Together

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / MARCH 1965

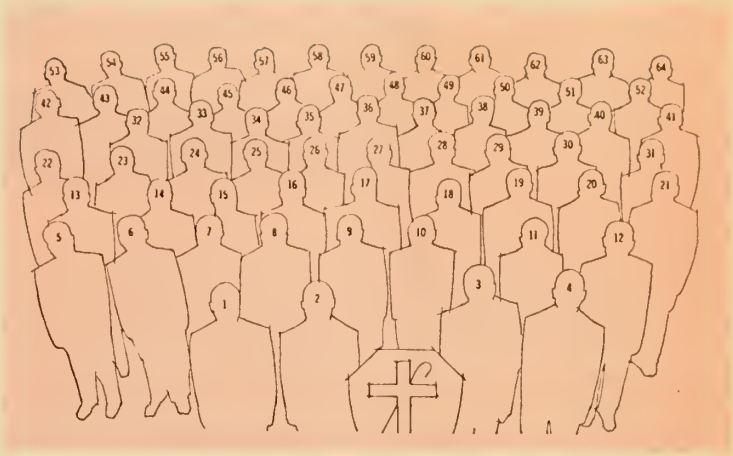
Robed for worship in their ultramodern church, these men are members of a monastic order—not Roman Catholic but Protestant. A few serve as pastors; the rest seek to serve their fellowmen through such secular vocations as farming, printing, architecture. Some 60 in number, they have committed their lives to Christ as brothers of the Taizé Community in east-central France. For the full story, plus a pictorial visit to a Protestant sisterhood in Germany and a report on how ideas from Europe's lay movements have jumped the Atlantic, *turn to pages 34 through 46.*

These Are Your Bishops

IN THESE MEN, The Methodist Church—a world body with more than 11 million members—comes to focus. When they assembled in Chicago last November for a semiannual meeting of the Council of Bishops, 64 of the church's 93 active or retired episcopal leaders posed with their unofficial emblem, a cross and shepherd's staff on a red shield.

Methodist bishops are elected by laymen and fellow ministers assembled in a jurisdictional or Central Conference [see *The Election of a Bishop*, page 16]. Individually, they wield their greatest influence within the assigned area each oversees. Their backgrounds, special interests, and personalities are as varied as the episcopal areas they serve.

Collectively, the leadership of these men will determine during this quadrennium the direction and speed with which the church moves in its mission to proclaim the Gospel to all peoples of the world.



1. **Paul N. Garber** Raleigh, N.C.
2. **Prince A. Taylor, Jr.** Princeton, N.J.
3. **Roy H. Short** Louisville, Ky.
4. **Lloyd C. Wicke** New York, N.Y.
5. **James H. Straughn** (Ret.) Baltimore, Md.
6. **Odd Hagen** Stockholm, Sweden
7. **John Owen Smith** Atlanta, Ga.
8. **Matthew W. Clair, Jr.** (Ret.) St. Louis, Mo.
9. **Willis J. King** (Ret.) New Orleans, La.
10. **Shot K. Mondol** (Ret.) Manila, P.I.
11. **Edgar A. Love** (Ret.) Baltimore, Md.
12. **Raymond J. Wade** (Ret.) Bay View, Mich.
13. **Paul Hardin, Jr.** Columbia, S.C.
14. **Gerald H. Kennedy** Los Angeles, Calif.
15. **Edwin R. Garrison** Aberdeen, S.Dak.
16. **R. Marvin Stuart** Denver, Colo.
17. **W. Kenneth Goodson** Birmingham, Ala.
18. **Aubrey G. Walton** New Orleans, La.
19. **Newell S. Booth** Harrisburg, Pa.
20. **Fred G. Holloway** Charleston, W.Va.
21. **Charles W. Brashares** (Ret.) Ann Arbor, Mich.
22. **W. Kenneth Pope** Dallas, Texas
23. **W. Vernon Middleton** Pittsburgh, Pa.
24. **F. Gerald Ensley** Columbus, Ohio
25. **Hazen G. Werner** New York, N.Y. (Hong Kong-Taiwan Area)
26. **Raymond L. Archer** (Ret.) Pittsburgh, Pa.
27. **Ivan Lee Holt** (Ret.) St. Louis, Mo.
28. **Francis E. Kearns** Canton, Ohio
29. **James W. Henley** Lakeland, Fla.
30. **Pedro Zottele** Santiago, Chile
31. **John Wesley Lord** Washington, D.C.
32. **Donald H. Tippett** San Francisco, Calif.
33. **Thomas M. Pryor** Chicago, Ill.
34. **J. Waskom Pickett** (Ret.) Glendale, Calif.
35. **W. Angie Smith** Oklahoma City, Okla.
36. **Richard C. Raines** Indianapolis, Ind.
37. **T. Otto Nall** Minneapolis, Minn.
38. **Eugene Slater** San Antonio, Texas
39. **Paul V. Galloway** Little Rock, Ark.
40. **Ralph T. Alton** Madison, Wis.
41. **Paul E. Martin** Houston, Texas
42. **Walter C. Gum** Richmond, Va.
43. **Kenneth W. Copeland** Lincoln, Nebr.
44. **W. Ralph Ward** Syracuse, N.Y.
45. **Noah W. Moore, Jr.** Houston, Texas
46. **Charles F. Golden** Nashville, Tenn.
47. **H. Clifford Northcott** (Ret.) Madison, Wis.
48. **Glenn R. Phillips** (Ret.) San Diego, Calif.
49. **Edward J. Pendergrass** Jackson, Miss.
50. **Eugene M. Frank** St. Louis, Mo.
51. **Edwin E. Voigt** (Ret.) Lebanon, Ill.
52. **Friedrich Wunderlich** Frankfurt a/M, Germany
53. **Everett W. Palmer** Seattle, Wash.
54. **H. Ellis Finger, Jr.** Nashville, Tenn.
55. **Marvin A. Franklin** (Ret.) Jackson, Miss.
56. **W. McFerrin Stowe** Topeka, Kans.
57. **Dwight E. Loder** Detroit, Mich.
58. **Earl G. Hunt, Jr.** Charlotte, N.C.
59. **Marquis L. Harris** Atlanta, Ga.
60. **James S. Thomas** Des Moines, Iowa
61. **Frederick B. Newell** (Ret.) Stamford, Conn.
62. **Marshall R. Reed** (Ret.) Onsted, Mich.
63. **Ferdinand Sigg** Zurich, Switzerland
64. **Lance Webb** Springfield, Ill.

Active bishops not present: **Harry P. Andreassen**, Malange, Angola; **Sante Uberto Barbieri**, Buenos Aires, Argentina; **W. Y. Chen**, China; **Fred P. Corson**, Philadelphia, Pa.; **Ralph E. Dodge**, Kitwe, Zambia; **A. Raymond Grant**, Portland, Oreg.; **Robert F. Lundy**, Singapore, Malaysia; **James K. Mathews**, Boston, Mass.; **John Wesley Shungu**, Jamina, Congo; **Mangal Singh**, Bombay, India; **Gabriel Sundaram**, Lucknow, India; **Jose L. Valencia**, Baguio City, P.I.; **Escrivao A. Zunguze**, Inhambane, Mozambique.

Retired bishops not present: **Dionisio D. Alejandro**, Manila, P.I.; **Homer B. Amslutz**, Pakistan; **James C. Baker**, Claremont, Calif.; **Enrique C. Balloch**, Colonia, Uruguay; **Juan E. Gattinoni**, Buenos Aires, Argentina; **Wilbur E. Hammaker**, Washington, D.C.; **Nolan B. Harmon**, Atlanta, Ga.; **Costen J. Harrell**, Decatur, Ga.; **W. Earl Ledden**, Washington, D.C.; **J. Ralph Magee**, Evanston, Ill.; **William C. Martin**, Dallas, Texas; **Arthur J. Moore**, Atlanta, Ga.; **Clement D. Rockey**, Multan Cantonment, West Pakistan; **Alexander P. Shaw**, Los Angeles, Calif.; **John A. Subhan**, Hyderabad, India; and **Herbert Welch**, New York, New York. □

Department of the Ministry Survey Shows MINISTERS INCOME Lags

Are YOU Glad YOU Didn't Choose The MINISTRY?

Ministers have those same financial problems that face all of us but *with an income considerably less* than that earned by the average layman.

A recent survey deals with the income of protestant clergymen in the United States in 1963 and covers 15 major communions. It is an amazing collection of fiscal facts, with both national and local implications. No section of our country stands out as being particularly generous to their ministers.

One conclusion evident from the survey is that ministers' salaries are not realistically aligned with their years of experience. The average salary and allowance of a newly ordained minister with 1-4 year's service is $5814*. The average reported for a minister with 20-24 year's service is $7317*. The $1503 difference represents an annual wage increase of $75.15.

A private industry with this outlook would find it impossible to hire or hold a specialist in almost any position.

To make this comparison even more pointed, the survey matched clergy with laymen, ages 25 and over, each having a like number of school years.

With 17 or more years of school, the average income for the layman is $8434. Ministers with an equal number of years in college and seminary have a cash income, on the average, of $5322, a whopping difference of $3112.

Still another way of looking at the problem is to contrast the 1963 median salaries of these ministers with 1963 Census figures of median income of full time male workers, ages 14 and over.

Twelve occupational classifications were used and clergymen ranked 9th in the rating. The following table shows the relative positions:

COMPARISON OF PROFESSIONAL INCOMES

Teachers . . . (elementary to college) . . .	$6950 (to $8163)
Engineers	$9512
Self employed professionals (including Medical)	$10,932 - $12,678
CLERGY	**$6358**

The median salary of clergymen was just $815 above the 12th and lowest position. Actual cash income of the clergy was less since the $6358 included an $1800 allowance for rental, utilities and fees.

The survey has no answer, makes no recommendations. It is a problem to be faced and solved by each congregation. For the clergyman there is no "Help Wanted-Ministers" on the classified page. There are no bargaining tables, picket lines or contracts.

