been trouble between my wife and me lately, and I haven't had a letter all week. You had better lock me up. I'm afraid I'll go home if you don't."

The young man went to one of the eight seldom used cells until he received a letter from his wife saying that everything was all right.

Requests for detention come to

the warden about once each month.

One officer said, "I used to be suspicious of everything, even a prisoner's good conduct. Had to be on Alcatraz where I came from. But not here. Most of these men will get out someday, and their attitude toward society will depend a lot on how we treat them here. If you can win a man's respect, his rehabilitation is almost a sure thing."

The experience of a convicted embezzler transferred from Leavenworth illustrates the effect of Seagoville on the men sent there.

"If I had not come to Seagoville I still would have been bitter because I got caught. I used to consider my possible capture merely one of the hazards I faced," he confided.

He spoke of Leavenworth's 35-foot stone wall and shuddered as he recalled 18 months he once spent in solitary confinement.

"A prison sentence is a hard thing no matter where it is served," he said. "It was not until I came to Seagoville that I began to see things in their true perspective." He gratefully added:

"But now I believe I have learned the lesson society intended me to learn when I was sent away." □



*Unusual sight at Seagoville: A prisoner behind bars. But he's in this cell, one of eight, at his own request for isolation. It overlooks the golf course open for off-duty play.*

*Children of inmates have fun on the playground while their parents visit in a relaxed atmosphere on grounds that have the appearance of a college campus. This helps preserve family relationships, so vital to the youngsters.*





*Could her breaking heart find courage to say—*

# 'Now Lettest Thou Thy Servant...'

*By GRACE MARY SEATON*

MISS BIRDIE SHAFER was already singing a hymn as she put on her coat in the dark, narrow hall. She needed neither words nor music for any part of the church service—not after more than 30 years in the choir! Setting the stiff little hat squarely over the bun of graying hair and drawing on a pair of immaculate but much-mended gloves, she paused a moment to make sure everything was in order. Her gray eyes shone eagerly behind their bifocals as she reached the front door.

Just then the phone rang. She picked up the old-fashioned receiver almost impatiently. People should know that her Friday nights were reserved for choir practice.

It was her pastor, Dr. Andrews, who wanted to know if she were going to choir rehearsal.

"Why, of course, Dr. Andrews. I always go. I—" she uttered a gentle little laugh, "I like to think they depend on me."

"Er—yes." Dr. Andrews coughed (he had so much bronchitis, poor man) and said she truly was one of the faithful. "I'm going to be there myself tonight, and I could stop by and give you a lift. It's turning quite raw, and besides—"

"Oh, thank you, Doctor, but I'd really rather walk. I love to walk, and you know," she laughed again, "it keeps me young."

"Remarkable." He cleared his throat, and she thought she heard a sigh. "But time brings changes to all of us."

Miss Birdie said compassionately, "You work so hard, dear Dr. Andrews, even when you're not well. But the good Lord still gives me health and strength. Why, I can do everything I did 20 years ago."

Now there was a distinct sigh.

"Yes. Well, I'll see you later. And Miss Birdie—" He paused for a long moment. "Remember that all things work together for those who love the Lord. There are many ways to serve. Good-by."

Walking the six blocks to St. Luke's, the old, black coat drawn tightly around her spare figure, Miss Birdie wondered a little about the call. It was barely November, and not bad at all. To her, the brisk air was exhilarating. When there was ice and snow, she sometimes called Julia Smith, who—together with herself—formed the alto section. One of Julia's three children, Miss Birdie had heard, was down with measles, so perhaps she'd have to carry the alto part alone tonight. Which wouldn't be as easy as it had been when Mr. Boone was organist and choir director. They'd retired him last winter after 35 years of service with a ceremonial dinner and the gift of a fine gold watch to which she had gladly contributed.

It wasn't likely now anyone would remember that she, in her humbler way, had served the same length of time. Certainly their new organist, Bob Baker, wouldn't. Nor would Dr. Andrews, a comparative newcomer.

Bob Baker! Oh, a good young man, of whom she must think kindly. But, fresh from the conservatory and very full of himself and his first job, he confused her with his sharp, precise orders. He took the beautiful old hymns too fast and was always trying strange modern anthems that made no sense to her ear. He had brought in several young singers, like Dottie, the girl who sang the soprano solos which Miss Birdie had once done.

Miss Birdie tightened the scarf around her throat. Just the other day

she'd told her old friend Miss Kitty about her secret wish. "Sometimes I wish that when my time does come I could pass on right during the service. Maybe during the evening service. You know, when we sing 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . .'"

Yes, a selfish thought, but wouldn't it be beautiful, Miss Birdie thought as she anchored the wind-tossed little hat with one hand and smiled mistily.

Reaching the church early, she went to the side entrance to which she had long had a key. But the door was already unlocked and a light burned in the big church-school room. The door to the smaller room, adjoining the kitchen, was closed. Walking quickly through the vestibule, she went into the empty chancel and turned on the lights. The hymnals were piled up in an untidy heap, so she started to distribute them. Then, feeling thirsty, she started toward the kitchen for a glass of water.

The small church-school room was dark when she entered, but the kitchen door was ajar and ringed with light. The sound of talking and crockery, and the good, rising smell of coffee came to her.

"Miss Birdie?" said a strong masculine voice, and she paused involuntarily just outside the door. The voice she recognized as Bob's went on with a little snort. "She always comes. That's the trouble. And don't tell me it's only 35 years. She sounds more like it's 50."

"Now, Bob." This was Julia's voice, kind and warm. "Try to be more charitable. She's really such a sweet old thing and she loves it all so much. Honestly, it makes me *sick* to think our surprise party for Miss Birdie is just softening her up for the ax. I





"Miss Birdie?" said a strong masculine voice, and she paused involuntarily. . . .  
"She always comes. That's the trouble."



## getting along Together

During our vacation travel, a tree blocked the highway, and we followed the detour sign onto a bumpy side road. As we passed a lonely farmhouse, a small boy wrapped in a blanket waved to us from the porch.

At the next town, we asked about the obstruction.

"The tree's been down about two weeks," the town clerk said. We asked why someone didn't take it away.

"Well, it's like this. Did you notice a little boy wave to you? He's got infantile paralysis and was awfully unhappy at first. But when the tree fell and ears had to use the side road, he began to perk up. Doe says he's coming along fine now. Soon as he's strong enough to get around, we'll move the tree. Meanwhile, a few minutes lost does not hurt you travelers, and it helps the little fellow a lot."

—MRS. ROBERT ADAMS, *Union City, Tenn.*

The secretary of one of the Methodist churches in Washington, D.C., spent her summer's vacation at Virginia Beach. One day while sunning herself on the beach a small boy in bathing trunks came up to her.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked.

"I certainly do," she replied.

"Do you go to church every Sunday?" was his next question.

"Yes, every Sunday."

"Do you read your Bible every day?" he continued.

"I read my Bible every day," she answered.

"Good. Then you may hold my quarter." He handed his quarter to her and scampered down the beach to splash in the water.

—KENNETH C. VUOND, *Washington, D.C.*

*Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.*

told Dr. Andrews he ought to make you do your own dirty work, but he said he thought he could do it less hurtfully."

"Well, he's not happy about it," Bob replied. "I know he's been praying for guidance." His voice grew defensive. "You all talk like I was Khrushchev, or something. Can I help it that she's getting along and blats and flats? I wish the old girl all the best, but I can't have her lousing up my music. I just had to tell Dr. Andrews it was her or me."

Julia's sigh was clearly audible. "Well, I sit right next to her and I know what you mean. But Mother says she used to have a real pretty voice. Sang all the solos."

There was a giggle easily recognized as Dottie's. "No kidding? Mrs. Smith, the banana cake you baked for Miss Birdie looks simply divine. Where's the ice cream?"

"Miss Kitty's bringing it. Home-made, and out of this world! I invited her to the party because—well, you know—it might help Miss Birdie to understand—"

Dottie's voice grew suddenly gentle. "I think it's a swell idea. Anyway, the watch is *darling*, and maybe she'll sort of take the hint."

Bob's voice was still truculent. "She's getting a pretty nice present, to which, I might add, I contributed 10 hard-earned bucks." His tone changed again. "You needn't think I'm enjoying this."

Dottie broke in: "I've got all the candles and stuff. Shall I trim the cake now, Mrs. Smith?"

Miss Birdie, standing like Lot's wife, felt suffocated. She wanted to run home and bury herself somewhere, but her knees were trembling so she couldn't move. She heard the side door open and saw Dr. Andrews enter the lighted room, his face harried and sad. Poor man, she thought instinctively, and then jumped as Bob said, "Holy smoke, look at the time! We'd better get going."

Running like a hunted hare, Miss Birdie made for the powder room and collapsed on the little dressing-table bench just as the three sets of footsteps passed outside. If she could just sit quietly a few moments until her heart stopped pounding, she'd be able to get home. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to be on fire. The thoughtless words echoed

through her brain. The black, imitation-leather purse fell from her hand and spilled open unnoticed on the floor of the powder room.

Staring straight ahead into the mirror, she seemed to see herself young and confident once again, with the white surplice on her shoulders, the old-fashioned black mortar board on her head, marching down the aisle and singing. But no, she couldn't sing, she could never sing again. She blatted and flatted. That's what they had said. Why, she would have to sit in the congregation, with no responsibility, no glory! "Dear Lord," she prayed, "tell me what to do! Help me do the right thing!"

Even as the lump in her throat threatened to become a sob, she realized that even Bob, in his arrogant young way, was trying to be kind. Julia, with a sick child at home, had baked her a banana cake. Miss Kitty, suffering from chronic bursitis, had turned and turned that crank for her wonderful homemade ice cream. Dr. Andrews had prayed that he might not hurt her too much. And they had all chipped in to buy her a watch. How could she be so prideful, so cowardly, as to run away? Was it not divine Providence, really, that had permitted her to overhear that conversation? And was not God, in his wisdom, always good?

"Dear Lord, who knowest all our needs," she prayed as she knelt on the hard linoleum. "Oh, God, please help me. Help me *now*, just for the next two hours! Amen." Slowly Miss Birdie pulled herself to her feet.

The organ boomed, filling the church with rich sound. Every beloved note fell on Miss Birdie's bursting heart. It would be bad, very bad. But she mustn't think of that now. Because she must go out there and take her accustomed place—for the last time. She must accept the "surprise" party and the watch with all the grace she could muster. Then she must say, with dignity, that 35 years was enough.

Once more she straightened the stiff little hat, and picked up the purse. Her gray eyes, suddenly older, were quite calm now. She drew her pale lips into a smile.

Then, her head erect and her shoulders back, she walked through the vestibule into the church. □



# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

**L**EADERSHIP is an art worth cultivating. Are you the president of a club? Or do you look forward to the day when you will hold office? How can you be a successful leader?

Start with the idea that you are the servant of the members of your organization. Many of them are just as capable as you; but they chose you to do some important things for them. You work for them, not they for you. Get the idea?

Next, plan ahead. Think of the problems and possibilities which face your organization. Study programs. Avoid trying to find all the answers by yourself. Instead, bring some worthwhile suggestions to the attention of the members or of the executive committee. Get them to pool their thinking with yours. Together you can solve problems and make good plans for the future.

As a leader, you should not be bossy. If, as the presiding officer, you have to declare a noisy member out of order, do it within the framework of the regular rules. Get the inexpensive book *Roberts Rules of Order* and follow its direction.

If you are to preside, write out your plans for the meeting and discuss them with your adult adviser. Be sure that members who have special jobs know about them far enough in advance to be well prepared. Keep things moving. Try not to let the talkative members dominate. Encourage the quiet ones to speak up. Use your sense of humor, because a laugh can smooth over a tense situation. When in doubt, turn to your adult adviser.



*I am a boy of 14. I do not understand grown-ups. I get good grades and am a member of our school honor society. A friend who gets only average grades wanted to join the society, too. His father is on our board of education. I guess he phoned our principal about it. The principal told us we had to elect this boy to the honor society, even though he did not have the grades to justify it. Now the boy wears our sweater and boasts*

*about belonging. Is this fair?—M.W.* No, it is unfair. It will be especially harmful to the boy who got into the honor society this way. He should learn to work hard, not how to get around rules. There are some parents who foolishly try to obtain rewards for their children which they have not earned and do not deserve. The children are the losers.