The decision rests in the hands of the thoughtful laymen in each congregation. It is one that must be confronted and resolved at regular intervals.

What better place to say . . . "Do unto others . . ."

*These figures include the medial rental value of the parsonage at $1300 annually.

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Low-Cost Housing for Boston Families

The News: In Boston's overcrowded and deteriorating South End, Methodists have made a modest but promising start toward providing better housing—plus pride of ownership—for South End residents.

The Methodists, organized as the Bishop's Housing Action Corporation, propose to buy and rejuvenate structurally sound buildings, then rent them at prices slum dwellers can afford. As soon as possible, the corporation hopes to sell the buildings to the residents themselves, under a co-operative ownership plan. So far, the group has bought three buildings.

Background: The Bishop's Housing Action Corporation was formed last summer under leadership of Bishop James K. Mathews. Most of its support comes from individual churchmen. Many, particularly local college students, have volunteered time and labor. Others have bought five-year debenture bonds which provide funds the corporation is using to finance much of its activity. A thousand bonds have been offered at $20 apiece, with a return of 5 percent.

Says Bishop Mathews: "We don't have any illusions that we can do the whole job of providing decent housing for these people, but we are most hopeful of a chain reaction. We find that as some properties on a block are improved, people in other houses begin to take an interest. Also, other churches are becoming interested in similar endeavors.

"What we want to do," he continues, "is to relieve the housing situation and provide decent housing at a reasonable rent."

The corporation hopes to get federal aid, and it is working on other possibilities to expand the financing. In addition to the sale of bonds, some churches and individuals have made outright contributions in larger amounts to the project.

A Problem Area: In Boston's once-fashionable South End, about 60,000 people—mostly Negroes—live in an area covering 677 acres. The police station that serves the area has been called the busiest in the world. Stabbings, shootings, and the murders that police reporters describe as "cheap" rarely get more than a paragraph or two mention in the Boston newspapers.

Liquor stores, barrooms, houses of prostitution, narcotics peddlers, and gambling joints all are found there. But so are tens of thousands of people who want to find a better way of life. Instead, they have been trapped in typical ghetto conditions—dilapidated, overcrowded, overpriced apartments often owned by absentee landlords.

In 1957, the South End Methodist Parish was formed as the church began a drive to combat social evils and improve the lot of the people. But the Church of All Nations (Morgan Memorial Church) fell prey to bulldozers and most of its parish disappeared under a Massachusetts Turnpike extension [see *A Superhighway Claims a Historic Church*, June, 1964, page 1]. Until there is a court settlement of the church's claim for compensation of more than $1 million, the Church of All Nations is meeting in temporary quarters.

Housing Dilemma: Meanwhile, Methodists have sharpened their focus on the housing problem. More than two years ago a group of seminary students conducted a survey that indicated 27,000 families in Boston had been displaced by urban renewal, and 22,000 more may be in the next few years. In addition, tens of thousands of others are living in substandard housing.

Eventually, in those urban renewal areas where low-cost housing is built, some of the displaced persons find quarters. But meanwhile they must live somewhere, and new slums are created as these per-

This building, next to Tremont Street Church, is among the first three bought by Boston Methodists.

Volunteer labor, particularly from collegians, has helped restore the properties at minimal cost.

sons crowd into other neighborhoods.

In addition, many urban renewal analysts believe that bulldozing slums is not always the right answer. Some areas are beyond repair, but others embrace numbers of structurally sound residences that can be saved. If they are, the massive displacement of people—and the chaos and heartaches that go with it—can be avoided.

If home-ownership is encouraged in such areas, pride in the neighborhood often brings startlingly improved conditions. Boston's South End is such an area. In fact, says Bishop Mathews, in many ways it is similar to Washington's fashionable Georgetown.

"One thing we don't want to do," he says emphatically, "is to Georgetownize the South End; we don't want middle and upper-class families moving in and displacing the low-income families who need housing."

In the mid-19th century, the South End boasted thousands of new red brick and sandstone homes, spacious avenues with tree-shaded squares, and backyard gardens enclosed by iron fences. For a while it seemed that the section would rival the city's famed Beacon Hill.

During the panic of 1873, however, banks holding mortgages on much South End property were forced to foreclose for whatever they could get. Values toppled, confidence waned, and by 1885, although a few proud old names still were registered on the voting lists, the South End had become largely a section of boardinghouses.

Today the gardens of most of the houses lie buried under acres of garbage, trash, and broken bottles, and the interiors of many buildings defy description. And yet, in some old buildings there is durability in their solid construction. In them lies hope for better days—if someone will lead the way.

Significance: No doubt about it, says Bishop Mathews, the Bishop's Housing Action Corporation is a shoestring operation. The Rev. John A. Russell, Jr., Methodist chaplain at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, directs the work with the help of several other ministers, and volunteer labor keeps it going. There is no paid staff; the Tremont Street Methodist Church serves as headquarters.

Decent housing is no cure-all, the Boston Methodists acknowledge, but they also believe firmly that many of the South End's other problems cannot be solved without it.

So far, the corporation has bought three properties. At one, the old Hotel Springfield, where 15 families now are living, M.I.T. students pitched in to help with general rebuilding and cleanup. A house just across an alley from Tremont Street Church has been partially restored by both professional and volunteer labor. The most recently acquired property, a house at 235 West Canton Street, still needs renovation.

The three structures represent a small start in an area where trying to do anything constructive seems like trying to hold back an ocean tide with a broom. But through a process of constant turnover—buying, fixing up, and selling—a shoestring enterprise can have an impact.

But the Bishop's Corporation aims for more than that. By showing the way, its leaders hope to get others interested—and already they have had some hopeful nibbles. On a wider scale, the blueprint they are drawing could help in the development of similar projects in other cities plagued by the same problems.

NCC Sets Patterns For Antipoverty Program

Seeking to develop antipoverty guidelines for the church at every level, the National Council of Churches is placing new emphasis on helping the needy improve their own living conditions.

At its recent meeting, the NCC General Board asked that a paternalistic attitude be replaced by a partnership with churches and Christians in poverty, including persons who are not members of any church.

Church leaders were asked to walk through poor neighborhoods to see for themselves the problems of poverty.

The poor must be involved in planning, declared Dr. Cameron P. Hall, NCC director of the department of church in economic life. "Their voices must be heard and heeded in social protest; their leaders must be sought out and accepted."

Federal funds will not be a panacea, Dr. Hall said, and present church programs, while sound, are "too much within traditional attitudes and assumptions." He added, "The times call for new and imaginative thinking to be included in any church antipoverty package."

Part of the suggested NCC program would be an interdenominational field staff on poverty to help the churches implement their nationwide programs.

Chicago was chosen by the NCC board as the location for an effort to bring resources and personnel of the National and World Councils to bear on the city's social problems. Chicago's churches would be helped to develop an open society in which civil rights and the resources to utilize them are extended to all; and the ministry of the laity there would be furthered.

Some recruits for the project will be expert in adult literacy, some in economic problems, others in discussing ecclesiastical issues generated by rapid social change.

The NCC General Board also detailed plans for long-range mission and relief efforts in its Delta Ministry in Mississippi. Three community centers have been opened, and two more are underway. A medical health van is to be headquartered in Jackson, and a $250,000 literacy program was developed by Diebold Group, Inc., a data-processing organization.

The Delta Ministry will undertake direct relief projects, with the local community determining needs and distributing commodities, health education facts, literacy and voter registration information, and setting up of community centers.

The ministry is being evicted from its state office in Greenville, and was unable to find quarters in the white community. Office space in the Negro sector was being sought.

Of the $16 million budget adopted by the NCC, $260,360 was allotted for the Delta Ministry.

Methodist Bishop Dies

Bishop Charles Wesley Flint, 86, retired head of the Washington Area, died December 12 at Binghamton, N.Y.

He became bishop in 1936, and also had assignments in the Atlanta and Syracuse Areas. From 1915 to 1922, he was president of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, and was chancellor of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y., from 1922 to 1936.

He was a president of the Methodist Board of Education, served three terms as chairman of the Federal Board of Arbitration under the Railway Labor Act, and was a trustee of the Roosevelt State Memorial in New York.

Survivors include a son, Dr. George Y. Flint, pastor of Tabernacle Meth-

TOGETHER March, 1965
Vol. IX, No. 3.

Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068 (Telephone: 299-4411).

Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203 (Telephone: Chapel 2-1621).

TOGETHER is published monthly by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn., where second-class postage has been paid.

Subscription: $5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢. TOGETHER Church Plan subscriptions through Methodist churches are $2.52 per year, cash in advance, or 63¢ per quarter, billed quarterly.

Change of Address: Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label for current issue to Subscription Office.

Advertising: For rates, write to the Advertising Department.

Manuscripts: Authors should enclose postage for return—and address all editorial correspondence to Editorial Department.

odist Church, Binghamton, and a daughter, Dr. Lois M. Flint, a professor at Glendale, Calif., Junior College. Mrs. Flint died in 1958.

Students Show Concern for Justice and Meaningful Life

Two concerns—justice and the discovery of new styles of personal and church life geared to the demands of a revolutionary time—occupied the attention of more than 3,500 students at the recent Methodist Student Movement Quadrennial Conference in Lincoln, Nebr.

By questions and comments asked and made during group discussions, the delegates indicated a struggle between a desire to remain rooted in their Christian tradition, and still involve themselves in the world so that God's voice could be heard beyond tradition. They spent three hours a day in these group meetings.

They asked what style of life could most nearly bring justice for the greatest number of people. In this connection the race question was a primary concern. But they also sought clearer directions through questions raised by changing patterns in sexual behavior, urban life, political structures, ecumenical relations, and nuclear warfare.

A standing ovation was given Dr. Martin Luther King, Nobel prize winner and a major conference speaker, when he called for "involvement in revolution." The students also vigorously applauded Rep. John Brademas (D-Ind.) when he declared that political life involves compromise, accommodation, and negotiation.

The conference voted for the first time to express an opinion on a current issue. By a nearly 10 to 1 vote, the delegates endorsed the Fairness Resolution challenging the election of four Mississippi congressmen. A conference conversation group of nearly 400 students had asked permission of conference leaders to present their views on this matter to all the delegates.

In granting the request, the Conference Co-ordinating Committee said it did so because of its "concern that this sizable group of students be given ample opportunity to discuss the issue . . . and register their convictions." It emphasized that the students and ministers present were speaking for themselves and not for the MSM.

Folk tunes were used in an original presentation, *Hoot for the Hip*, to present music from yesterday and today. The latter dealt largely with civil rights.

Original cantatas based on the *Prologue to the Gospel of John* also were presented by the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra and a 300-voice chorus.

Other speakers heard included Dr. Paul L. Lehmann, Union Theological

Seminary, New York; Dr. José Miguez-Bonino, president, Union Theological Seminary, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Bishop James S. Thomas, Des Moines, Iowa; and Bishop James K. Mathews, Boston.

Named 'Miss Student Nurse'

Miss Stephanie Marion of Cireleville, Ohio, senior student at Riverside Methodist Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, was named Methodism's "Miss Student Nurse of 1965."

She was chosen from among 30 candidates by the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes.

Miss Marion

Upon graduation, the attractive 20-year-old plans advaneed study in nursing at Ohio State University. She has expressed interest in serving in the ehureh's missionary field.

Miss Marion maintains a 3.5 grade average, is a member of the sehool's honor soeiety, and has served as class president and sehool annual editor.

She is a member of First Methodist Chureh, Cireleville.

Dead Sea Scrolls on Tour

Some of the famed Dead Sea Serolls will be seen in the United States through a tour to be sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution.

The display ineludes an outstanding 12-foot psalm seroll and the Deuteronomy scroll eontaining the Ten Commandments. There are a dozen seroll fragments, and 30 objects from exeavations at Khirbet Qumran near the Dead Sea.

Under an agreement between the United States and Jordan governments, the exhibit will leave Washington, D.C., on Mareh 1 and will be shown for three weeks each at museums in Pennsylvania, California, Nebraska, and Maryland.

Jordanian authorities would give no information on the finding of the serolls. However, it was known that seven were diseovered in 1947 by Bedouins in a cave now known as No. 1. It has been asserted that the Bedouins sold them to an Assyrian elergyman who smuggled them into the United States. Supposedly some were sold for a high price.

A bronze seroll was found in 1953 in Cave No. 3 by exeavations of Jordan's department of antiquities, and in 1954 Cave No. 4 was found to eontain some important fragments. The last scrolls were found in Caves No. 7 and No. 11 in 1956.

India Presses for Birth Control

Some $200 million will be spent by India in the next five years to edueate its people on the need for birth control.

The expenditure quadruples that of the present five-year plan ending in 1966, said Askoka Mehta of the nation's planning eommission.

The first five-year plan in 1951 ineluded $1.1 million for family planning; the seeond, $5 million; and the third, $50 million. [See *The Need and the Promise of Planned Parenthood* January, page 16.]

Share in Race Relief Fund

Five Methodist ministers have reeeived grants totaling $1,500 from the chureh's Raeial Witness Relief Fund. The five, from Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, are the first reeipients of aid from the fund. Their names were not revealed, but all had suffered loss of salary when their eongregations reaeted unfavorably to their aetivities in raee relations.

The fund was set up by the 1964 General Conferenee to aid ministers or laymen who suffer economic loss while engaging in sueh efforts. It totaled about $2,600 by the end of 1964, various amounts having eome from within 12 annual eonferenees in all parts of the nation.

The Methodist Interboard Commission on the Loeal Chureh, which approved the $1,500 paid to the ministers, said that requests totaling several thousand dollars have been reeeived. At a recent meeting, the eommission established standards for disbursing funds and discussed ways of bringing the fund to the attention of Methodists.

Administration of the fund was given to a eommittee eonsisting of Bishop Thomas M. Pryor of Chicago, eommission ehairman; Miss Dorothy McConnell and the Rev. Gerald L. Clapsaddle, associate general secretaries of the Board of Missions; and the Rev. A. Dudley Ward, general seeretary of the Board of Christian Soeial Coneerns.

All applieations for aid must be filed with Mr. Clapsaddle, and none will be granted without consultation with the applicant's bishop.

A plan ealling for intensified ministry to the inner eity was adopted by the commission. It ealls for an interageney team of consultants to an inner-eity chureh, group of ehurehes, or district. Its members would have a wide range of skills and information, would represent several levels of the ehurch, and would be available to work in a specific situation.

All eonsultations would be at invitation of loeal leaders, and would take eognizanee of interdenominational

Stand where the shepherds stood in Bethlehem

This is the little town of Bethlehem, seeming as still and as dreamlessly sleeping as it seems when we hear the carol. You are standing in the fields where the shepherds watched. Nearby, in the Church of the Nativity, the site of Our Lord's birth is marked by a simple star.

Ruth followed the reapers in these fields. Not far away lies Hebron where Abraham pitched his tents... and Jericho, where Joshua fought his battle... and old Jerusalem, the holiest city in Christendom, overlooking the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. Religious history was cradled in Jordan—and remains for you to walk through, today.

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

activities and the federal antipoverty program.

At the commission meeting, it was decided to co-ordinate materials for use of a local church in meeting attacks on official positions of The Methodist Church. This is in response to charges against the church circulated during the 1964 presidential-election campaign.

The function of the commission is to co-ordinate policies and activities of general boards involved in local church programming.

Mergers Strengthen Churches

There are 38,789 local Methodist churches according to the latest summary of The Methodist Church's Department of Research, Records and Statistics—164 fewer than in the last fiscal year.

During 1963-64, Methodists organized 123 new congregations, 14 fewer than in the previous year, reopened 27 churches, closed 194, and merged 202.

The mergers resulted in 88 new congregations—76 Methodist, 10 Evangelical United Brethren, and 2 Presbyterian.

Methodists also purchased 103 sites for new congregations, relocated 106 existing churches, and enlarged 149 existing sites.

The decrease in total number of churches reflects adjustments being made to decreasing population in farm areas, says the department, and usually results in stronger churches.

Interim Bishop in Philippines

Retired Bishop Shot K. Mondol of India has been named interim bishop for the Manila Area in the Philippines after a deadlock in efforts to replace retiring Bishop Dionisio Alejandro.

The Methodist Council of Bishops was asked to designate an interim bishop after 52 ballots at the Philippines Central Conference in Manila failed to name a candidate. Bishop José L. Valencia was reelected to another four-year term as bishop of the Baguio Area.

Delegates from the five annual conferences, which form one of the largest Methodist memberships outside the United States, heard reports of steady growth and witness in the past 15 years.

There was a 50 percent increase in membership to 122,508, and the number of ordained ministers went from 146 to 314. There were similar increases in church-school enrollment, MYF membership, and giving for pastoral support and pensions, and for building improvements.

On Mindanao Island, growth was so rapid that it took only 10 years to form a full annual conference.

News Digest . . .

HOUSING MINISTRY. Without a church building or altar, four clergymen are serving the large, low-income Pruitt-Igoe housing project in St. Louis. The Rev. Alfred Watkins, a Methodist, and the three others use a small apartment in the project, and are on duty from 8 a.m. to midnight during the week. Tasks range from settling family disputes to accompanying persons to court.

IRON CURTAIN METHODISM. Yugoslavia's Methodist Church, which has about 5,000 members, is growing and is free from the persecution it went through prior to 1941. *The Evangelist*, West German Methodist journal, said that five young men in Yugoslavia have entered the ministry and more candidates are being trained at the Baptist Seminary in Novi Sad.

'FOR EXCELLENCE.' Methodist-related Albion College in Michigan has raised $2.2 million toward the $4-million goal it must meet to match a grant of $2 million from the Ford Foundation.

REBUILD IN AUSTRALIA. More than 70,000 pounds [about $156,800] have been collected in a door-knock appeal in New South Wales to aid in building a new headquarters for the Methodist Church in Sydney. It is the largest building project ever for Australian Methodism, will cost 900,000 pounds, and replaces the part of the Central Methodist Mission destroyed by fire in 1964.

WINS BEATLE. Sister Elizabeth Gillings, Methodist deaconess in Chesterfield, England, won one of the Beatles, or rather his portrait, in a recent national contest asking people to give reasons for Ringo's popularity. She and members of her youth club were to journey to London for the presentation. They plan to sell the painting later to raise money for an Ivory Coast hospital.

Charges Press Failure To Report African Deaths

The U.S. press virtually has ignored the fact that thousands of Congolese as well as whites were victims of recent atrocities in Stanleyville and other places.

That was the charge made by Dr. Eugene L. Smith, former official of the Methodist Board of Missions and now executive secretary of the U.S. Conference of the World Council of Churches.

"We who are white, again and again reveal unconsciously that to us the life of a white person is somehow

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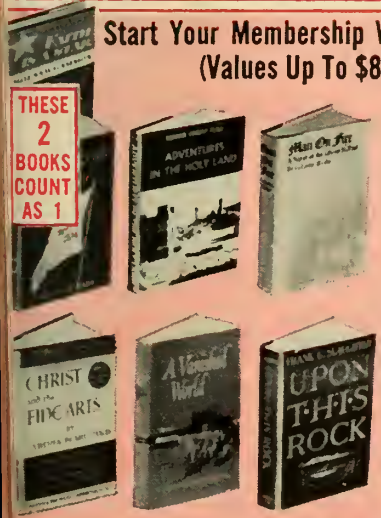

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more precious than the life of a colored person," he said in addressing a meeting of the Friends of the World Council in New York.

He pointed out that lengthy treatment of the Congo crisis in one mass-circulation magazine failed to mention the suffering of the Congolese. The same failing is found in church circles, he said.