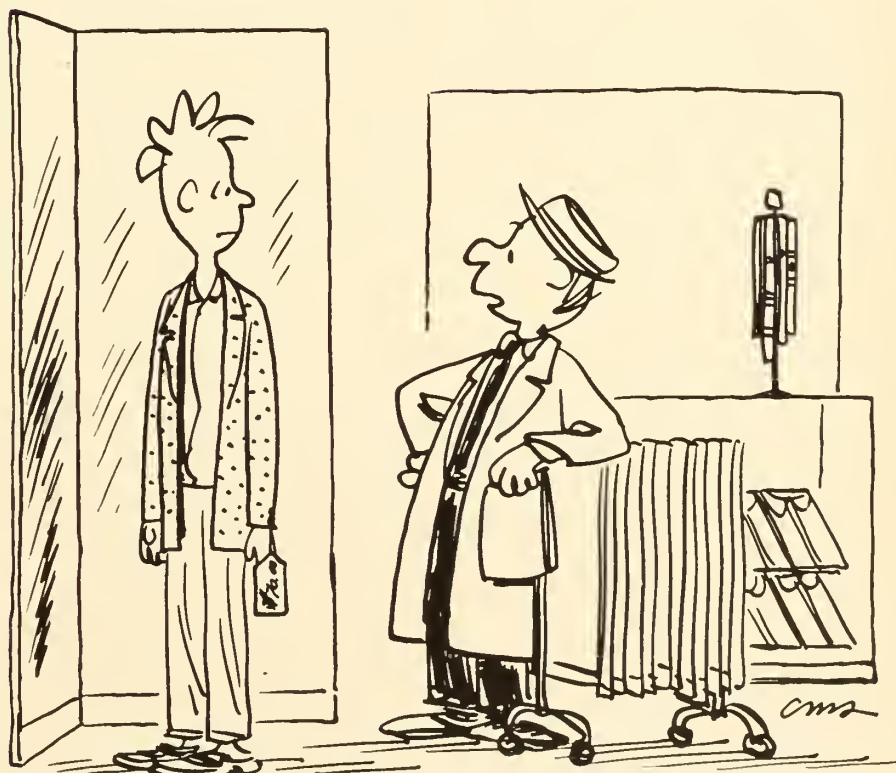


*I'm a boy, 16. Should I get a job this summer? I don't want to. I never have worked. I'd rather mess around with my friends. However, I need money, and my father cannot afford to increase my allowance. Where can I find a job?—P.R.* Every boy should have the experience of earning his own money on a real job. It is too bad there are not enough jobs to go

around. Your high-school "employment counselor" can help you find work. See him right away.



*I'm 19. I love a girl of 17. I'm in an engineering college and she is a senior in high school. She is not very pretty. My mother says I love her because I feel sorry for her. My girl breaks many dates with me. She smokes and drinks. I do neither. I think everybody is against her. Is it wrong to love a girl and want to take care of her? How can I make sure she stays true to me while I'm away at school?—E.R.* There is no way you can make sure she will be loyal to you. In spite of what poets say, absence usually does not make the heart grow fonder. It is not wrong to love a girl and want to help her, but



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Sure, I know all about that beautiful coat that Jacob gave Joseph, but I'll bet that Joseph didn't already have seven sports coats at home!"



# Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart

METHODISM's Hymn of the Month for June, *Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart*, is a reverent prayer which deserves quiet meditation and thoughtful execution in song.

In study notes prepared for *Music Ministry* on Methodism's Hymn of the Month series, Alfred B. Haas comments that organists who play this hymn in rigid, metronome-like tempo will do even more to destroy its meaning than choir members who fail to study the text before bursting into song. He adds that a wooden rendering of the tune, in which each stanza sounds as if it had been run through a ditto machine, is just as damaging to a proper spiritual climate.

Few of us are above reproach in the way we customarily approach even our most loved hymns. James R. Sydnor, in his book, *The Hymn and Congregational Singing*, says:

"The central spring of hymnody is in the heart of the individual Christian as he is moved by the Holy Spirit. Each person must ponder and absorb in private the meaning of the hymns before great congregational singing can be achieved."

This is particularly true of *Spirit of God*, in which an Irish Anglican, George Croly (1780-1860) expressed for countless Christians the deep desires of the heart waiting quietly for God. Croly based his hymn on the scriptural text in Galatians 5:25:

"If we live by the Spirit, let us also walk by the Spirit."

George Croly was born and educated in Dublin, but he spent

most of his adult life in London. In a poor section of the city, he opened a pulpit that had been closed for more than 100 years and attracted crowds with his forceful preaching.

He was a fundamentalist in religion and a conservative in politics, and he outspokenly opposed liberalism during a literary career that ranged over poetry, novels, drama, history, and satire.

*Spirit of God* appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, which the London pastor published for his own congregation in 1854. Copies are hard to find today, for only one edition was printed, and most copies of it were destroyed by fire.

The hymn and the tune to which it is sung are so familiar together that we cannot easily imagine either paired with any other. In fact, however, Frederick C. Atkinson (1841-1897) wrote the tune, *Morecambe*, as a musical setting for *Abide With Me*. It goes well with these words, but for some unexplainable reason the combination did not catch on. Instead *Morecambe* became the companion for *Spirit of God*, while *Abide With Me* went on to fame with W. H. Monk's tune, *Eventide*.

Although Croly wrote other hymns, and Atkinson, who was a professional choir director and organist in England, wrote many other tunes, each is represented in *The Methodist Hymnal* (No. 179) by this single, beloved, and eternally relevant hymn.

—CAROL MULLER

you should take a long, careful look at her and at everything she represents before becoming engaged. She probably will not change greatly in the future. Marriage to the wrong person will be disastrous. You will be wise in listening to your parents' advice.



I'll be in ninth-grade next year. I have several questions. 1. Is ninth grade when class grades start to count for college entrance? 2. Are four honors classes too many to take? 3. Is it harder to get A grades in honors classes than in regular classes? 4. Do colleges take into account the differences between honors classes and regular classes, when deciding whether or not to admit you?—B.A. 1. Yes, the ninth is the year when grades start counting for college entrance. 2. Usually four honors courses are too many. 3. In most schools it is harder to get an A in honors classes than in regular classes. 4. Some colleges take into account the differences between honors classes and regular classes when deciding on admissions. Others do not. Write to the admissions offices of the schools you might want to attend and ask about their policies regarding grades in honors classes.



I'm 17 and I'm embarrassed over being flat-chested. I sent away for some patented bust-developing cream advertised in a movie magazine. It has caused a rash to develop on my skin. I'd be embarrassed to tell anybody what I've done, but how can I get rid of the rash?—E.P. First, stop using the cream. Second, go see your family doctor. He will be friendly and discreet. He will know what to do about the rash. Many of the creams and lotions advertised for teen-agers are worthless and sometimes they can be dangerous.



Dr. Barbour, do you think some boys are meant to go to school and others are not? I'm 16. I work hard but get D and F grades. My father needs me to work on our farm. Eventually it will be mine, and I want to take good care of it. Would it be awful if I dropped out of school?—N.R. For most boys it is a mistake



to drop out of school. On the average, they will earn about \$100,000 less in their lifetime than those who graduate and take training for special jobs. However, there are a few notable exceptions. Perhaps one or two boys in 100 are better off if they can quit school and go to work. They avoid the damaging shock of repeated failures in school. Possibly you are one of the few. However, never forget that whatever you do, you must keep on learning all through life. Ask your principal for his advice on the basis of your scholastic record and the standardized tests you have taken. He can answer your question.



*I am 13. I live with my grandparents, and I love them very much. My grandfather has been sick for over a year, with a lung congestion. He coughs at night, and it sounds as though it was tearing his chest to pieces. The problem is that he won't stop smoking. The doctor tells him he must, or he'll die. I'm scared. What can I do to help my grandfather?*

—J.M. You can help him indirectly. Spend some time with him each day, discussing things which interest him. Do unexpected little favors for him whenever you can. Let him feel your love and support. Try not to talk with him about the smoking, leave that to his doctor and wife. He's lucky to have a grandson like you.



*My best friend and I are girls in the 8th grade. Her mother insulted my mother at a meeting. My mother, of course, got mad and now won't let me see my best friend except at school. Is this fair?*—E.A. It is too bad that you girls cannot be together. However, I understand how your mother feels. I suggest you wait a little while. Hot tempers have a way of cooling. Your mother may relent soon and let you see your friend.

Shy? Need encouragement? Then Dr. Barbour is available to counsel you.

*He's worked with teens for years and is as close as your mailbox. Address queries to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.*—EDITORS



## Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .



# Your Faith and Your Church

**How many saints do Methodists recognize?** There is no rule in Methodist practice, but we usually apply the term "saint" only to New Testament writers. Obviously, we do not follow the Roman Catholic custom of making saints of martyrs through the process of beatification and canonization.

At first in the Christian church, all believers were called "laymen" or, more commonly, "saints." The "saints in Caesar's household" were as much a part of the Christian ministry of witness and service as were those distinguished as deacons, presbyters, or later in New Testament times, bishops.

God calls us all to be saints (that is, dedicated Christians), as 1 Corinthians 1:2 clearly points out.

**Does the Bible 'freeze' class and racial lines?** Some people say so, and quote Paul's word to the Corinthians (1 Corinthians 7:20 KJV): "Let every man abide in the same calling whercin he was called." Others hold up, in contrast, Paul's Letter to Philemon, urging a master to take back a runaway slave.

Fortunately, the Bible does not show us a God who is subservient to any particular social or political or cultural system (even egalitarianism) but a God of living, striving, stumbling, conquering persons. Helmut Thielicke puts it this way: "A God of living, tension-filled creativity, the forms of which are designed so that the unequal may complement and harmonize with one another."

The Bible could not urge us to "stay put" in segregated compartments so far as jobs and races are concerned, and to "break out" and "burst forth" spiritually.

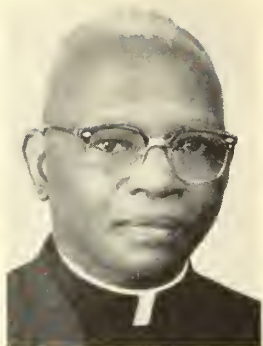
**Must we always take up a collection?** Of course not, but churches have been taking them since Christianity began. Paul passed the collection plate with all the enthusiasm and insistence of a present-day fund-raiser (Romans 15:23-28; 1 Corinthians 16:1-4; 2 Corinthians 8 and 9).

Strangely enough, he did not present the offering as a means of paying church bills but as a method of holding the church together in unity. Macedonia and Achaia were asked for funds for "the poor among the saints at Jerusalem."

John Knox observes that the collection was the topmost activity in Paul's missionary work, "more than a simple philanthropic act; it had a very important ecclesiastical, almost theological implication. It was a symbol of the unity of the church."

*"Your questions are welcome," says Bishop Nall, who admits that he sometimes answers them by asking other questions. Then, as a man who spent almost 30 years writing and editing religious material, he adds, "Questions and answers are the best part of a church paper."*





W. E. Stanley  
Dover, Del.

# Light Unto My Path

JUNE 7

*But if any one has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?—1 John 3:17*

ONE DAY I visited one of my long-time shut-in members, a dear lady of 80 odd years. Her husband was giving her much attention. It was lunch time and he had prepared her food.

He came to her bed, propped her up, and placed the tray before her. When she had finished eating, he wiped her mouth tenderly with a napkin, kissed her upon the cheek, brushed back her hair and said, "Now dear, are you all right?"

This was more than mere human affection; it was a demonstration of love divine.

I was moved to tears.

John in our Scripture text raises the question: If anyone has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?

For John, the Christian religion was God's love in the heart manifesting itself in service to those in need. When the love of God is in the heart, it is not inhibited but flows out in service to others. "God so loved the world that he gave."

Jesus said: "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you." Jesus gave himself. He says to us:

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you."

**Prayer:** Dear God, help us to be real Christians. Fill our hearts with

thy love, and help us to demonstrate it in service to others, that they may see our good works and glorify thee who art in heaven. Amen.

—W. E. STANLEY



Frederick J. Ackman  
Mount Vernon, Iowa

JUNE 14

*"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God."*  
—Matthew 5:9

A YOUNG churchman ran for mayor in an American city. He had all the assets needed to succeed: virile masculinity, respectability, a war-combat record, and vigorous, picturesque speech.

But the churchman lost; a whispering campaign had linked him with an

organization supposedly subversive.