Xerox Defies Pressure To Show Series on UN

Refusing to bow to extreme pressure from right-wing groups, the Xerox Corporation has gone ahead with scheduling six 90-minute television specials on the United Nations. Second in the series is set for February 19 at 9:30 p.m. EST on the ABC network.

Leaders in the broadcast field and Methodist Church members are urged by Dr. Harry C. Spencer, head of the church's Television, Radio, and Film Commission, to support these programs. They are being protested mainly by the John Birch Society.

Some local-station managers may decide not to show them if pressure is brought to bear, Dr. Spencer said, and he suggested telephone calls or letters to ask that the specials be shown.

The Birch Society bulletin, he went on, published an item urging its members to send 50,000 to 100,000 letters of protest. Some 25,000 had been received at Xerox by mid-November. The company also received about 6,000 in favor of the project. The company pointed out that it knows that the 6,000 were written by that many different persons but that it also knows only 5,000 wrote the 25,000 letters objecting to the series.

The writers of protest letters generally tried to persuade Xerox not to sponsor the programs because they believe the UN to be a communist-dominated front.

The six television specials on the work of the world body are produced by the Telsun Foundation of Xerox, which is paying the $4 million cost. Were it not for donated production and network time costs, donated talent and time of producers, writers, stars, and directors, the series would be the costliest ever produced, Telsun said, "prohibitively astronomical."

The February 19 program is titled *Who Has Seen the Wind?* and deals with a family of stateless refugees who must spend their lives on a tramp freighter because their country was written out of existence after World War II. It stars Maria Schell, Edward G. Robinson, Theodore Bikel, Victor Jory, Gypsy Rose Lee, and others.

The third program will be an Alfred Hitchcock thriller about attempts to catch a plague carrier who might start a worldwide epidemic through travel by jet. The fourth episode is a spy story which deals with the illegal traffic in narcotics. It is based on an original Ian Fleming story and is directed by Terence Young, who did *Doctor No* and *From Russia With Love.*

Still another in the series is about UN peace-keeping activities in Kashmir.

Xerox Corporation was recently given the annual award of the UN We Believe organization for the most significant contribution to fulfilling UN objectives. In his acceptance speech, Board Chairman Sol M. Linowitz noted that "we are engaged in what H. G. Wells called a 'race between education and catastrophe.'" This requires communication, the kind of world in which people can communicate, he said. "There would be no future for Xerox in a world devastated by an atomic war; there is no market in communication between cadavers."

While the UN "is still imperfect and still immensely improvable," he added, "we know that for 19 years it has worked to further the progress of world peace in many ways—some of them misunderstood, many of them unknown."

The story the programs try to tell, he went on, is that the UN must have the understanding of the people of the world and their appreciation of what it is doing in its relentless fight against the oldest enemies of mankind—hunger, poverty, and disease.

Dr. Spencer, in his statement about the programs, noted that the Methodist Social Creed records approval of the UN and urges all Christians to support it. "But the issue is not whether one agrees with the Social Creed or the UN. It is whether a pressure group shall determine what controversial matters are presented by business firms in their advertising programs and whether viewers shall be deprived of the chance to learn about the UN because a small number of viewers object."

Award to Methodist Minister

Dr. W. D. Weatherford of Black Mountain, N.C., Methodist administrator of the Southern Appalachian Study Project, received one of four awards for distinguished service to rural life presented at the National Convocation on the Church in Town and Country in Atlanta, sponsored by the National Council of Churches. He is a pioneer in efforts to alleviate poverty among the people in the Appalachian region.

Dr. Weatherford has expressed fear that present programs to combat poverty will destroy the creativeness and

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New Jersey Area

BISHOP
Prince A. Taylor, Jr.

EDITOR
The Rev. Robert J. Beyer, 50 Bonnie Lane, Willingboro, N.J. 08046

VOLUME 9, NUMBER 3 MARCH, 1965

Bishop Taylor, wearing the St. George's medal, is congratulated by Bishop Corson.

Bishop Honored for Church Service

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., received the coveted St. George's Award for "distinguished service to The Methodist Church" at a special banquet held in the Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia.

The episcopal head of the New Jersey Area was one of four distinguished leaders of Methodism to be honored by the trustees of Old St. George's Church in Philadelphia, the oldest Methodist church in continuous service.

Others receiving the award the same evening were: Chief of Chaplains of the United States Army Maj. Gen. Charles E. Brown, Jr.; Leon E. Hickman, executive vice-president of the Aluminum Company of America and an active Methodist layman; and John L. Owens, general counsel for the Division of National Missions.

Guest speaker for the award banquet was Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of the Philadelphia Area, himself a former award winner. Bishop Corson praised the selections of the award committee, and spoke about the Ecumenical Council session in Rome from which he had just returned.

The St. George's Award is a gold medal suspended from a scarlet ribbon, and is patterned after the original seal of the church. Ordinarily presented to one minister and one layman each year, the award was presented to the four recipients this year in celebration of the 195th anniversary of the acquisition of the St. George's edifice by the Methodists.

SEND US NEWS!

Hello there! It's good to greet you through this first issue of the new TOGETHER *New Jersey Area News Edition.*

As you can see, we have a long way to go in making this a worthy instrument of the area. We want your news and pictures—and not months after they happen, but right away—or stories *before* the actual event, if you can. Anything that interests your own people will be of interest to other New Jersey Methodists.

Remember, we must have the news by the first of each month for publication in the supplement. What we receive by April 1 will appear in the June TOGETHER.

Send your news and pictures to: Rev. Robert J. Beyer, 50 Bonnie Lane, Willingboro, N.J. We need your support, and welcome your comments.

Youth Meeting to Explore Careers in Church Work

Three hundred Newark Conference young people will have an opportunity, April 23-25, at the Chatham Church, to learn the facts about church-related vocations.

Under the sponsorship of the conference Board of Education, and Commission on Christian Vocations, the program will include a panel discussion the first night, an address by Bishop Taylor the following morning, and discussion groups that afternoon. Saturday night's agenda lists an organ recital and a chancel drama.

Pastors and church secretaries of Christian vocations will meet the afternoon of April 24 for workshops under the direction of Dr. Richard Baurer, executive secretary of the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations of The Methodist Church.

District representatives on the committee are: The Rev. Edwin William of Frenchtown, Southern; the Rev. Maxwell Tow, pastor of Christ Church, Paterson, Northern; the Rev. Wesley Kemp, assistant at Morrow Memorial Church, Maplewood, Eastern; and the Rev. Norman E. Smith of Port Morris-Waterloo, Western.

Neighborhood-1 Plan Begins

"Good neighbors in action" is the term for Mr. and Mrs. John Moores of 50 Marlboro Rd., Clifton, who have been granted a year's leave of absence by Trinity Methodist Church, Clifton, to work in Christ Church, Paterson, one of the city churches with a dearth of leadership.

Mr. and Mrs. Moores are the first couple in the Newark Conference to receive such a commission.

Mr. Moores, a research chemist for Hoffman-LaRoche in Nutley, has served as chairman of the commission on membership and evangelism, and as stewardship secretary in his home church. Mrs. Moores has been active in the church school, and served as superintendent of the intermediate department in Clifton. She is a former junior high school teacher.

Christ Church began an interracial ministry last June with the appointment of the Rev. Fred Wilkes as pastor, and is seeking to intensify its service to a blighted area characterized by a shifting population and other problems resulting from urban renewal.

more precious than the life of a colored person," he said in addressing a meeting of the Friends of the World Coun-

a worldwide epidemic through travel by jet. The fourth episode is a spy

AFTER HOME BURNS

Catholic Family Housed In Methodist Building

Just before Christmas, fire ravaged the home of Bud and Margaret Campbell, a Catholic family living in Glendora with their eight children.

They spent the first night in a neighbor's home, with slim prospects for another home that coming night. But help came from an unexpected source—Chews Methodist Church and their parsonage couple, the Rev. and Mrs. Richard Bridge.

Mrs. Bridge offered the use of the old parsonage, which had been used as a church house for classes and administration.

Surprised by such an offer, the couple asked for time to think it over, and, finding no other alternative, they accepted and found that Mrs. Bridge had already made all the beds.

"We just can't believe how wonderful these people have been," said Mrs. Campbell. "Here we are, Catholics, receiving shelter and comfort from a minister and his wife."

The community has also responded with food, clothing, and so much money that the family is overwhelmed at all the generosity. They will live in the church house until their home is repaired.

Men Sponsor Interfaith Panel

The Methodist Men of the Hedding Church, Bellmawr, in the Camden District of the New Jersey Conference, recently sponsored a panel discussion on *Three Major Faiths and Racial Crisis.*

The response was interfaith in nature —Roman Catholic priests, sisters, an Episcopal priest, a Jewish rabbi—all gathered in a Methodist church to consider a community and world issue. In addition Mayor Jack Benigo, representatives of the PTA, the police and fire departments, and other community leaders were present.

The panel consisted of Richard Smith of the Suburban News Group, who acted as moderator; Morton C. Jacobs, chairman of the Jewish Community Relations Council; Msgr. Martin J. Killeen, pastor of St. Francis de Sales, Barrington; Fr. Lawrence Fish, vicar of the Holy Spirit Episcopal Church of Bellmawr; and the Rev. William R. McElwee, host pastor.

The panelists agreed that race relations is one area in which there is no theological disagreement.

Panel members discussed the community and religious attitudes toward the racial situation in their white suburban area. One result of the meeting will be the forming of a community human relations commission.

THE BISHOP WRITES

The Area Lends a Hand

It was not an accident when R. Earl Anderson wrote a book on Liberia in 1952 that he gave it the title, *Liberia, America's African Friend.* And with this same awareness, Lawrence A. Marinelli wrote in 1964 his definitive book, *The New Liberia.*

Such books are not only great departures from some of those that have been written in the past, but they are also reminders, even to those persons who are confused by the upheavals in the Congo and other anomalies, that the United States has in Africa such a loyal and devoted friend. It is perhaps unfortunate that this fact has been so long ignored, and, when recognized, merely taken for granted. In recent years, however, the Department of State has begun to take Liberian friendship more seriously, and give greater encouragement to her growth and development.

Although our missionary thrust should never be in terms of friendship, but rather based on need and on compassion to serve, the needs of our friends should never be ignored. Liberia is often ridiculed for being "America's friend" when her "friend" has done so little to help her.

I want to commend the churches of the New Jersey Area for the interest and support that are being given to the people of Liberia. A school building for Gbarnga, salaries for national teachers, support for a missionary family, and scholarships for worthy students are among the commitments that are already made.

In recent years, the church in Liberia has made strides in the direction of self-reliance. The General Conference of 1964 granted her the privilege of becoming either an Affiliated Autonomous Church or a Central Conference, and it is highly probable that she will become a Central Conference before the end of this year. It is most significant for Liberia to know that she takes this venture with our warmth, well wishes, and support.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.

Mrs. Taylor, center, with members of Centenary Church, Lambertville.

Mrs. Taylor Visits Area Churches

While Bishop Taylor makes the rounds in the churches of the New Jersey Area, Mrs. Taylor is also being warmly received into local churches.

A recent event in which the first lady of the New Jersey Area was the honored guest was at Centenary Church in Lambertville, where she spoke on Liberia to the combined Woman's Society of Christian Service and Commission on Missions of the church.

In the above picture are: Mrs. Margaret Alpaugh; Mrs. Charles E. Reading; Mrs. Irene Jones; Mrs. Taylor; Mrs. Ida Werner; Mrs. Ralph Bates, wife of the minister; and Mrs. George Moon.

MARCH, 1965 Vol. 9, No. 3
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

Subscriptions: $5 a year in advance, single copy 50 cents. TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through Methodist churches are $2.52 per year, cash in advance, or 63 cents per quarter, billed quarterly.

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Pond Eddy, N.Y.

Teabo

Parsippany

Methodists Continue Building Boom

The new 10-room education unit of the **Pond Eddy, N.Y.,** church was consecrated by Western District Superintendent J. Mark Odenwelder, shown in the photo above, left, receiving the key from Mrs. Vernon Clark, chairman of the building committee. Others in photo are the Rev. Alexander Boraine, former pastor, left, and the Rev. Bert Affleck, Jr., present pastor.

As part of the 135th anniversary of **Vincent Church, Nutley,** the congregation has raised $163,000 in cash and pledges to renovate and extend its facilities.

The new fellowship hall at the **Parsippany Church** was consecrated by Bishop Taylor. Others who participated (see photo above, right) were the Rev. Edward J. Wynne, Jr., pastor; Contractor Herman E. Kahman; Erling W. Solstad, architect; Trustee President Richard Fox; Building Committee Chairman Kenneth Ormsbee; District Superintendent J. Mark Odenwelder; and the Rev. William M. Twiddy, and Dr. William L. Lancey, former pastors. The Rev. Ernest Walton, also a former pastor, was guest preacher at the morning service.

The sanctuary of the **Teabo Church** was remodeled and new appointments installed at a cost of $30,000. The interior, shown in photo above, center, was consecrated by Bishop Taylor in the presence of District Superintendent J. Mark Odenwelder, Pastor Donald A. Webb, and former pastors, William Johnson, Carl Michalson, Albert Beemer, and Frank Dennis.

First Church, Scotch Plains, is engaged in a $70,000 crusade to relocate its building. Of that amount, from $15,000-$20,000 will be allotted for the annual budget. The drive is being conducted by Dr. E. Bruce Wilson of the Board of Missions Department of Finance and Field Service. The Rev. Archie Parr is pastor and Gordon Ewy and Malcolm Kitson chairman and vice-chairman, respectively, of the drive.

A major renovation program is under way at **Roseville Church, Newark,** where weekday programs and summer camp projects serve the children of the community. A second floor is being built in the fellowship hall to include offices and a kitchen. The 57-year-old parish hall has been razed to provide outdoor recreational facilities, a parking area, and landscaping. It will also be used for outdoor movies and art exhibits.

A new two-story building is being erected in Jersey City to house the new **Lafayette Methodist Church** whose congregation has been meeting in a store since the sale of the old church. This inner-city mission, an Advance Special, is serving 163 members under the direction of the Rev. Felix Morales and his staff. They are working to double the membership in two years. It includes English and Spanish-speaking persons, whites and Negroes. The building, shown in photo at right, center, is located near city hall and will include a first-floor sanctuary and a fellowship hall, classrooms, nursery, kitchen, and offices on the second floor. Dedication is planned for Easter Sunday.

The new $96,000 church in **Piscataway Township** was dedicated by Bishop Taylor. Shown in photo at bottom, right, it contains a fellowship hall which seats 170, and six classrooms. Men of the parish made much of the furniture, including the altar and pulpit. Pastor Ronald Vander Schaaf says, "Everybody had a hand in painting the building." It is located at 550 Hoe's Lane, New Market.

Jersey City

Piscataway Township

Crusade to Close April 30

The Newark Conference Faith in Action Crusade will be brought to a close April 30, according to action taken at a meeting of the committee at Park Church in Bloomfield.

Treasurer Edward McLaughlin reported $1,022,973 received as of November 20. It is expected that the total will be between $1,050,000 and $1,075,000 by the end of April.

The committee listed $39,935 in pledges upon which no payments have been made.

Braille Bible Is Result Of Project by Juniors

The fourth, fifth, and sixth graders of the junior department of the Woodstown church school recently completed a very special project which began about three years ago.

Mrs. Margaret Biddle and several other teachers got an idea from a proposal that special offerings could provide Bible portions for Bibleless people in various sections of the world. This proposal, together with the knowledge of Tony Forcelli, a Salem Christian who had been blind since he was five years of age, jelled into a project of providing a complete set of the Bible in Braille for Mr. Forcelli.

During the three years, the juniors were encouraged by their teachers to bring in voluntary contributions from their own personal allowances. No money was to be solicited from parents. Pennies, nickels and dimes, and an occasional dollar began to fill the special bowl and overflowed several times.

Finally, it all came to fruition. It was a happy time when Carolyn Ayars, Joe Errickson, and John Fielding, representing the three grades, made the formal presentation of the 18 volumes of the Braille Bible to Mr. Forcelli.

Publish Montclair Pastor's Sermon

A sermon by Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of Montclair, entitled *Life's Second Best,* has been chosen for publication in Volume IX of *Best Sermons* edited by Paul Butler.

Dr. Atkinson preached the sermon in England, Ireland, South Ireland, Englewood, and Montclair.

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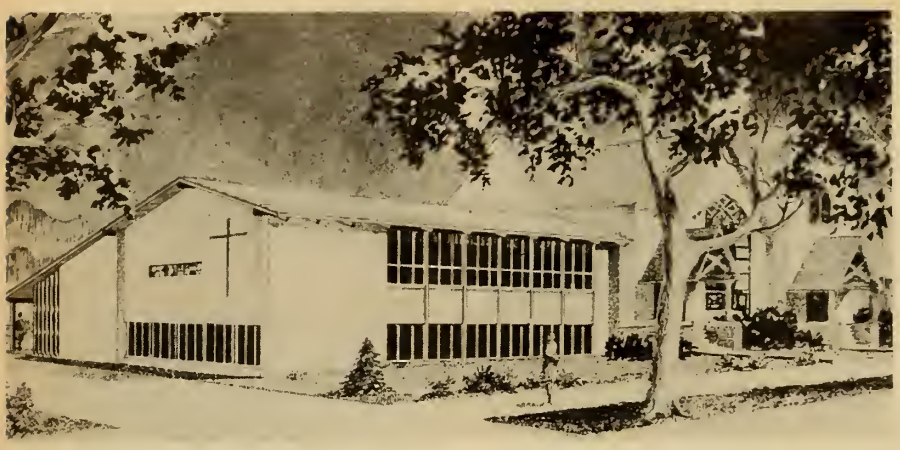

Epworth Church, Elizabeth, with its new addition.

Epworth Consecrates New Section

Epworth Church in Elizabeth has held a consecretation service for its new educational building and memorial hall.

Words of welcome were expressed by the pastor, the Rev. Wilbur A. Thomas. Taking part in the service were: The Rev. Harry W. Goodrich, Southern District superintendent; two former pastors, the Revs. Roland Luerich and Howard R. Breisch; and Raymond Greenwood, lay leader of the church.

Greetings were read from Bishop Prince A. Taylor; and the Revs. Robert A. Burbank and Hedding B. Leech, former pastors.

Philip Hall, chairman of the building committee; Louis W. Holschuh, chairman of the board of trustees; and Miss Emilie Benner, chairman of the commission on education, presented the building to the congregation. Music was under the direction of Miss Lorna Curtis.

At the conclusion of the formal service of consecration, the congregation filed to the front of the new building, where the cornerstone was put in place. Refreshments were served in the new Memorial Hall by the Woman's Society of Christian Service.

One of Earliest Circuits, Flanders Looks Back, Ahead

The *General Minutes* of 1788 listed Flanders as one of four circuits serving New Jersey. Today it is the only one of the four still operating, although its territory is now limited to Flanders and Drakestown.

Flanders marks its birth from the first purchase of land in 1789, and the 175th anniversary of that event was celebrated in December with Bishop Taylor and District Superintendent J. Mark Odenwelder participating.

Class meetings were recorded as early as 1783, and Bishop Asbury is said to have preached to 1,000 persons "in the woods of Flanders" in 1787.

Flanders looks back a long way—but it is also looking ahead to serving new apartment developments as the New York metropolitan area spreads to western Morris County.

Drew Theological School Installs Ranson as Dean

More than 600 guests attended the installation of Dr. Charles W. Ranson as the fifth dean of Drew Theological School.