The organization's leadership boasted some of the country's best-known names. Its purpose was peace, and it worked for it by advocating international law, limitation of armaments, and reconciliation on a global scale. It seemed new, so it must be dangerous.

Not long after the election a rumor circulated that work at the federal arsenal in the city would be cut back. The rumor brought such bipartisan protest that the anguish echoed in the halls of Congress. The arsenal remained unscathed.

In both cases, the majority who ruled the day were people of peace. At least they were for it. They were merely careful not to go too far.

We love peace. Most of us even seem to seek it. How many of us really try to *make* it?

The peace accent, central in our and in many another faith, is too often plastered with pious platitudes. The Master put his mark on peacemakers. Significantly, only the King James Version calls such the *children* of God. The other translations call them *sons*. Peacemaking is not child's play. It calls for folk with enough vigor and concern to climb out of their clichés, to walk and work where few yet have shown the sophistication or the stamina to go. Peacemaking is still our most important project. In this business, where are you and I?



**Prayer:** Eternal Father, forgive our hatreds and our weakening fears that we may first be reconciled to thee, that with strengthened wills we may not be peace-lovers only, but peacemakers, for thy sake. Amen.

—FREDERICK J. ACKMAN



Earl N. Rowe  
State College, Pa.

JUNE 21

*"You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth."—Acts 1:8*

WE ARE more prone to speculate about the future than we are willing to demonstrate in the present. The paragraph from which our verse is taken clearly reminds us of the temptation to dream about the future, to envision a future having all the aspects of the "kingdom of God," and to fail to fulfill the conditions which make the bright future a reality.

Just before his Ascension, our Lord had been speaking to the disciples concerning the indwelling of the Holy Spirit which they should experience. This prompted the disciples to ask, "Is this the time when you are to establish once again the sovereignty of Israel?"

Jesus does not correct any misconceptions in reference to the Kingdom, and he had encouraged them to pray, "Thy kingdom come." But there were certain events to precede, certain conditions to be fulfilled. Chief among them was the universal witnessing of the disciples to the present reality of the Kingdom within, a way of life vitally determined by the life, the teachings, the death, and the eventual Resurrection of Christ.

Just when the better day would come and the perfected kingdom of God would appear, it was not given to

the disciples to know (Acts 1:7). The disciples must first accomplish their task, and for this task they would be equipped when they should be filled with the Holy Spirit. The Spirit would empower them.

This power of the Holy Spirit came upon them at Pentecost, and it ever since has been residing upon those who are completely surrendered to do the will of their Lord.

We are to let the world see a demonstration of what the power of God can do when it works through the fellowship of those who trust in him. We are to begin now to show people what brotherhood can be when Christians respect their fellowmen because they are children of God.

**Prayer:** Arm me with jealous care, / As in Thy sight to live, / And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare / A strict account to give! Amen. (The Methodist Hymnal #287)

—EARL N. ROWE



Gilbert L. Piker  
Terre Haute, Ind.

JUNE 28

*So then you are no longer strangers and sojourners, but you are fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of God.—Ephesians 2:19.*

THE WORLD we live in at times appears to be in danger of falling apart. We find ourselves in the midst of events that jeopardize our whole way of life. No longer can we avoid these changes. We must face the complexities and problems of our day.

The way we act reveals the way we think. "For as a man thinketh, so is he." Most of us are not satisfied with our world nor are we satisfied with ourselves, our attitudes, and personal living. We yearn for an inward sense of belonging to something more than the world as we know it.

# Circle of Love

(A Thought for Families)

Where there is love,  
there is concern;  
Where there is concern,  
there is kindness;  
Where there is kindness,  
there is harmony;  
Where there is harmony,  
there is helpfulness;  
Where there is helpfulness,  
there is Christ;  
Where there is Christ,  
there is love.

—WILLIAM A. WARD

At the close of an interfaith summer camp, a young Negro girl remarked, "We met as strangers and parted as friends." This was her way of saying, "I belong." It is good to be a part of a household, a loving family, but how much greater to be a part of the household of God!

Christ reveals this new fellowship and assures that all may be members. It is symbolized by the cross, the power of love, the power of goodness, the power of truth—in short, the power of God. Love of God and brotherhood of man are requirements for this fellowship.

What is our attitude toward God? If you have lived as if God were a myth, then to you he is a myth. If you have lived day by day as if God were the Supreme Reality, then to you he is real. From this depth experience comes assurance that you "are fellow citizens and members of the household of God."

**Prayer:** Father God, pardon and sustain us as we seek to do what Christ taught us when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart . . . soul . . . mind . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." Amen.

—GILBERT L. PIKER



*During the harvest,  
Texas churchwomen...*

## WORK AMONG THE MIGRANTS

**F**EBRUARY snows still blanket much of the nation when trucks begin bumping northward from the Rio Grande Valley of southern Texas, carrying thousands of migrant laborers on their yearly sojourn, following the harvest.

Unskilled except in bone-wearying hand labor, the migrants spend the better part of each year traveling from one farm region to another, working in the cotton fields, on truck farms, in orchards and vineyards—wherever machines have not yet eliminated the need of their labor.

Under the glare of nationwide publicity, concern has mounted about the physical conditions in which the migrants live, move, and work; about the education (or lack of it) afforded their children, the wages they earn, the hours they work. Mostly of Latin-American descent, they include both the Mexican nationals, so-called “braceros” who cross into the United States for seasonal jobs, and thousands of native-born Americans with semipermanent homes where they spend a few off-season months.

Keyman in the migrant system is the crew leader, a migrant himself, who handles all arrangements for the families in his charge, contracting with farmers to hire his crew, transporting the workers to the jobs, hauling the produce to market, keeping records of the work done by each family, collecting the total wages and, after retaining a management share, paying each family.

*Carrying sacks of clothing  
they bought in the resale store  
operated by Princeton churchwomen,  
mothers and children return  
to the migrant center.*





*Princeton is a regular yearly stop on crew leader Jessie Trevino's route.*



*No migrant remains a stranger when Mrs. W. V. Wexler is around.*



*At 20¢ per onion sack, a family can earn \$150 a week.*

Typical is Jesus G. (Jessie) Trevino, 58, whose crew of about 80, many of them members of his own family, are pictured on these pages.

Texas agriculture provides many of the jobs which keep the migrants moving, and the Texas Council of Churches and the United Church Women of Texas, co-operating with the National Council of Churches and local community groups, have established a particularly effective program to serve them—the Texas Migrant Ministry.

One of the 20 Texas communities where the ministry is carried on is Princeton (population 594) in onion and cotton-growing Collin County north of Dallas. The ministry here is a co-operative effort of churches and individuals in Princeton and nearby McKinney, the county seat. A key figure, as chairman of the health and welfare committee, is energetic Mrs. W. V. Wexler of 135-member Princeton Methodist Church.

The high tide of activity in

Princeton comes in May and June—the onion harvest. For about five weeks, the Princeton labor camp becomes home for some 450 men, women, and children. Formerly a World War II prisoner-of-war compound, the camp has 75 cabins—concrete-floored, wooden structures, mostly unpainted, clustered in groups of about a half dozen around water spigots. Behind each cluster are outdoor toilets.

From 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day it does not rain, the workers are in the

*Like most work the migrants do, harvesting onions is mostly stooping, pulling, lifting.*

*Entire families go into the fields and although children under 16 are not supposed to work, they sometimes "help out."*





fields, picking, topping, and sacking onions. Some days the Texas sun pushes thermometers past 100 degrees. For each sack of onions, crew leaders receive 30¢, of which they pay the workers 20¢.

During the harvest, Mrs. Wexler and her coworkers in the migrant ministry undertake new projects as opportunities arise each year, but some are annual events: a two-week Bible school which last year enrolled 48 children; a thrift shop selling used clothing at a top price of 10¢ per item; a free clinic open a half day each week and staffed by three nurses and a doctor who serve without pay; Sunday-evening worship services; and weekly youth night activities with volleyball and baseball games, movies, and refreshments.

Some years there are classes in cooking and sewing and good grooming for women and teen-age girls, "Christmas in June" parties with toys for the young children, and distribution of layettes to expectant mothers. When one father was stricken with appendicitis, the committee took over his medical bills and cared for his family. Last year 315 Sabin oral polio-vaccine dosages were given. (When only



*At the free clinic operated by churchwomen, Nurse Ilse Forney explains how to use nose drops.*



*As children play at her feet, a migrant mother examines dresses on sale in the thrift shop.*

115 persons appeared at the clinic, Mrs. Wexler loaded the nurses and their paraphernalia in her station wagon and drove into the onion fields to serve 200 more.)

Since many of the same migrant families return to Princeton year after year, lasting personal friendships have grown up between them and the town's permanent residents. Each year, too, as the trucks pull away from the labor camp and roll on to other harvest fields, one or two families remain behind with

new jobs which promise steady employment in Princeton, McKinney, or other nearby towns.

This, after all, is the migrants' best hope—settling in a community where their children can attend one school for an uninterrupted year, where they are freed of dependence on the uncertainties of weather, and where they can put in the back of their minds the twin specters of premature old age and human obsolescence due to increasing automation in agriculture. □

*Sunday-evening services at the migrant camp are well attended by children, but few adults take part. A Spanish-speaking pastor from McKinney regularly conducts the worship.*







About 50 young boys and girls are regularly enrolled in the Bible school, but on rainy days, when they cannot go into the fields, older children swell the total to 150. Local churches furnish milk and cookies.

*With his scissoring technique under a critical eye, a barefoot boy cuts out Bible-story figures.*



*Dorcas Vasquez, Christian-education student, supervises the Bible School, aided by local volunteers.*







# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IF ONE takes any book and summarizes its plot, the result nearly always sounds trite. This is true of the latest TV triviality or a great classical novel. Plots are few and so much alike that there is little more excitement connected with one than any other. It is like trying to decide which of two skeletons is the more attractive.

This is due primarily to the essential simplicity of life in its broad outlines. One man differs from another in a hundred little variations and characteristics. All drama can be reduced to a few primary plots. Any novel has to follow one of a half-dozen organizational methods. Any sermon is built around a very mechanical form. The main thing is what a man does with the material when he arranges it over the framework.

The Old Testament says that God made man out of the dust of the earth. To that extent he is of the earth, earthy. He is a part of the animal kingdom, and his body is made of the same material as the ape and the lion. But there is something extra in man which he can neither define nor explain. In that certain extra there is all the mystery, the wonder, the awe. Man's essential plot seems to be the same as the animal, but what God did with it makes a tremendous new story.

Such things as style, imagination, freshness, vision, and character determine the final outcome. It is not safe, therefore, to say that you want to read no more books about a particular subject or with a particular plot. If an artist comes along filled with the joy of living and commanded by a great faith, he can take the most outworn subject and the most warmed-over theme and make it fresh and inspiring. It is not a new situation that we need, my brethren, but a new vision to make our lives something beyond the commonplace and humdrum.

I was thinking about this some time ago when I started to glance through *THE WILL* by Harvey Swados (*World*, \$4.95). Here, I said to myself,

is another one of those tiresome stories about the effect of a will, and I want no part of it. But as I moved along the story caught me, and I began to read it more seriously. I pass the word along to you that, while the theme has been treated a thousand times, here is a treatment far from dull or banal. The book captured my interest, and I read on to the end to discover what really happened to these people and the will.

They are a rather strange family. An immigrant father and an old-maid schoolteacher were the parents. But the will bequeaths them money from a rich uncle who was not a very admirable character. There are three boys to inherit it. One of them is a recluse who has an appealing kind of innocence and purity. The second has been in prison and comes home finally to claim his share. The third is in between these two with a worldly ambition to get his hand on the money but with no desire to do it in any criminal manner. He is the one who

is married, and his wife, who is in some ways a greater person than he is, gives her full support to her husband's ambition.

In some of Swados' previous books, I have had the feeling that his characters are too pat and too stereotyped. That is not true here; these people are human beings rather than representatives of a point of view or class. They are not too long on virtue, but there are undercurrents of decency and nobility which cheer us on our way. The will brings out the best and the worst and, like any testing experience, reveals the quality of the character underneath the surface. The author is a growing novelist whose next book may be better than this one; but this one is good enough to be well worth your reading.