Participants in the service were: Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., and Dr. Charles C. Parlin, university trustees; and President Robert Fisher Oxnam, who installed the dean.

The principal speakers were Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard University; and Dean Ranson. The theological school choir, under the direction of Lester W. Berenbroick, assistant professor of music, led the musical portions of the service.

Dr. Pusey's address was on *The Responsibility of Laymen in Theological Education*. Dean Ranson's remarks dealt with faith and learning, the church and seminary, and theology and the ministry.

Other News From Drew

- Thirty-two persons completed an eight-week course in lay speaking, conducted at Drew University for Newark Conference laymen, by Dr. David A. Randolph, assistant professor of preaching and the pastoral ministry.
- Alton Sawin, director of admissisons and dean of students, was guest panelist on a WABC radio program, *College Ahead*, discussing admission problems and the solutions to them.
- A grant of $49,930 has been awarded to Drew by the National Science Foundation, for the support of the university's summer institute for secondary school mathematics teachers. This is the fourth consecutive year that the foundation has awarded a grant to Drew.
- Liberal arts students interested in journalism received insights into various aspects of the profession at four workshops sponsored by the *Drew Acorn*, student newspaper, and Pi Delta Epsilon.

Editor's Roundup

- A 12-page bilingual newsletter made its bow in December at the Inner-City Mission in Jersey City.

Written in Spanish and English by the Rev. Felix Morales; aided by Harry Comp and Garlan Springer, student ministers; and Mrs. Carol Swan, secretary, the paper serves the Jersey City parishes of the Lafayette and Browne Memorial Churches.

- The first conference-wide prayer fellowship ever held by Newark laymen is scheduled April 13 at the Caldwell Church.

Arrangements are being made by J. Kenneth Fritz, conference director of spiritual life for the Board of Lay Activities; and Nils Stansen and Lloyd A. Harrison, Eastern District and Suburban Subdistrict leaders, respectively.

- Twelve Staten Island churches took their official leave of the Newark Conference to become members of the Metropolitan District of the New York Conference.

The occasion was marked by a dinner at Trinity Church, followed by a program which included talks by Bishop Taylor and Bishop Wicke; and District Superintendents Wallace Sorenson and Charles Warren.

- Mrs. George K. Hearn, long-time member of the Rutherford Church, and former president of the Newark Conference Woman's Society of Chrsitian Service, was honored at a tea and reception at the Rutherford Church before her departure to become a resident of the Methodist Home in Franklin, Ind.

The event was planned by members of her home church, and the executive committees of the conference and district Woman's Societies.

- The Rev. Clifford E. Kolb, Jr., former pastor of the Upper Saddle River and Montvale Churches, has been named director of youth work for the Newark Conference.

Mr. Kolb is a native of New Jersey, and is a graduate of Brown University and Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Mr. and Mrs. Kolb, and their two sons, live at 412 White Rd., Union.

Builders' Club Gets First Call

The Church Builders' Club of the Newark Conference, which has more than 2,400 members toward its goal of 5,000, will receive its first call to contribute toward the construction of a building at Bridgewater.

Members have agreed to pay $10 on call, not more than twice each year, toward new church construction.

Ground will be broken on a five-acre site for a congregation which is now holding services and church-school classes in the parsonage and public school. Membership numbers 178 adults and 170 children, under the leadership of Dr. Albert Allinger.

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Dr. W. D. Weatherford (right) aocepts award from Dr. Shirley E. Greene, town and country chairman for the National Council.

character of the people in Appalachia.

Their plight, he claims, can only be solved by new appraisal of the term "to work" which up to now has meant the production of material things. In the future it must be changed to mean people helping people, he said, and the unemployed of Appalachia must be given the desire to work in that way.

"We must get rid of a sense of uselessness which is being bred into them by the public dole."

Cuban MYF Boosts Giving

Reports indicate that The Methodist Church in Cuba moves ahead despite difficulties.

El Evangelista Cubano, Methodist publication, reported a significant increase in giving to their missionary fund—$3,982—by the Methodist Young Peoples League (MYF) in 1964. The group met recently under the theme *Witness Fearlessly for Christ.*

The offerings enabled the youths to send $330 a month toward the salaries of two lay missionaries and three seminary students.

One Cuban Baptist minister feels that the departure of U.S. Protestant missionaries four years ago gave the Cuban churches a new lease on life.

Until then, work was a "foreign imitation," said the Rev. Uxmal Livio Diaz, now studying in Zurich, Switzerland.

Since then, Cuban laymen have assumed pastoral duties, he said, and young people in unprecedented numbers are dedicating themselves to Christian vocations. The Baptist Seminary at Santiago de Cuba has had to enlarge its facilities because of a record enrollment of 28, he reported.

Mr. Diaz added that giving had also increased throughout the churches. He cited as an example his own local church in Florida, Camaguey Province, which four years ago had 40 members, less than $3,500 in the building fund, and a monthly budget of $150. Today, the church has a new $17,000 sanctuary, a membership of 85 persons, and a monthly budget of $400, all contributed by Cuban members.

Curriculum Highly Valued

"Phenomenal acceptance" of the new Methodist church-school literature for children has caused a circulation leap of more than 1 million over the same period last year.

Total circulation of all curriculum materials for the September-November quarter was at an all-time high of 8,167,000, reported Dr. Henry M. Bullock, editor of church-school publications, at the winter meeting of the Curriculum Committee.

More than 90 out of every 100 children in Methodist church schools are now using the new materials, he said.

The new curriculum is the first phase of an ongoing development program soon to include all age levels and all aspects of the educational ministry of the church.

Representatives of the Evangelical United Brethren Church participated in the meeting. Their spokesman said it is planned to work co-operatively with Methodists on church-school curriculum whether or not the proposed union between the two churches is effected.

Methodist Bishop T. Otto Nall of the Minnesota Area was elected chairman of the Curriculum Committee for the 1964-68 quadrennium. He was an editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and other church publications for many years.

Structure and procedures of the Curriculum Committee were also reorganized at the meeting "to achieve better continuity and unity in curriculum from one age level to another," said Dr. Bullock.

The 1965 meetings of the committee were set for May and December in Nashville, Tenn.

CENTURY CLUB

Two Methodist centenarians join TOGETHER's *Century Club this month. They are:*

Mrs. Annie Gamble, 100, Hart, Mich.
Mrs. Ada Day, 100, Westford, Mass.

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

'. . . But It's Always Been This Way!'

By CHARLES MERRILL SMITH
Pastor, Wesley Methodist Church, Bloomington, Ill.

SINCE THE Roman Catholic Church's recent Vatican Council session, many articles have attempted to explain the significance of changes instituted by the council—among them, the use of vernacular speech in the mass and increased participation by laymen in worship services (which now include congregational singing).*

Most Protestants would assume that these changes are all for the good, and that Catholic laymen would welcome them. Instead, the council fathers probably have been amazed at the grousing and grumbling among laymen. As any Protestant pastor could have predicted, they should have expected a fair amount of resistance to the doing of things different from the way they have always been done. We could tell them, also, not to be overly optimistic about the powers of sweet reason persuading these people to accept the changes in good grace.

One Roman Catholic lady, for example, complained bitterly because she has to sing and pray out loud during mass. "Now there is all this yakking," she said, "and I don't feel holy anymore."

Some bright-eyed young priest might carefully explain to her that her God was not God but a "holy feeling," that hers was a self-centered religion which is a form of spiritual pride and thus a form of sin; that a congregation is not an assembly of individual Christians practicing private devotions but a community of faith uniting in acts of worship; that one has to be involved to worship in the community of faith.

But this would do no good whatever. This pious Catholic lady holds an emotional conviction that the new way somehow threatens her private faith, and that to accept it will crumble the foundation of her spiritual security. Since, for her, Christianity is a transaction of what she would probably call "the heart," it is a waste of time to get at her through the head.

Another article supports this thesis. Progressive Roman Catholic leaders, it says, claim that "the real culprit is American Catholic mentality," which clings to "a purely devotional faith" and seeks consolation, not challenge.

Also, the article says, these progressive leaders see another large obstacle to change in what, in Roman circles, is called "chancery Catholicism." The chancery is the administrative center of a Catholic diocese. This is a place, as these leaders see it, where central concerns are dollars and bricks and stones and smooth operating procedures. Here, they insist, what should be central in the church—theology, biblical understanding, the relevance of faith to contemporary life—are looked upon as peripheral, as petty nuisances getting in the way of the real business of the church, which is to build things and collect funds and the like. The article says that the renowned Bishop Fulton J. Sheen of television fame "once thundered to a congregation of clerics, 'For the love of Christ stop being administrators and start being shepherds of souls!'"

I read these articles with, I'm afraid, a few unchristian chuckles at the plight of my Roman brethren of the cloth. For these problems with which they are now doing battle differ in no way from the problems we Protestants have long been wrestling.

Among the more formidable enemies of those Protestants who would like to haul the church into the second half of the 20th century (even if it will come only with kicking and screaming) is "Protestant devotionalism" which, like its Roman counterpart, seeks comfort and a religious feeling, and shuns challenge and action and personal involvement with the world as it would shun the black plague.

Any Methodist who has attended an annual conference and been bored through its nearly interminable preoccupation with trivia, its planning of programs and crusades and strategies which were hopelessly outdated a quarter of a century ago, its failure to sense what is going on in the modern world, its "edifice complex," as Bishop Gerald Kennedy calls it—any such Methodist is aware of how baffling, how impervious to change is "chancery Methodism."

There is, it seems to me, one very good thing about the present anguish in Roman Catholicism occasioned by these changes. It is this: Here is a problem common to Catholics and Protestants which probably will do more to generate a feeling of oneness than 10,000 lectures on the ecumenical spirit or numberless books on the unity of all Christians.