Everybody who wants to read another story about a precocious child, please gather for a meeting in the corner telephone booth in about an hour. Once again, I thought that this plot had been mined to the depths and that there was nothing more to be said that I wanted to hear. So when *CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU* by Sumner Locke Elliott (*Harper & Row*, \$4.95) came to my desk, I read the brief paragraphs on the dust cover and said to myself, "This one I will sit out." But again, I discovered that, like *The Will*, an old plot had an artistic and fresh treatment.

A little boy in Australia is sent to live with his aunt on the death of his mother. She and his uncle provide him a plain, decent home in Sydney. But there is another aunt, the companion of a very wealthy woman, who has her eye on the little boy and wants him for herself. She comes out to Sydney and insists on her right to have him in her home over weekends. Between these two is a wastrel aunt who has a happier disposition than either of the other two but who has never settled down to any kind of acceptable community life.

The little boy is caught in this rivalry, and through his eyes we see



## WORD JEWELS

Your most helpful sentence—

"You are an inspiration!"

Your most helpful question—

"What do you think?"

Your most valuable expressions—

"Please" and "Thank you."

Your most triumphant thought—

"God is with us."

Your most dangerous word—

"I."

—HERBERT E. RICHARDS



how utterly cheap and ruthless adults can be when they want to possess something and are jealous of one another.

This is really a wonderful book, and I found myself so engrossed in the situation that I was once again a small boy in a world of adults with their outlandish behavior. (To take a fellow my age and turn him into a boy again is no small accomplishment.)

It helped me to appreciate the book by being in Australia myself not too long ago. Have you ever noticed that, if you have been at the story's locale, it is easier to enter into the situation sympathetically and you feel the book must have some authenticity? Anyway, I found it hard to put down, and when any book keeps me reading longer than I should, I conclude it is worth recommending to my friends.

Pierre Boulle's **PLANET OF THE APES** (*Vanguard*, \$4.50) is quite a different kind of novel. Here is what we would call an idea book or a social criticism under the guise of life in another planet in another century.

Briefly, three men in a space ship travel to an unexplored planet and land on it. Here they make the terrifying discovery that the apes have taken over and are the ruling species. Human beings have become their slaves and like animals are hunted and put into pens in the zoo.

There is a terrifying scene where the apes have gone hunting and shoot people much the same as people shoot animals in the forest. Well, you will be glad to know that one of the earthmen learns to speak the ape language and is finally recognized as a being above the animal level.

If this sounds foolish to you, let me say that the skill of the author makes it all seem quite logical and even probable. The apes, he points out, have taken over because civilization became primarily a matter of imitation rather than creation. The apes proved to be better at that than men. The old scientist who landed becomes so adjusted to living in a cage on a sub-human level that he refuses to come back when he has a chance.

Is this the future of our society? Well, at least not in our lifetime; but this novel will open your eyes to some tendencies in our life which might lead ultimately to the most distressing conclusion. I must warn you not to look at the last few pages when you start the book: they represent a conclusion that will jolt and startle.

I admit that the plot does sound somewhat silly but, believe me, some of the implications are far from trivial. Even today in the midst of rather prosaic routine, I find myself thinking of certain scenes in this book and experiencing a slight shudder. □

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# Looks at New Books

"NO PEOPLE HAS inherited a more naturally beautiful land than we. . . . The only trouble is that we are about to turn this beautiful inheritance into the biggest slum on the face of the earth," charges Peter Blake in *God's Own Junkyard* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4, cloth; \$2.45, paper).

Making no secret of the anger with which he writes, the editor of *Architectural Forum* terms American suburbs "interminable wastelands dotted with millions of monotonous little houses on monotonous little lots and crisscrossed by highways lined with billboards, jazzed-up diners, used-car lots, drive-in movies, beflagged gas stations, and garish motels."

Even the countryside beyond the suburban fringe, he points out, has begun "to sprout more telephone poles than trees, more trailer camps than national parks." The shores of oceans, lakes, and rivers are becoming encrusted with "the junkiness of industries that pollute the water on which they depend."

While American towns and cities have many isolated handsome buildings, they have very few handsome streets, squares, civic centers, or neighborhoods, Blake mourns. And this all seems a strange state of affairs in a nation that was cofounded and presided over by a great architect, Thomas Jefferson, and that has produced some of the Western world's most creative architects, he observes.

Strong as his words are, the pictures making up a large part of Blake's book put the case even more powerfully. On facing pages you find New York City's Grand Central Station before—and after—the gigantic Pan Am building blocked out the sky behind it; a tree-lined parkway facing a pole-rimmed, gas station-lined city street; aerial views of a suburban housing development and an auto junkyard, not looking very different in pattern; farmland before and after the suburbs overtook it; mountain scenery with and without billboards.

If we intend to create a great urban civilization in America, says Blake, we need more than stringent laws and more effective controls over bureaucrats. We need creative acts, and a genuine leadership on the part

of those capable of creating a new kind of city and a new kind of country.

Mental illness is acknowledged to be the United States' number one health problem, and everybody needs to know more about its various masks and psychiatry's role in treating it.

Nobody is better equipped to tell us than Karl Menninger, who has had a leading part in the development of psychiatric treatment for nearly half a century. With two associates, Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser, he is the author of *The Vital Balance: The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness* (Viking, \$10).

Filled with optimism, this book

stresses that mental illness is curable, that the hopeless patient is a myth. Unfortunately, it points out that the percentage of people helped, and the rapidity of their recovery, are directly proportionate to the extent to which modern concepts of psychiatric treatment are applied—and over 80 percent of the state mental hospitals in this country still fail to offer any treatment at all to their patients, a policy both inhumane and more expensive than curing them.

It was the new understanding given by psychoanalytic research that changed psychiatry from the hopelessness of 50 years ago to its active assurance of today, the authors say. It revealed motives and inner resources,

*Contrast: A crowded Colorado trailer camp and the remote grandeur of the Rockies. From God's Own Junkyard.*





the intensity of partially buried conflicts, the unknown and unplumbed depths and heights of our nature, the formidable power each of us holds to determine whether he lives or dies. And it brought the realization that we must encourage each individual to see himself not as a passive incident in the infinite universe but as one important unit possessing the power to influence great decisions by making small ones.

In an entirely new formulation of psychiatry, the authors present a unified view of mental illness that dispenses with labels and substitutes a method of diagnosis and treatment in which all disturbed states are seen as stages in a single, reversible process. In fact, the patient may carry his recovery above and beyond what was normal for him before his illness.

They take a pessimistic view, however, of the possibility of preventing mental illness. Humankind being what it is, they do not believe there is much chance to change our society and our relations with each other significantly enough to accomplish this.

I found the book fascinating reading.

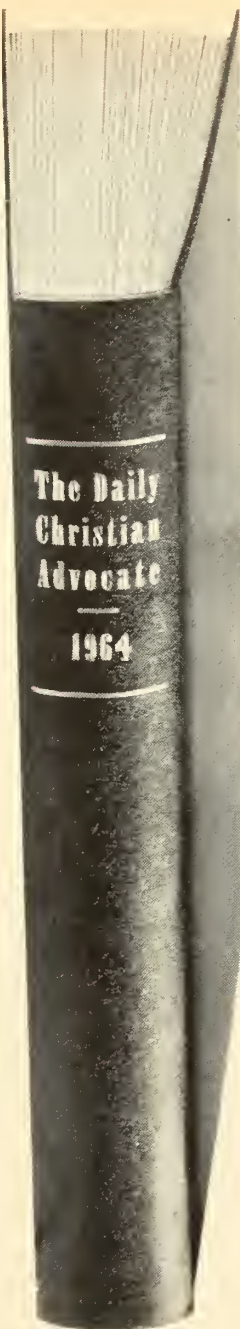
I was attracted to *The Companion Guide to the South of France* (Harper & Row, \$4.95) by the colorful landscape on its jacket, and I found the text inside just as vivid.

Archibald Lyall has woven history, legend, and facts into a fast-moving journey that begins on the Riviera (which is rapidly becoming one of the world's principal exhibition grounds for contemporary art); explores Lower Provence, rich in architecture and archaeology; and progresses through Lower Languedoc, "a smiling land of endless vineyards" interspersed with such famous cities as Nîmes, Montpellier, and Carcassonne.

Maps help the reader orient himself, and I am sure that if I were going to be in France this summer, I would be carrying this book with me. It is one of a series of *Companion Guides* offering pictorial descriptions, anecdotes, and insights into the history and temperament of the people against the background of their physical environment.

When you go to read *Pathways to Happiness* (Abingdon, \$2.50), I suggest you get out your March issue of *TOGETHER* and take another look at Floyd Johnson's visual interpretation of the Beatitudes. They begin on page 35. For *Pathways to Happiness* is a devotional study of the Beatitudes by Leonard Griffith, minister of London's famous City Temple.

If we look at them, Dr. Griffith writes, "it becomes apparent that, while we have a right to the pursuit



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of happiness, yet happiness itself comes as the by-product of a search for something more important."

Not a single reference did Jesus make to what we consider the prime essentials of happiness—health, work, adequate income, financial security, home, love, and friends, Dr. Griffith points out. Rather, the Beatitudes make it very plain that happiness is a state of mind.

Discussing each of the Beatitudes, he shows us how this state of mind reflects Christian character at its highest.

Early in the spring of 1962, four men—a college professor, a Swiss schoolteacher, a lawyer, and a geology student—set out to climb Mount Everest.

Their assault on the world's highest mountain was strictly an amateur attempt, made without Sherpa or other porters, without the bottled oxygen most professional climbers consider a necessity at high altitudes, and with a bare minimum of money, food, and equipment. In addition, the four amateurs wanted to scale the never-scaled north face.

Without official government recognition, the little expedition had to make a secret dash through Communist-held Tibet to reach the jump-off place. It was a 185-mile walk-in, during which they carried their equipment and food on their backs in 60-pound packs.

The climbers almost made it. But accidents stopped them within 3,000 feet of the summit.

Woodrow Wilson Sayre, the college professor who led the expedition, tells about it in *Four Against Everest* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95). Was it a failure? Dr. Sayre says no. The physical challenge, the personal adventure, the attempt itself, far outweighed the fact that they never reached the summit.

Dr. Sayre's informal way of writing takes you right along with the climbers, and the color photographs at the center of the book hold a breathtaking glimpse of the beauty they encountered along the way.

*Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4) raises a new voice in the discussion on church and state.

A dedicated Catholic laywoman, Mary Perkins Ryan, considers the desirability of a Catholic school system in the context of the total mission of the church and comes to the conclusion that for historical reasons American Catholicism has emphasized the school over the church to the religious impoverishment of the Catholic community as a whole.

The mother of five boys who have attended both Catholic and public

schools, she believes in the idea of parental responsibility for the religious formation of children. National chairman of the Spiritual Development Committee of the National Council of Catholic Women, she is convinced that the formation of a dynamically religious adult community is the primary need, and that the focus of Catholic effort should therefore be on the parish as a community of worship.

I had always thought it was General Grant, with the help of the Union Army, who won what my Southern friends call the War Between the States. But Bern Keating, in a fast-moving book for young folks, writes about *The Horse That Won the Civil War* (Putnam, \$3.50).

The horse, his young owner, and some of the other figures in the story are creatures of Keating's lively imagination, but the book gives a carefully researched picture of the course of the war in an area where rather little of it was fought—the West and Southwest.

Major historical characters are true portraits of true persons; the major historical action is based on facts; dates and places are accurate; and all battles actually took place as described.

Boys and girls who love adventure—or horses—will like this book.

*The Wonders of Wildlife* (Viking, \$8.50) is a graphic picture book of animals, birds, reptiles, and insects in their natural environment, raising their young, feeding, migrating. Its 280 black-and-white and color photographs are beautiful, and the brief text by Franz A. Roedelberger and Vera I. Grosehoff is highly readable.

*Mother and child from  
The Wonders of Wildlife.*





The book was originally published in Switzerland and concerns itself with European wildlife. Nevertheless, American readers, young and old, will find it interesting because many of the animals are also found in the United States. The subtle plea it makes for conservation is universal.

Mary Phillips and Peter Whitehead did the English translation.

Just about the most extraordinary piece of reading matter I have seen in a long time is *The Book of the American West* (Messner, \$22.50). The price is high, but it is appropriate for five-plus pounds of lush printing and knowledgeable writing by nine experts under the practiced editing of Jay Monaghan.

The book presents the West expertly, from explorers to guns and art. And I grunted in agreement as I found informed and fair judgment of some Methodist heroes. For example, Jedediah Smith, that "religiously inclined" trapper who was the first American to trek overland to California. Jason Lee, Methodist missionary to the Northwest. Rascally John Wesley Hardin, as a gunfighting desperado, is appropriately downgraded.

Then there is Col. John M. Chivington. It is the fashion of novelists and feature writers to portray this onetime Colorado Methodist district superintendent as a depraved sadist who led his troops in a bloody orgy of scalp-taking and woman-and-child-butcherings. Don Russell takes a view tempered by scholarship and common sense. Chivington was no namby-pamby. But no devil, either. Here he emerges as a man with a strong sense of duty who acted as do men to whom duty is an obligation to act.

People don't change, say the cynics. But I have seen them do it, and so has F. Gerald Ensley, resident bishop of Methodism's Iowa Area, author of *Persons Can Change* (Graded Press, \$1).

People not only can change, writes Bishop Ensley, but Christianity is preeminently a religion of change. "The dominant note of the Gospel is redemption, which is change for the better."

Before someone can change for the better, however, he must fulfill certain conditions, the bishop points out. He must desire to be different, he must have faith in the possibility of change, he must see the good along lines prescribed by reality, and he must habitually expose himself to the ideal.

TOGETHER readers know something about the bishop's persuasive way of writing. His last article in this magazine was in March [page 15] on *The Genius of Methodism*.

—BARNABAS

*Trustees meet  
with the minister  
(center) after deciding  
to tithe a bequest  
of \$69,118.37.*



## A Congregation Tithes

TRUSTEES of the struggling little Methodist congregation in Jellico, Tenn., looked at the check for \$69,118.37 and sat back contentedly. All they had to do was to decide how to spend it.

The money had come in 1962 from the estate of a prominent doctor—James L. Heffernan, a Roman Catholic whose wife's Methodist faith had deeply influenced his own life.

But as the trustees talked about it, they found that reaching a decision was not so easy. Meeting after meeting dragged by and still they could not come to terms with the money.

"I've never been much of a praying man," one of them said, "but this has caused me to spend a lot of time on my knees."

With each passing day, another admitted, he realized more deeply his great responsibility as a steward of the Lord's money.

One evening, Pastor John G. Williams was asked for his suggestions.

"I have just one thought I'd like you to consider," he said. "The Methodist Church has traditionally preached tithing as a means of spiritual growth for the individual. Why not practice what we preach and see whether this same principle will hold true for a congregation?"

No decision was made that night, but at the next meeting a trustee spoke up: "I've been thinking about the passage of Scripture that says, 'Every one to whom much is given, of him will much be required.' Now, we didn't earn this money; it was given to us. Perhaps something more is required than just using it for ourselves."

"Well, after all," another agreed, "we're considered a missionary-minded church."

Suddenly a sense of relief seemed to come over the group.

Assurance replaced doubt and uncertainty as they took steps to give \$6,911.84—10 percent—for Methodist missions and other benevolent work beyond the local church.

What about the rest of the money? The trustees were aware of a need that had been beyond the means of the congregation.

Jellico, tucked in the Cumberland Mountains, was once a prosperous coal town, but automated strip-mining had sent it into a tailspin. The big Methodist church, built in 1921 when the future seemed unlimited, had seen its active membership drop from 400 to 100. It had been a losing battle to maintain the property properly. So the trustees earmarked several thousand dollars for immediate repairs to the church and for refurnishing the parsonage.

Then, to provide a continuing fund for church upkeep, \$50,000 was put into the Methodist Investment Fund. This not only pays 5 percent interest but it also gives the congregation a chance to share in the creation and expansion of other churches.

"We went Methodist all the way," was the way one member happily expressed it.

With that comforting amount of money within reach, what has happened to the church?

"Contrary to what might be expected," Mr. Williams says, "individual giving actually has increased."

And, he adds, when the church property is in top shape, any leftover from the \$2,500 annual income will also be shared.

"Because one man remembered the church in his will," he says, "and because that church chose to practice what it preached, it has received new life spiritually as well as financially."

—CAROL MULLER



*The vexillophilist knows that even revolutions have their compensations,  
for the one thing no new government can do without is a banner of its own.  
Here is one collector who has become a flag historian and designer, too.*

## Every Year Is a Banner Year

By WHITNEY SMITH, JR.

WHEN I was a boy of 10, the thrill of a parade was packed into those moments when a ruffle of drums and the flourish of trumpets announced that a flag would pass by. So one day I decided to start a flag collection. It would be simple, I thought—far easier, for example, than collecting and classifying stamps.

That idea soon was exploded by librarians who could not find answers to even my elementary questions. But that only whetted my appetite, and today—years later—I'm immersed in a hobby that combines all kinds of interests from art to mythology and, as a bonus, helped put me through college.

I design flags, lecture about them, write about them, and correspond with nearly 2,000 persons a year in as many as 14 languages.

What is the fascination? Flags have been intriguing people since long before the Aztecs greeted Spanish explorers by hoisting fans made of green feathers from the quetzal bird. (This bird appears on Guatemala's flag today.)

Essentially, flags are symbols. Originally, they very likely were tribal symbols, whose meanings and spell are lost in prehistory.

Today, every country has a flag and with the frequent political upheavals of our times, there may be as many as a dozen new national flags a year to gladden the hearts of collectors.

It's part of the rules of the game, too, for the serious flag hobbyist to know which flags are used in little-known places like Sikkim, Lahaj, the Transkei, and North Kalimantan.

Then there are flags of states, cities, organizations, schools, military units, officials, and so on—almost infinitely.

The Christian flag, which you may see in your own Methodist church, has brothers around the world—such as the crescent-bearing emblems of the Moslem states, the papal-arms flag of the Roman Catholics, and the six-pointed star of Zionism.

Then there are denominational flags, including the Protestant Episcopal Church's red cross on a white field, with nine crosslets forming a St. Andrew's cross in the blue canton.

The Christian flag—with a field of white for purity and peace, a Latin cross of red representing Christ's sacrificial death, and a blue canton for faith, truth, and sincerity—was promoted through the efforts of two Methodists, Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer and Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, about the turn of this century. But it has never been adopted officially by The Methodist Church or any other denomination. [For the story of this flag see *To Consider Flag for World Methodism*, May, 1960, page 69.]

I first started collecting flag lore, plus a large helping of history and geography, in the local library. Before long, I was making a set of paper flags, with the names of countries and their capitals on the back. My family got interested, too, and now my wife, Ann, is a recruit. (She knows all the flags, too!)

For years, relatives came through with flying colors on Christmases and birthdays. Mostly, they gave me four by six inch flags, a standard size for collectors. As time went on, I added books and some large flags from adult friends who knew about my hobby.

I kept beating a path to the library to check confusing details of design; and when the books were exhausted and the librarians were

stumped, I started writing letters—as many as 2,000 in one year.

My historic first letter was composed when I was 11. I could not find the flag of Greenland in any book (it's the same as Denmark's), so I laboriously typed out a request for a picture to the "Chamber of Commerce" in Godthaab, Greenland's capital. Months later, I received a reply—from the governor himself.

Soon I was writing all around the world and receiving letters, stamps, and flags. Sometimes there wasn't a reply, and other times I did not get the answer I wanted, but it has always been exciting to get the mail.

I learned it is often easier to get information from smaller or more obscure countries, such as Mongolia or Kuwait, than from the big ones. Also, flags of some of the smallest countries have the most intricate designs. I think remote Tibet's is the most unusual—a white mountain with a flaming jewel, two lions, a golden sun with red and blue rays, and a yellow border.

During my undergraduate and graduate days at Harvard and Methodist-related Boston University, I evolved from a vexillophilist (flag collector) to a vexillologist (flag historian). I already owned 300 flags, or most of the ones commercially available, so I turned to collecting books, charts, and pamphlets. I have more than 500, including hand-painted manuscripts, limited editions, and 19th-century flag books.

With the help of foreign language and research skills I learned at college, I delved into untapped historical sources. My letter files grew so extensive that I began to supply information to other people. Recently I've begun lecturing





Mr. Smith's hobby began as a boyhood interest and grew through the years into an adult preoccupation. It even helped pay his way through college.

to veterans groups and women's clubs.

Actually, the origin of flags cannot be traced accurately, but there are references to banners, ensigns, and standards in the Old Testament as early as Numbers 1:52.

The battle signal of ancient Rome was a wisp of straw tied to a pole. One of the first true flags was the vexillum—a square, fringed cloth hung on a crossbar at the end of a spear carried by Roman cavalrymen.

The Chinese were the first to use flags attached to the side of staffs in the manner used for modern flags.

The history of modern flags dates from the Middle Ages, when armored knights figured out a way to keep from becoming anonymous piles of metal. They developed a system of emblems put on shields and surcoats, then on banners. A lord's emblem waving in the fury of battle many a time was credited with spurring hard-pressed vassals to victory.

Out of this use of emblems grew the elaborate art of heraldry, and the principles of the coat of arms still are used in designing many

flags. Maryland's, for example, bears the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore, founder of the colony.

Our own United States flag is one of the oldest national emblems still in use. But Betsy Ross has been demoted by historians who doubt the accuracy of the story that credits her with having made the first American flag in her Philadelphia shop. The truth is that no one knows—or probably ever will—who actually designed the original United States flag.

A large part of my college expenses was paid by writing articles for encyclopedias, and I've been commissioned to design flags—the most significant one for the Mozambique liberation movement.

This work, and my contacts with some 500 other collectors around the world, led me to join forces with Gary Grahl of New York, a junior high-school teacher. In 1961 we set up the Flag Research Center, now at 181 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

Our activities are similar to what we did as private collectors, but now they are co-ordinated with vexillologists in 27 countries. I'm fluent in Russian and French; my wife in

Spanish and Portuguese. With the help of the Flag Research Center staff and friends, we have corresponded in Mongolian, Albanian, Arabic, German, Chinese, Japanese, Swedish, Serbo-Croatian, Polish, and Italian.

Our book collection rivals the decades-older ones at the New York Public Library, the Library of Congress, and Harvard, because collections have been left to us by persons who spent a lifetime amassing material.

Perhaps our most important work is our quarterly publication, *The Flag Bulletin*, now in its third year. Each issue describes new flags and contains biographies, book reviews, questions and answers, and features.

Anyone interested in this hobby will wonder about costs. You can spend almost any amount of money, but it is possible to build up a meaningful collection on a slim budget.

The beginner can fill a loose-leaf notebook with notes and illustrations copied from booklets and charts. The collector's basic library should have Preben Kanik's *The Flag Book*, Quaife's *History of the United States Flag*, and the 1961 edition of Carr's *Flags of the World*.

Then the collector can decide where his major interest lies. He may be able to sew small flags for himself, buy some, or wheedle them from travelers. It's unfair to ask embassies, because their budgets do not cover such expenses. However, they often do have flag illustrations.

A collector may become interested in a select field, such as the flags and symbols of religious groups, or military flags, or the flags of cities throughout the world. If the hobbyist chooses, he can tie this interest in with another—collecting information about flags on stamps or postcards, photographing flags, or tracing the history of specific flags.

Whatever course you choose, there's a world of fun in it. One thing is sure: the next time you see a flag fluttering in the breeze, your imagination may take off on a dramatic flight halfway around the earth.

Or your footsteps may lead to an out-of-the-way spot not very far from your own home, where you may come upon a flag oddity. □





# Letters

## Decries Mixing Church, Politics

MRS. IRENE DELL  
Carl Junction, Mo.

When the church becomes embroiled in world politics, it loses its true identity and like revolutions becomes mixed up with the sin of man, desire for power, prestige, and self-interest.

I pray that the ecumenical student movement will not degenerate into a tool for the promoters of dialectical materialism. When the Czech church leader declares Marxism is politically and economically right for his country [see *Students Come to Grips With Current Issues*, March, page 6], is he speaking for the Czech people who had a brief taste of Thomás Masaryk's brand of political and economic freedom, or is he a mouthpiece for his communist government?

Am I being too otherworldly when I say the "glass and bronze-sheathed" UN Church Center with its "sculptured window wall" echoes the Christian commitment to the world but fails to echo Christ's words, "My kingdom is not of this world"? [See *Church Center for the UN*, March, page 1.]

## A Candid Look at Marxism

MRS. L. T. THOMASSON  
Seattle, Wash.