And if any of my Roman brethren will accept a word of counsel on the proper attitude toward people who insist that things should be done "like we have always done them," I would recommend that they not take them too seriously. One pastor was telling me recently about a change he had made in the Sunday morning schedule of his church. He reported that one of the staunch ladies of the "you'll change things only over my dead body" school of Christians came steaming into his office and shouted that he could not alter the Sunday schedule because "it's always been this way."

He had to remind her, gently we hope, that the schedule he was changing he had himself instituted in the church, and that it had been in effect only for the past two years. □

* *See* Roman Catholic Worship: The New Look, *February, page 49, for a more complete report of the changes.*—EDS.

In jurisdictional conference . . .

. delegates cast a sixth ballot . . .

. . . and the last count begins.

The Election of

"Both with gratitude and a deep sense of humility, I take this assignment. I have never felt that I was equal to that which I have had before me. . . . This high and holy responsibility which has been placed on my shoulders is no exception. Brethren, I covet your prayers, and with God's help I will give my best, my all, to be a good bishop of The Methodist Church."

—Bishop-elect R. Marvin Stuart
Portland, Oreg., July 9, 1964

BACK HOME IN Palo Alto, Calif., where he had served the same church for 22 years, it was the thoughtful custom of the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart to stop each morning to pick up a newspaper in his neighbor's yard. The neighbor suffered from crippling arthritis, and the minister would place the paper within easy reach, usually in the mailbox.

"Now what will I do?" the neighbor asked. "My paper boy has been promoted to bishop."

The Methodist Church actually does not "promote" men to the episcopacy. It elects them by secret ballots cast by an equal number of laymen and ministers, voting as delegates in one of its six jurisdictional conferences in the United States or in its Central Conferences in other parts of the world.

In this manner, the church "sets apart" certain of its ministers for important administrative and leadership roles. It happened last year to Dr. Stuart, aged 55, in the Western Jurisdiction; to 10 others in the five other U.S. jurisdictions, and to 4 more men elected by Central Conferences overseas.

Bishop R. Marvin Stuart is no more typical than any of the 93 other Methodist bishops, active and retired [see this month's inside cover]. Dark hair, gray at the temples, a quick smile complete with sun wrinkles, and a certain tanned, lean ranginess lend substance to his image as a Westerner—although he was born in Iowa, educated in Indiana and Massachusetts. At the jurisdictional conference in Portland's First Methodist Church, however, he did not become a bishop because the 142 delegates considered him adaptable to wind-blown ridges and wide-open spaces.

Generally, it is safe to say, every Methodist bishop is elected because he can bring some special talent, or array of talents, to the episcopacy. Some are great preachers, or scholars, or administrators, or church builders.

"As for Marvin, he loves the pastorate," says Mrs. Stuart, "and while he's an excellent administrator, his strongest point is in dealing with people. In Palo Alto, he called at the hospital every day, and if anyone needed him he'd be right there. As a bishop, he'll miss this very much."

Time and again, the bishop's thoughtfulness and compassion for the sick, the elderly, the disabled and unfortunate are pointed out by his intimates. The fact that the Stuarts themselves have known sorrow, illness, and bereavement has much to do with this. After the birth of their son, Robert Lee, a second child died when a year old and another died shortly after birth. When they subsequently adopted an infant girl, they had to give her up after 18 months.

"Unless you have known great sorrow yourself, you can never fully understand the need of others," says Mrs. Stuart. She smiled as she told how their son,

Marvin Stuart is elected bishop.

Congratulated, he smiles briefly . . .

. . . and rises to a standing ovation.

SHOP

Rob, a graduate of Stanford University and the Southern California School of Theology, served for two years as secretary to Bishop Ralph E. Dodge in Southern Rhodesia. Now he is back in the U.S. to work on his doctorate.

Someone has said that for every ounce of honor that goes with the Methodist episcopacy, there is a pound of responsibility. As a bishop, Marvin Stuart will travel extensively "throughout the Methodist connection." He will appoint preachers; he will preside at annual, jurisdictional, and General Conferences; he will attend meetings of the Methodist Council of Bishops, and of the College of Bishops in his own jurisdiction. He will assist in planning the general program and policy of The Methodist Church. For all this, he will receive a salary of $17,500, plus expenses and a housing allowance.

On the first ballot at Portland last July, Dr. Stuart's name led 17 others. His lead increased until, on the sixth tally, he received 106 votes—more than the two thirds required for election.

Even before the conference, it would have been a pretty safe guess that, whoever the new bishop was, he would be assigned to the Denver Area to succeed retiring Bishop Glenn R. Phillips. But such assignments, made on recommendations by each jurisdiction's Committee on the Episcopacy, are not automatic. At the Portland meeting, each of the Western Jurisdiction's five active bishops, including Bishop Stuart, was called in for an interview. The 14-member committee reviewed the activities of each, inquired into the state

Escorted by Bishop Donald H. Tippett of the San Francisco Area, he walks down the aisle to accept election to the Methodist episcopacy.

He is interviewed by his jurisdiction's Committee on Episcopacy and recommended to "lead and serve" the Denver Area. Later that day he goes through a rehearsal at the Portland church, and on the next afternoon comes forward with his sponsors for the impressive consecration ceremony.

of his health, and asked how it could assist with an problems facing the episcopacy.

Later, one member of the committee declared: "W were particularly impressed by the uniform statur of the men, the size and scope of their understandin the depth of their humility and earnestness, and pa ticularly with the fact that here, as with champions i any other field, these men have really merited the positions."

Bishop Stuart said he would miss being calle "Marvin" by adults and "Doc" by young people, a they did back at First Methodist Church in Pal Alto. He knew he would be "Bishop Stuart" for mo people from now on.

Methodists hold the office of bishop in too hig esteem to use a casual form of address.

"At least, *I* don't expect to address him as 'bishop,' says Mrs. Stuart.

Before leaving to take over Methodism's "tempor and spiritual affairs" in the Denver Area, Bishop Stua took a last look at the church he had served 22 year During that time, membership had grown from 621 t nearly 3,000, and, with completion of an ambitiou building effort in 1963, property value had increase from $96,000 to more than $2 million. [See *5 Distinc tive New Churches*, November, 1964, page 34.]

Shortly after reaching their new home, the Stuart were off on a whirlwind 8,000-mile automobile tour o the Denver Area, visiting five to eight churches a da meeting district superintendents, and attending recep tions.

A bishop's position, despite the activity, is a lonel one. His life is filled with major decisions, as well a petty details. There will be little time now for Bisho Stuart's favorite recreations—baseball, hiking, fishing and horseback riding.

For generations, many bishops have broken int the episcopacy on a "sink or swim" basis. "The 11 o us elected last summer were more fortunate," saic Bishop Stuart. "For the first time the experienced bishops conducted a school of indoctrination. In this school, held at Gatlinburg, Tenn., we could learn many things from the veterans who have spent years in the episcopacy, have faced many problems, and have seen many crises come and go."

There was further indoctrination on the job when the newly elected bishops attended their first semi-annual meeting of the Council of Bishops in Chicago

he laying on of hands: Seven bishops and an elder are present as the consecrating ishop, A. Raymond Grant, prays from the Methodist ritual: "The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Spirit or the office and the work of a bishop in the church of God, now committed unto thee . . ."

ıte last year. There, Bishop Stuart made his first eport, and rubbed elbows with many of the retired ıen who still take a keen interest in episcopal affairs.

One of them, Bishop James H. Straughn, formerly of ıe Methodist Protestant Church, is the sole survivor f the trio who clasped hands in an historic picture at Iethodist reunion in 1939. A profound student of the piscopacy, Bishop Straughn said:

"Often we have wondered where the secret of Iethodism lies. We have felt always, and still do, that lies in our faith, in our message; but with so large body we have groped for some way in which all ıe latencies and potentialities might get loose and ecome incarnate in action."

The Methodist episcopacy, greatly modified since ection in 1784 of the first bishop, Francis Asbury, the answer. While Methodist bishops still possess reat power and in the U.S. are elected for life, they ıuld not—even if they desired—appropriate exclusive authority over the church. They are directly esponsible to an equal number of laymen and ministers constituting each General Conference, and to one the six jurisdictional conferences. A bishop's opinions are highly respected, but his decisions may be challenged before the Judicial Council, Methodism's equivalent to the U.S. Supreme Court.

A bishop's greatest power lies in his authority to make pastoral appointments, but the district superintendents—and the minister himself, if necessary—are consulted. Bishops preside at General Conference sessions but have no vote, and must receive permission of the body to speak.

In the years ahead, men like Bishop R. Marvin Stuart face literally millions of miles of travel—in their jurisdictions, throughout the nation, and all over the world. Some consider themselves fortunate to spend one day a week at home.

In her home in Denver, Mrs. Stuart is making the most of a new life. "She loves to cook, to work in the garden, and to entertain," the bishop says. "She doesn't like the idea of a bishop's wife being entertained always by others. She wants people to come to her own home."

The couple met while both were attending Taylor University at Upland, Ind. Mrs. Stuart, the former Mary Ella Rose, is the daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter of Methodist ministers. Bishop

Baek in Palo Alto after the eonferenee, joy and sadness mingle as the Stuarts say "hello again, and good-bye" to staff members of the ehurch he served as pastor for 22 years. A few days later, they were off for Denver to begin the job of house-hunting.

Stuart is a third generation minister. (His father became president of Taylor University after his son's graduation.)

"When we met, Marvin was not going into seminary at all," Mrs. Stuart explains. "He was going into business of some kind. He always had a flair for business, but he had such a compelling call to the ministry that he couldn't get away from it."

Before receiving a degree in sacred theology from Boston University, he served a circuit near Shideler, Ind. At Boston, he served a church in Woods Hole, Mass., then transferred to California where he was pastor at El Cerrito and San Francisco before going to Palo Alto in 1942. He believes that "social action is essential if Christianity is to be effective," and he has pledged his support to ministers who speak out and take action on controversial issues.

"No man can accurately predict what he will do—far less what he will be—in a new job of the magnitude of the episcopacy of The Methodist Church," he says. "But I shall continue to think of my major responsibility as being that of a pastor."