The big fallacy in the quotation from Czechoslovakian and Brazilian churchmen that "Marxism is economically and politically right" for their countries—and "that the church's job is to Christianize it" is that a major tenet of Marxism is the nonexistence of God.

Karl Marx has said, "Communism begins the moment atheism begins." Although most communist nations allow a vestige of religion, their ultimate goal is the complete eradication of churches and belief in God. Christianity can gain in such countries only if there is a change in the political climate.

The church should teach young people the true nature of Marxism.

## Why Methodists at the UN?

OLIVER C. WILEY  
Montgomery, Ala.

On the first two pages of your March issue you tell of the new Church Center at the United Nations. On page 41 you relate a portion of the Beatitudes to the UN General Assembly.

The increasing involvement and presumed support of the UN by The Methodist Church is a source of concern to many. You seem to overlook the fact that the UN is not concerned with the Christian faith, that about half its member nations are aligned with the communistic-atheistic bloc. They would certainly deny your label, "sons of God."

Why is the Board of Christian Social Concerns involved in UN affairs? I want my church to speak first for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If it must go into politics, let it support the sovereignty of the United States, not the alien world government goal of the UN.

## 'Devastating' Argument

DAVID A. DAWSON, Ret. Minister  
Port Crane, N.Y.

Mrs. Barbara Mossey, Troy, N.Y., says she is nauseated by letters deploring pictures of partially dressed individuals [Letters, March, page 69].

After giving reasons for her nausea, she concludes with what she must suppose is a devastating punchline: "After all, Christ did not wear much at the Crucifixion."

It is devastating all right—but because it refutes her arguments. Jesus did not choose to be so publicly exposed. This was done by his enemies in an effort to shame him. People who give way to exhibitionism should remember that stripping individuals of their clothing has been used throughout history (as in Europe during World War II) as a symbol of humiliation and shame.

## More to Be Said

MRS. JAMES R. DICK  
Tucson, Ariz.

My husband and I read Jan Kraft's article [Work-a-Vacation in a National Park, March, page 21] with identical reactions: "We must write a letter about this!"

We met as summer workers in Yellowstone National Park where he spent three summers and I, two. All that Miss Kraft says is true. But there is more to be said.

Parents who encourage a child to try these summer jobs should be sure the child is mature and of strong character. There is virtually no supervision of park employees. Parties in the woods or on the lake shore are unchaperoned; liquor is available, often plentiful. Not

all older professional workers are the best influences on youth.

Evening trips to nearby towns involve another hazard: park roads are constructed for scenic beauty, not for speed and easy driving, especially when drivers have been drinking.

Park work can be a wonderful, wholesome experience. But both parents and child should be prepared for the whole situation.

## Oops! A Misnomer

RICHARD B. FORDE  
Alexandria, Va.

You were kind to mention our magazine in connection with William Dusel's article [World Travel—by Tape! March, page 64]. However, the name and address listed are incorrect. It should be *Tape Recording*, 1077 W. Glebe Road, Alexandria, Va. 22305.

## Church Was Omitted

THOMAS B. CLAY  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Erle Stanley Gardner wrote an excellent article [Punishment Won't Cure Crime, March, page 12].

But nowhere does he recommend the most effective instrument for combating lawlessness: the church. He refers to respect for dad. But where does dad get qualities which demand respect from his son? In the church, where respect for God and man is taught and practiced!

## All Are 'Unworthy'

TRAVIS WILLIAMS, Pastor  
Wesley Foundation  
Russellville, Ark.

I am concerned about Bishop Nall's answer to the question, "Should anyone be refused the Sacraments?" [Your Faith and Your Church, January, page 57].

I have had difficulty with members who felt they should not participate in the Lord's Supper because they were "unworthy." I have explained that Methodists believe all are unworthy, that no one can deserve the sacrifice which we reenact in this Sacrament.

It is obvious in 1 Corinthians and seems implicit in our Discipline that the word "unworthily" refers not to the one who receives but to the spirit in which the Sacrament is received. The invitation is explicit when it says not those who are worthy but those who come for worthy purposes and in worthy ways.

## A Question of Inconsistency

ROBERT J. CHURCH  
Philadelphia, Pa.

When will our Christian compassion reach out to embrace all God's creatures? I refer to a picture of a woman drawing a bead with a bow and arrow [Unusual Methodists, February, page



20]. The caption states that her most-prized trophy is the head of a deer, then goes on to name her church. Can't anyone see the inconsistency, the moral gap, between the two statements?

I offer for meditation Samuel Taylor Coleridge's thoughts:

*"He prayeth well, who loveth well / Both man and bird and beast. / He prayeth best, who loveth best / All things both great and small; / For the dear God, who loveth us, / He made and loveth all."*

### Reader Would Change Target

MRS. LEON BURDICK  
Gerry, N.Y.

Perhaps I am old-fashioned in opposing cruelty, but I am disturbed by the picture of the woman archer. When I see many wonderful women helping to make the world better, I wonder about your choice of this activity.

Those who know anything about hunting agree that a shotgun or rifle is the most merciful weapon to use. Instead, I urge archers to sight a padded bull's-eye.

### 'Teens' Her Favorite

LEEANN HANSON  
Sacred Heart, Minn.

In all the years my family has received *TOGETHER*, I have enjoyed many articles and pictures. My favorite feature is *Teens Together*. Many of the problems that have been presented by other teen-agers are problems I have wondered about myself.

### Wedding Hymn Lives On

MRS. RONALD E. HEIL  
Rock Hill, Mo.

Thank you for the news article you published a few years ago on using hymns for wedding processions. [*More Hymns at Weddings?* June, 1959, page 70.]

We chose No. 60 in *The Methodist Hymnal*, and it made the ceremony truly beautiful. Most of all, the words have continued to give meaning to our marriage every year.

When we were blessed with a baby, my sister sent me the first line of our hymn in her letter. I was deeply moved as I discovered the familiar words anew: *Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!*

### 'Pervasive Mystification'

EDWIN G. RETER, Pastor  
Baltimore, Md.

I am profoundly grateful for the brief explanation of the symbolism in that window at the Protestant and Orthodox Center at the New York World's Fair [April, page 1]. I would have labored until the crack of doom to decipher its meaning!

Being a self-confessing, artistic illiterate, I find little to inspire anything save confusion compounded by "splashing color and harsh . . . symbolism," of which this window is a superlative example of the most mystifying character. That masses will be attracted by what they see, I am in no doubt. But how many poor souls will gape in dumb contemplation before modern genius dedicated to the befuddling art of pervasive mystification!

### We're Welcomed Overseas

MRS. WILLIAM BROOKS  
Wenatchee, Wash.

Our Woman's Society Circles have renewed eight *TOGETHER* subscriptions for schools, YMCAs, and YWCAs overseas. It is the third year we have sent magazines.

We have received the following letter from L. K. Cheema, headmaster of the Mission High School, Nasirabad, India:

"*TOGETHER* is a very attractive and helpful paper. The colored pictures are a treat to the eyes, and the captions are inspiring. The theological articles and Bishop Gerald Kennedy's *Browsing in Fiction* are of great value.

"We are grateful for the gift which bespeaks your concern for the less privileged in the church."

*Besides being in charge of a school with 1,000 boys, Mr. Cheema is minister of a village congregation, and rides a bicycle six miles each way to serve the Methodists there.*—Ebs.

### An 'Azalea' Is a Bougainvillea

MRS. RANDAL S. CROSS  
Arcadia, Calif.

The photographs in *Flowers From Your Garden* [April, page 35] are beautiful, and the descriptions are appropriate—except the one about azaleas.

Here in sunny California we raise a profusion of azaleas in our yard. And we also have a bougainvillea vine which I think is pictured at the bottom of page 37 instead of an azalea. Did you make a mistake or am I wrong?

### He Calls It Crimson Lake

K. H. BEACH  
Edwardsville, Kans.

As a former horticulture student at Kansas State University, I feel sure the flower pictured on page 37 of your April issue is bougainvillea, probably the variety *Crimson Lake*. It is a subtropical vine with blossoms about the color of some azaleas.

Each individual "flower" in the cluster is in fact three colored bracts, each bearing a rather inconspicuous true flower. The tiny cream-colored spots visible in your picture are the enlarged tips of these true flowers.

*Our thanks to both Mr. Beach and*

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## Don't ever go away again, daddy!

Her Dad is sensible. He went to his doctor as soon as he noticed a cancer danger signal. His cancer was therefore discovered in its early stages, when prospects for cure are more favorable.

If you don't know Cancer's 7 Danger Signals, call your local American Cancer Society Unit today. Play it safe and see your doctor for an annual health checkup, too. And help research and education save lives by sending your check to "Cancer," c/o Postmaster.



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Mrs. Cross for their horticultural detective work. The flower is, as they suspected, *bougainvillea*, not *azalea*.—Ebs.

## A Teen-Ager: In Defense of Teens

BETTY SCOTT  
Phoenix, Ariz.

In answer to the letter *Thinks It's Time to Say 'No'* [March, page 69], I maintain there is nothing wrong with dancing. School-sponsored dances and similar chaperoned parties will keep teen-agers off the streets and out of trouble. Any teen who has been reared in a good home will be able to divide his time among school, church, and social functions.

If you can't find Jesus in the movies or at a dance, then where will you find him? God is with us everywhere, no matter who we are or where we may be.

The world soon will be in the hands of the present "tense generation." Without proper freedom of activity and expression, we are not going to be able to meet the world problems.

Church leaders and adults should discuss with teen-agers the problems this generation faces. In our church, we have panel discussions with ministers, priests, and rabbis to help us.

## Dancing: In Church or Home?

WENDY LU HACKLER  
Odessa, Texas

I was quite upset by Mrs. R. C. Stokes' letter [*Thinks It's Time to Say 'No'*].

As president of our local MYF, I am trying to get our official board to allow us to dance in the fellowship hall of our church. They cannot understand how such a change might help us to keep our members and win others.

I find nothing in the Methodist *Discipline* about dancing, pro or con. It does state, however, that tobacco is a "serious health problem," and it urges adults to refrain from setting a bad example for youth by smoking.

In our official board meetings, however, three fourths of the men smoke. What kind of example is this?

When we are not allowed to dance in the church hall, we go to a home. This is not always the best atmosphere, especially when the parents are not at home. The church provides a better atmosphere for all activities—including dancing. Youth will come when something like a dance interests them and will often stay to worship. I've seen such church parties win youth to Christ, but I've never seen a cigarette do it.

## No Grounds for Boasting

JAMES A. HARRELL  
Seminary Student  
New Haven, Conn.

Are we Methodists so unique in our belief in the availability of God, as

Bishop Ensley seems to think? [See *The Genius of Methodism*, March, page 15.]

Contact with non-Methodists in an interdenominational seminary leads me to believe this "genius" is shared by most Christians. Further, should we not confess that our "genius" for organization often makes us self-centered, self-protective, and self-serving? And is not our "genius" for optimism shared by all who truly believe in the resurrection?

I wish we Methodists could claim a genius for repentance and for love. Even then we would have no solid grounds for boasting before God.

## Are We Truly a Church?

ROBERT V. BURROWS  
Madison, N.J.

Bishop Ensley tells us, "We are not geniuses in theology, although we have respect for theology and learning. . . . We are not a creedal church. . . . We are not geniuses in worship. . . ."

If we only respect theology but do not really understand what is our own, if we cannot look to the creeds of Christendom for guidance in understanding, if our worship is so defective, how are we truly a church?

The ideas presented by Bishop Ensley portray a "genius" of shallowness which seems to engulf Methodism today. If our genius lies merely in the availability of God, organization, and optimism, no wonder a significant number of young seminarians are leaving the Methodist fold for other communions.

## Keep It Simple, Please

FRANKLIN GROOMES  
Menlo, Iowa

I was shocked by Bishop F. Gerald Ensley's remarks about defects in Methodist worship. The simple, non-ceremonial sincerity of our service has been its great appeal to laymen. If bishops and ministers force upon us the stilted and soul-stifling formalism of the Lutherans, Episcopalians, and Greek Orthodox, many laymen will seek churches where the worship is simpler.

## Methodist Goal Lost

MRS. GEORGE R. EHRMAN  
Kokomo, Ind.

I have been a Methodist 12 years and before that a Lutheran; and as for the Lutheran genius in worship which Bishop Ensley refers to, I don't want it. Our churches are getting too formal. I'm sure the little prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street where John Wesley found the Savior was not formal.

I'm tired of hearing nothing but Methodism over and over in every *TOGETHER* magazine. Methodists have lost their goal. They are not leading the



unsaved to Christ but singing the praises of Methodism. I'm a Christian first, a Methodist second.

### God Needs Our Help

MRS. WILLIAM E. SWAIM  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Thanks for Bishop Ensley's article. It's a thrill to have someone speak out on the good points of Methodism.

To me his most significant statement was, "We Methodists have a genius for optimism." We refuse to admit that a problem is too big or to say, "Only God can take care of this."

We should acknowledge that God needs a lot of help in solving problems. I'm glad Methodists don't give up easily but keep trying to help God solve even extremely difficult issues.

### Cover Called 'Horrible'

STEADMAN ALDIS, Pastor  
Fort Scott, Kans.

I am utterly disgusted with the March cover [*Fabric of Human Involvement*, a sculpture by Clark B. Fitz-Gerald]. It is horrible. What is the sense of printing such a thing?



The controversial cover.

### But This Pastor Approves

DONALD T. OLSON, Pastor  
Barrington, Ill.

Thank you for the extremely fine March issue, especially for *Fabric of Human Involvement*. Our associate minister, Richard Heiss, used this cover in a personal encounter experience with our high-school young people, and the results of their discussion were most intriguing.

### A Brief Word for March: Ugly

MRS. LEONARD HARGRAVE  
Balboa Island, Calif.

Please, no more ugly covers like the one on your March issue.

### Another Word: Ridiculous

MRS. ELIZABETH H. HAYNER  
Floral Park, N.Y.

Why the ridiculous and meaningless cover on the March issue? It is not in keeping with the dignity of a religious publication.

### And Yet Another: Goofiest

GLENN GRAHAM  
Wyoming, N.Y.

I think the March cover is the goofiest thing I have seen in a religious magazine. It looks like chicken wire with gobs of solder at the intersections. It is an absurd monstrosity. I hope you don't pull another stunt like that in a long time.

### Even the Postman Was Aghast

MRS. C. C. MILLER  
Peoria, Ill.

When the postman brought the March issue, he looked at the cover and said: "What a picture!" I was disappointed in it, for it does not look religious. If only some of the lovely pictures inside had been on the cover!

### Interpretation Requested

L. G. STEWART, Pastor  
Ridgway, Pa.

The March cover hit a new low. Perhaps a page should have been given to Mr. Fitz-Gerald to interpret his masterpiece. I recall what the apostle said about speaking in tongues: What good are the tongues without the interpretation?

### No Inspiration Whatever

RAY MITCHELL  
Lincoln, Nebr.

From the cover of *TOGETHER's* March issue, I judge the editors have fallen for the mumbo jumbo of dark Africa. I fail to find any inspiration whatever in this page. I hope it will be the last of this type. Otherwise, the March issue is a very good one.

### She Covered It Up

MRS. MONROE STARR  
Connersville, Ind.

Why couldn't we have had a pretty March cover pertaining to Easter? I couldn't think of people coming into my home and seeing that front on the magazine, so I cut the picture of the man holding the lamb [from *The Beatitudes*, page 37] and pasted it over that grotesque thing on the cover.

### Delighted—and Disappointed

MRS. KENNETH ENGELMAN  
Whitewater, Wis.

I was delighted to see your choice for the cover of the March issue. Clark B. Fitz-Gerald is doing a fine job of

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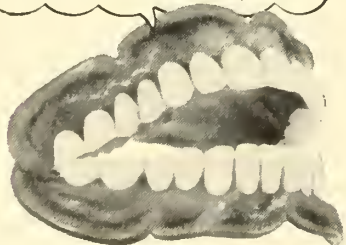
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putting into new art forms basic Chris-  
tian truths.

But how disappointing to find the  
center color section devoted to weak,  
sentimentalized watercolors that do a  
grave injustice to the Beatitudes.

## Beatitudes Misinterpreted?

FOSTER W. BERRY

Muskegon, Mich.

I strongly object to the presentation  
of *The Beatitudes* in the March issue.

The wording of the King James Ver-  
sion can hardly be taken literally. For  
example, "poor in spirit" would direct-  
ly mean persons who are depressed,  
depraved, and the like. Certainly these  
will not possess heaven. Yet the artist  
makes the direct implication that bums  
will inherit "the kingdom of heaven."

I believe the proper meaning of each  
of the Beatitudes is misinterpreted by  
these pictures. This is not a criticism of  
the artist so much as of whoever made  
the theological interpretations and ap-  
proved the pictures.

## Artist Identified

MRS. H. L. WILLET

Philadelphia, Pa.

The cover of your March issue gives  
credit to sculptor Clark B. Fitz-Gerald  
for his work *Fabric of Human Involve-  
ment*. Is our great glass and sculpture  
window at the Church Center for the  
United Nations [March, page 1] not also  
a work of art deserving to be dignified  
by the name of its creator, my husband,  
Henry Lee Willet?

We're sorry for the omission of Dr.  
Willet's name—and glad to give credit  
where credit is due!—Ebs.

## What Would Jesus Do?

WILLIAM E. WHITEHOUSE

Merced, Calif.

I doubt if Jesus would have selected  
the design of the window wall at the  
Church Center for the United Nations  
[March, page 1].

If we would try to lift ourselves up  
to Christ's beauty instead of trying to  
bring him down to the level of this  
modernistic so-called art, the world  
would be a better place in which to  
live.

## Underlying Causes Untackled

MR. & MRS. AUSTIN RITTERSPACH

San Anselmo, Calif.

We are writing to protest your article,  
*Someone Has to Start!* [April, page 24].

Although James R. Hood's activities  
in Hartford, Conn., are commendable,  
they are hardly noteworthy since they  
do not tackle the "underlying causes for  
decay." Even more lamentable, especial-  
ly when our nation is in the throes of  
a civil-rights crisis, is the implication  
that the Negro can appreciably alter his

second-class citizenship if he will only  
work hard.

It is callous and irrelevant to preach  
diligence and self-improvement when  
the rewards for such activity are with-  
held—namely the opportunity to use  
one's talents and training, the right to  
live where one pleases, the chance to  
educate one's children, and—need we  
say?—the privilege of worship in the  
church of one's choice.

From *TOGETHER* we would expect per-  
ceptive articles challenging the church  
to a decisive witness in this vital area.

## Her Answer Is No!

MRS. MAURICE PHELPS

Chaffee, N.Y.

I strongly suspect you published *A  
Question of Reality* [April, page 31] as  
an experiment. Would readers care for  
it? My answer: no!

The author attempts to be "veddy,  
veddy dramatic" in the first two para-  
graphs. Next comes intellectual impres-  
sion. What is she contributing?

On the other hand, *You Can Find  
Time to Read* [April, page 50] has  
something to say. It is unsophisticated,  
sincere, and simply helpful. Talk about  
"reality," Frances Turner knows what  
the word means.

## 'She Stopped Too Soon'

MRS. ROBERT J. EVE, *Pastor's Wife*  
Fountaintown, Ind.

Mrs. Stewart's *A Question of Reality*  
touches that something called me. The  
questions she asks, the thoughts she  
thinks, seem to echo so many of my  
own. But she ends her search in an  
eternity of uncertainty.

I reach with her to the verge of  
the discovery of her self. And then she  
stops! The article leaves her in the fear  
of self-revelation. This fear is real for  
most of us, but we must not end our  
questions here. In order to be the self  
that God intends, we must find out who  
we are.

This business of knowing myself is  
exciting and painful, but once begun,  
it is a stimulating, lifelong adventure.  
It requires courage and a peculiar kind  
of faith that the kingdom of God is  
within, and the belief that the more I  
find out about me the more I will know  
and understand others, and then the  
more clearly will I see God. With this  
understanding comes a love for life that  
transcends fear of death and suffering.

## Small Fry Spurred to Act

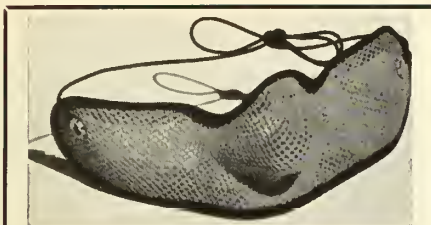
HOWARD WEILMUENSTER

Ballwin, Mo.

When our eight-year-old saw *A  
Feast for the Birds* [February, page  
73], he wanted to put up a bird-feeder  
right away. And we were delighted to  
meet "Knocky" Parker at the piano  
[John W. Parker, *Unusual Methodists*,



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page 20]. He has been our guest several times and thrilled our family with ragtime tunes on our piano.

## Painting Acclaimed

ROBERT YOUNG, Pastor  
Bethany House  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bravo! for the wonderful cover, *John Wesley: Man of Medicine, Too!* [February], the painting by John R. White; and for the inside cover, *The Master Healer*, by Warner Sallman.

For a story of Bethany House and its work in public-housing areas, see *A New Kind of Ministry in the April* issue of TOGETHER, page 55.—EDS.

## CAMERA CLIQUE

*More Than a Coincidence.* The pictorial Romans by St. Paul [page 76] is the third drama that Tennessee photographer Don Rutledge has made for TOGETHER. (The other two were *Story of Job in Living Mosaic*, May, 1962, page 2, and *Noah*, December, 1963, page 76.)

Mr. Rutledge strives to utilize stage lights in photographing dramatic scenes and the players. When the overall light was yellow—as in Romans—he did not add an auxiliary blue light to normalize appearances; instead, he used a tungsten-type film that recorded the yellow cast perfectly. When red-gelatin filters were part of the lighting in Noah, he shot that way.

Most of the Romans pictures were taken after a regular performance, but amateur photographers can record highlights during actual performances by using the faster color film and available stage lighting. Before you shoot, however, check the theater's policy on cameras. Flashguns always are forbidden, and most Broadway shows are closed to photographers; ice shows often have special nights for camera fans.

Exposure settings can be guesswork or determined by a meter reading when the entire stage is lighted. The latitude of most films will take care of normal changes in lighting, but it is still experimentation. You can learn a lot about color and lighting when you try for pictures of stage productions.

## Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—George P. Miller • Second Cover—Page 1-65—H. Robert Case, Boston U. • 3—Harmony House of Photography • 8—Methodist Information • 10—RNS • 21—From *The Deputy*, courtesy Friedman-Abeles • 22 L.—Cervin Robinson, R.—Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sec. R.—New York Convention and Visitor's Bureau • 23 L.—Drucker-Hilbert Co., Inc., Sec. L.—Union Theological Seminary, R.—National Council of Churches, Sec. R.—Toge Fujihira, Methodist Prints • 24 Top—Kenneth C. Futterlich, *Mikwankee Journal*, Bot.—Michael J. Linehan • 25 Top—Harry Naltchayan, *Washington Post*, Bot.—Harvard University Public Relations • 28-29—Jack Horner • 31-32—C. G. Barnell • 33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42—From the collection of the late Roy L. Smith • 43—Federal Correctional Institution, Seagoville, Texas • 44—Jim Newton • 45 Top—J. Eugene White, Bot.—Otha C. Spencer • 60—From *God's Own Junkyard* by Peter Blake, courtesy Holt, Rinehart, and Winston • 62—Fox Photos, Ltd., from *The Wonders of Wildlife*, courtesy Viking Press • 63—Frank Woolum • 76-Third Cover—Don Rutledge, *Black Star* • 15-17-18-19-20-22 Sec. L.—51 R.—54-55-56-66-75—George P. Miller.



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*The dusting wand seemed to move by itself. The beautiful vase toppled off the mantel and smashed on the tiles.*

**Together** with the SMALL FRY

## RICKY'S CHINESE VASE

By GINA BELL-ZANO

RICKY'S mother was recovering from the flu, and the doctor had given her strict orders to stay put for three more days. That's why she was propped up on pillows in the upstairs bedroom catching up on her reading. But now and then she fretted about the undone housework.

That's what gave Ricky the idea of

doing the vacuuming for her. Then his mother would not have to clean the house when she got up. He was nine years old, big enough to do a good job.

He closed the hall door so she would not hear, because he wanted to surprise her. Then he got out the vacuum cleaner and swept the living-

room rug. When he had finished, he told himself: "This is a breeze."

After that, he decided to be even more helpful. He attached the dusting tool and dusted the drapes, just as he had seen his mother do.

Next he started on the mantel. His mother always removed her gold-framed clock and the Chinese vase



before she dusted, but Ricky thought he'd just dust around them. Anyway, he did not want to upset them. They were his mother's particular favorites.

While he was thinking about how careful he had to be, it happened. Somehow the dusting wand seemed to move by itself, striking the beautiful gold and green vase. The vase toppled off the mantel and smashed on the fireplace tiles.

Ricky's heart sank. He turned off the vacuum cleaner and woefully picked up the pieces. It was impossible to glue the fragments together. What could he do?

"I'll have to get another Chinese vase just like it, that's all," he said to himself. "Mom likes that vase so much." He put the cleaning tools away, then emptied his piggy bank. He counted exactly \$1.76. After he put on his sweater and cap, he opened the hall door, and called out:

"Mom, I have to go out for about a half hour. Will you be OK?"

"Yes, dear," his mother answered. "Run and play for a while. But get back by noon. Remember, Aunt Ruth is coming to bring us some fried chicken for lunch. So don't be late."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ricky and hurried out. He practically ran downtown to Rybeck's department store.

To his delight, he found a Chinese vase almost like his mother's in the finer china section. But when he looked at the price tag he groaned. It would take all his allowance for two years to pay for it.

He turned and plodded through the store and out into the sunny morning. How could the sun be shining today? He dug his hands into his pockets and scuffed up the street. People were smiling and talking and

laughing. Ricky wondered how it would feel to laugh again.

As he passed the dime store, he gazed absently into the display window. Something there stopped him in his tracks. It was a plain glass vase, but it was the same shape as his mother's Chinese vase. It cost only 39¢. What was more, another display in the window gave him a really bright idea. He could buy some paints and brushes, and paint a vase so it would look—well, practically—like his mother's.

He hurried home with his purchases and down into the basement. It did not take him long to get to work. First he painted the inside of the vase with black enamel. Already it began to look Oriental. Next he carefully drew the design on the outside with a crayon and filled it in with the green poster color. Ricky was glad that he had got quick-drying paint. Next, he traced painstakingly around the design with gilt paint and put gold dots and sprays where they were supposed to go. Then he stood off to admire his work.

Alas! His vase looked like something painted by a boy who had never painted a vase before.

He sank down on the workbench and sighed. He felt worse than he ever had in his whole life.

"Mom?" Ricky began, edging into his mother's room with the vase behind his back. His mother looked up from her reading.

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I wanted to help you . . . and I was vacuuming in the living room . . ."

"Why, that was very nice of you, Ricky. I appreciate your thoughtfulness."

"But that isn't all," said Ricky. He

took a deep breath. "The vacuum has a crooked handle or something, and the Chinese vase . . . it broke . . . I didn't mean to . . . I was trying to be helpful . . . and it broke." For an instant Ricky's mother caught her breath.

"I'm going to get you another one, Mom. Honest." Ricky rushed on. "It's down at Rybeck's, but it'll take me a while. And so I made you this one . . . so the mantel would look all right . . . But it turned out funny looking." He held the homemade vase out to her.

She took it and turned it around and around, looking at it in a strange way.

"Mom, I'm sorry." Tears squeezed out in spite of him.

"Don't cry, dear," his mother consoled, patting his hand. "What makes you think this isn't a lovely vase, too?" He looked at her in surprise.

"It's beautiful," she said. "Do you know why it's even more beautiful than my Chinese vase? Because this vase was painted for me by my own son, because he loved me enough to feel sorry for what happened and to try to do something about it."

"Do you really like it?" asked Ricky, wiping away his tears. "I tried to be real careful in making the gold edging. See? And the swirls are nice and curved, just like they were in the other one—see that?"

His mother nodded and pulled him over to her to give him a big hug. Then they heard Aunt Ruth's car come up the drive.

As he started out the bedroom door, Ricky turned and grinned at his mother.

"Mothers are funny," he said, "but very nice." Then he skipped down the stairs, hands in pockets, whistling a happy tune. □

## Mouse Bookmark

By KATHERINE CORLISS BARTOW

HERE comes July, that "oh boy, it's hot!" month when most people just want to loll with a good book in a hammock under a big shady tree.

If you like to read, you will enjoy making these funny little mouse bookmarks for yourself and the other readers in your family.

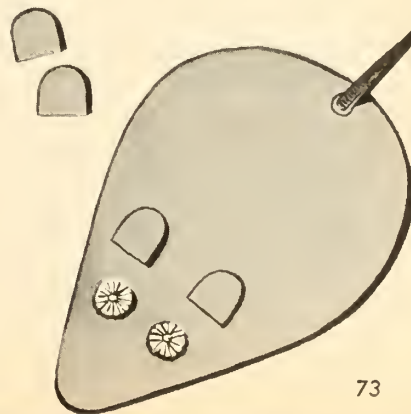
First, using the pattern here, cut two mouse shapes from a piece of felt—black, gray, brown, or any other color. Glue the pieces together. Before they dry, slip the cut end of an 11½-inch length of shoestring (the tubular type) between the two shapes to make a nice long tail.

If you use heavy felt like that from an old hat, cut only one mouse. Punch a small hole for the tail and push one end of the shoestring through the hole from the top side. Then glue the end to the underside of the shoestring.

Next glue on two brightly colored sequin eyes. Then cut two felt ears and glue them upright, but in a slanting position.

If you do not have any pieces of felt handy, you can make the mice out of heavy pieces of brightly colored paper with cord tails and eyes cut out of silver foil.

Happy reading this summer! □







Is thy heart right, as  
my heart is with thine?  
Dost thou love and serve  
God? It is enough, I give  
thee the right hand  
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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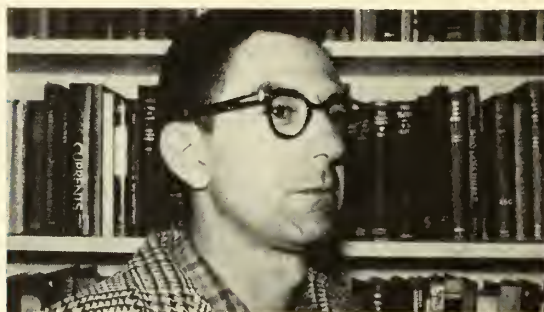
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# After-Hour Gottings

"IT SEEMS that I spend most of my time somewhere between open rebellion and rumbling discontent," says **F. Donald Sax**, a sometimes irate Methodist layman of Phoenix, Ariz., whose firepower launches the new **TOGETHER** feature, *Viewpoint*, on page 13. "Recently, Ross Watson picked me up to attend the executive session of our Methodist Men," he continues. "I told Ross what I had just told my wife—that I was through with the Methodist Men and their attempt at being a masculine Woman's Society, that all I was going to do was tell that to my fellow officers and then go home.

"Well, we didn't get away until after two hours of intense and animated discussion. All I'd managed to do was to talk myself into being the program speaker in March with the theme *Why Methodist Men?* along with two other men who didn't agree with me."



Mr. Sax: At times he likes to be cantankerous.

You may not agree with Mr. Sax, either, when you read his frankly controversial *A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship*, but you'll have to agree with us that what he says certainly springs from a vital, personal interest in living the Christian faith as best he can. A civil engineer, the father of four children (ages ranging from 23 to 4), Mr. Sax does not confine his

activities to plain talk during the week and church on Sunday morning. "Not only is he an active member of Glendale Methodist Church," says the **Rev. Wyburn Skidmore**, pastor. "Mr. Sax also is one of the most articulate laymen I know on contemporary theology."

While introducing *Viewpoint* and Mr. Sax—the first of many who will have opinions of their own for this continuing department—we're saying a reluctant farewell to **Roy L. Smith's** *Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency*, the last of which appeared in the May issue. *Little Lessons* began in the old *Christian Advocate*, August 13, 1942, and the late Roy Smith wrote 750 of them before his death in April, 1963. If you are not among the multitudes who knew this remarkable man of God, don't miss **Bishop T. Otto Nall's** tribute to him on page 33. It precedes the color section devoted to a few of the 7,000 color pictures he left behind after traveling the world as editor, evangelist, reporter, and photographer.

Among our contributors: **Elizabeth Mellott Poynter** [page 26] graduated with honors from Drew University, is married to a Methodist minister, is the mother of several small children, and at the time she wrote *Wives: Be Subject to Your Husbands!* was living in Norfolk, Va., where her husband served as a navy chaplain. . . . **Whitney Smith, Jr.**, the flag hobbyist [see *Every Year Is a Banner Year*, page 64], tells us that the world's most unusual flag is "the flag of Tibet—a white mountain with a flaming jewel and two lions, a golden sun with red and blue rays, and a yellow border."

**Our Cover:** The young people are Ann Arbor (Mich.) MYF actors in *Deeper Root*, recently filmed by Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFCO). The photo is by **George P. Miller** of our staff.—YOUR EDITORS

## TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone: (Area Code 312) 299-4411.

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TOGETHER continues the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the *METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX*.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

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From church treasurer (who is stretching the dollars) to wedding rings and new babies, Troy Methodists tell the story of one man's ministry among them.



## Good-Bye Rev. Miller

A WELL-MADE quilt may give comfort and warmth to generations while recording the devotion of an entire community—as does this one presented to the Rev. Marshall E. Miller family when it left the small logging town of Troy, Mont. Designed and embroidered by

representatives of 80 families, the quilt tells of such things as a new church built against odds; of satisfaction in families, homes, and occupations, of hopes and dreams, of humorous incidents shared. Most of all, it tells of a church in touch with many lives.



# ROMANS BY ST. PAUL

*The Apostle's letter to the early church in Rome is dramatized by a college drama group whose members, in makeup, look like sculpture come to life.*



*"Tall in the faith" on stage, actors wear these shoes to average seven feet in height. That's Director Orlin Corey and his wife.*



*Inspiration for the figures was drawn from ecstatic, elongated 12th-century sculpture of French cathedrals. The goal: to create "saints" transformed by faith and God's love. Stylized makeup emphasizes the statuelike effect.*

OF ST. PAUL'S Epistle to the Romans, Martin Luther wrote: "It appears as if, in this Epistle, St. Paul desires to give a short summary of the whole of Christian and evangelical doctrine and provide an access to the whole of the Old Testament. Every Christian ought therefore to know this Epistle and study it persistently."

It was through his own persistent study of Paul's letter to the early Christians in Rome that Luther came to the doctrine of justification by faith, theological keystone of the Protestant Reformation. Luther reflected the stress placed on the Book of Romans earlier by St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. Timeless, yet timely, many consider the book the greatest single statement of Christian doctrine.

In recent months, American churches have been hearing Paul's Letter to the Romans delivered in a strikingly different way—choral drama. The players are the Jongleurs, drama students at Methodist-related Centenary College of Louisiana. For 70 minutes, 11 players take the stage to question, sing, pray, and proclaim the Apostle's message as it might have been delivered in a classical Greek theater. The result has both aural and visual impact.

Voices are used like musical instruments, sometimes antiphonally, sometimes in unison. Often the men gather around the towering central figure of Paul, or the women alone respond to the Apostle's pronouncements. It is as though their dialogue were bringing up all the questions that ever have perplexed mankind.





*"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," intones Paul, towering over other figures.*

Stark costuming and pale lighting make the figures look like stone images from some Romanesque cathedral come to life. Slow, majestic gestures communicate deep grief, anguish, or hope.

Orlin Corey, chairman of Centenary's speech and drama department, was commissioned to create the drama for the First Baptist Church in Shreveport, La., the city in which the college is located.

Turning to the King James Version of the Bible to transform Paul's words into dramatic form, Professor Corey discovered that in many respects the Epistle already resembled a classic Greek oration in its interlocking organization and development. The Greek drama form seemed appropriate, too, because Paul was born in the Greek city of Tarsus, in Asia Minor, and it

was in the Greek language that he wrote to the Roman Church about A.D. 58.

Music for the drama—25 percent of it is sung—is the work of the contemporary Dutch composer, Johan Franco. Accompaniment is played on the carillon which lends itself with special effect to this dramatic form.

Professor Corey's wife, Irene, created the costumes, using long robes with ornate, textured bands to achieve the sculptured effect. Visually, the aim was to create figures suggesting the glory of God, individuals transformed by the wonder of faith and the mystery of the revelation of God's love to unworthy mankind.

*Romans by St. Paul* is being presented about 25 times in this country. Also in hand: an invitation to perform at England's Coventry Cathedral this fall.



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