Perhaps his role was summed up best years ago when it was said of one beloved bishop:

"He gave himself to his tasks and was away from home most of the time." —H. B. Teeter

Before leaving for Denver, the Stuarts spend a few quiet moments in Palo Alto's new sanctuary with their son, Rob, who is home again after two years in Southern Rhodesia as seeretary to Bishop Ralph E. Dodge.

Last visit: A part of the ministry he will miss most as bishop is the calls he made to patients like Mrs. Lila Rasmussen at Redwood City Hospital.

As one of his first official acts in Denver, Bishop Stuart discusses his program with members of his cabinet at Methodist headquarters.

A bishop's life is full of many things, and this at North Glenn is only the first of countless ground-breakings!

HALF

"Don't misunderstand. Bill is—well, nearly—*perfect. However, he does have a few small flaws."*

I AM one half of a Perfect Couple. I am uncertain whether this makes me a perfect half or only half perfect. While everyone dreams of and strives for the Perfect Marriage, we have attained it—at least in the eyes of our friends.

"Marty and Bill are just ideal together," they say. "Marty and Bill never fight."

This is just lovely—until the time comes when Marty is dying to exchange a few hundred aggressive, argumentative words with her Perfect Spouse. Then I find myself trapped by tradition. Did you ever see a child who has just been told there is no Santa Claus? The same woeful expression crosses the face of anyone who is present when I shrilly demand: "Bill, would you *please* get your dirty clothes out of the middle of the bathroom floor and quit leaving the washcloth in a ball on the sink!"

Once when dear old Bill retorted that he wished I'd keep my cotton-pickin' hands and assorted junk off his desk, my sister was completely undone. "I know *everyone* has to disagree," she stammered unhappily, "but *you two!*" Caesar gasping "Et tu, Brute!" could not have looked more betrayed.

Perhaps it's a good thing that there usually is a sensitive guest present when Bill blithely tracks across my freshly scrubbed kitchen floor, for example. Only this presence causes me to think twice about my impulse to hurl both mop and bucket at the back of my beloved mate's head.

But self-denial is so frustrating! Now take that blissful way of working off resentment—"getting it off your chest" to a good buddy. I am a natural recipient for this sort of true confessions. An unceasing stream of friends babble over my coffee cups or talk my telephone ear off about what a beast *he* is and why *she* should have listened to Mother.

But do I dare to reciprocate? I do not! No sooner do I start getting a few things off *my* chest than there is a horrified gasp, "Oh, but Marty, surely you and Bill couldn't possibly . . ." The pain in their eyes is too much. I lapse lamely into silence, feeling like John Alden after trying to explain Priscilla's feelings to Myles Standish.

I think I began trying to live up to the Perfect Marriage characterization the day of our wedding. Of course, every bride hopes her wedding ceremony will be perfect.

SOMEHOW a few minor details went awry on my wedding day. The water pump at my home gave out two hours before the service, and I was forced to bathe in a bucket of ice cold water hastily borrowed from a neighbor. As I waited for my cue in the church-school room of our Methodist church, I became convinced that this was all a horrible mistake. But I was too proud to admit it because my mother had been telling me it was ever since we announced our engagement. Besides, my father was a trustee in that church, my mother had taught the young married women's class for 10 years, and I taught a class also. Better to go on with the marriage, I decided frantically, than to live down the humiliation of chickening out at the last minute.

As soon as I saw Bill, my stage fright vanished. Then, just before I started down the aisle, a guest managed to signal us that one small touch in our candlelight service had been forgotten. Nobody had lighted the candles! I suppose it was the incongruous sight of my usher-brother hastily applying his cigarette lighter to those tapers that did us in, for neither my matron-of-honor sister, my father, nor I ever got into step once coming down that aisle.

The next perfection-marring occurrence was really the minister's fault. At rehearsal the night before, he had remarked jokingly: "Now remember, if you make the wedding kiss a little peck, everyone will say, 'What's the matter, is he afraid of her?' And if you make it too long, they'll say . . . well . . . anyway, it wouldn't look proper." So in striving to make at least this part of our service perfect, I never even felt my first married kiss. I was too busy thinking, "How long is just right?" My girl friends later assured me, with envious sighs, that it had been superb, but I wouldn't know.

One consolation I do have, though. I know I was a beautiful bride. I know because one of Bill's college pals, whom we hadn't seen since that fateful wedding day, turned up in our neighborhood recently. As we chatted happily about that last meeting time, he glanced rather sorrowfully at my shaggy French haircut and figure that had changed by 15 pounds,

PERFECT

y MARTHA ORR CONN

"I began trying to live up to the Perfect Marriage characterization the day of our wedding."

ıd said, "I'll never forget how autiful you looked that day!" The xt day I got a permanent and ent on a diet. Always striving for rfection, that's me!

WITH such memories blurring r perfect wedding, I became even ore determined to live up to our ends' conception of our blissful rried state. For the first two years our marriage, we never had an gument. I don't mean a knock-wn-drag-'em-out fight, I mean t a plain little difference in inion. It went something like s: Bill would frequently, with *eat* pride, report to our friends: o sir, Marty and I have never d a quarrel!" So whenever I got Irish up, like any nice normal man wife, I would stop, mouth ping like that of a thirsty chicken, uck dumb at the thought of shat-ing our perfect record. I repeat: s way lies frustration.

At last, at long last we finally arreled. Hurray! The perfect rec-l was cracked, shattered! Never re two people so happy to have d an argument. We had been ssing one of the nicest parts of rriage. Not the quarreling, of urse, but the making up! Never-ore would I have to swallow those ligestible hot words. So I ought.

Unfortunately, our friends usual-see us when we are in the process making up. The result sounds e this:

First Friend: "Did you know Bill ought Marty a box of candy and eautiful necklace last night? And it wasn't even her birthday or anything!"

Second Friend: "Gee, my Henry never does things like that for me. Marty, you and Bill are so perfect together!"

I must confess there was a third "friend" who wondered aloud what Bill was trying to cover up, but I chose to ignore her snide insinuation.

Yes, our reputation for perfection persists, and inevitably we find ourselves trying to live up to it. Recently, we were asked to serve as chaperons for a roller-skating party sponsored by our church's youth group. It was a bit of a shock to find that we were considered old enough to be chaperon material, but we bravely met the challenge. If there is anything tougher than living up to the title of Perfect Couple, it is attempting to be perfect chaperons.

I was overwhelmed by the responsibility. After all, our two boys, ages almost-five and almost-two, hardly gave us the experience to cope with teen-agers. All those magazine articles on these strange beings filled my mind. I would have spent the evening counting, and recounting, noses, I'm sure.

Bill had other ideas. He was striving toward being the *teen-ager's* idea of a Perfect Chaperon, not the parent's. We joked with The Crowd, we went out for a snack afterward with The Crowd, but most of all, we skated—and skated—with The Crowd. And we were a hit. Next day, a Sunday, several of the youth group's officers were waiting outside my first-grade church-school classroom to tell me so—enthusiastically. At that point, I ached too much to care, and I was carefully noncommittal about "next time."

I remained standing while I taught my class that day. And though I preached it, I'm afraid I practiced little charity in my attitude toward my Perfect Spouse. Him and his ideas about how to win friends and influence teen-agers!

Don't misunderstand. Bill is—well, *nearly*—perfect. However, he does have a few small flaws—in addition to his passion for seeking his lost youth. For example, he cannot whisper. This would seem trivial, but he thinks he can and he does so in a hushed voice that penetrates to the farthest corners of the largest room, even the large church sanctuary. I say this with authority because we have had occasion to test the theory. Recently, we were seated in church early for once.

BILL, gazing at the choir, suddenly *whispered:* "Is that fat lady going to sing a solo again? She was terrible last week."

To my horror, a man four pews ahead of us turned, with more than several others, to glare in our direction. He was the husband of that fat lady.

What should a perfect wife do in a situation like this? I would not know. What *I* did was to try to look as if I had never met and wouldn't care to know the uncouth creature seated beside me. After all, I'm only half perfect! □

How Can Methodist Colleges Control

Drinking on the Campus?

Methodism's official stand on the use of alcoholic beverages is summed up sharply in one word: Abstain! But when that policy is put to the test on Methodist-related campuses, attended by many non-Methodists, whose positions differ, well-meant rules often backfire. Full enforcement of no-drinking regulations for students is impossible, and frequently such rules only make drinking more attractive. What can be done? Here three men with firsthand experience discuss the problem and come up with realistic guidelines for a solution.

Some college officials believe control is more realistic and less hypocritical than prohibition . . .

Reports Ralph W. Decker
Director, Department of Educational Institutions
Division of Higher Education
Methodist Board of Education

DESPITE popular trends, most Methodist-related colleges continue to ask their students to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages. Most student handbooks contain statements of absolute prohibition, at least within specified geographical areas. Many other colleges, church-related and otherwise, make similar attempts to stop or control drinking. Frankly, they do not succeed very well. They never have.

Ten years ago the Yale Laboratory of Applied Psychology published a study of drinking at 27 American colleges. Of the 17,000 students answering questionnaires, 74 percent said they used beverage alcohol to some extent. The authors were careful to point out that their findings were based on a mere sampling of both students and institutions and that they did not necessarily prove that 74 percent of all college students drink. Their study did, however, focus attention on a fact well known to every observer of campus life: a large number of college students *do* drink.

The number seems to be growing. A seminar on Alcohol and the Campus Community was held at Ohio Wesleyan University in January, 1964, and attended by student personnel officers from a dozen Midwestern colleges. Discussions included frequently voiced opinions that students arrive on campus conditioned to believe that moderate drinking is both pleasurable and acceptable. As a result, it was agreed, student drinking is on the increase and the traditional antialcohol rules of the colleges are more frequently challenged. In this group of colleges, most of them Methodist-related, drinking appears as the number one behavior problem.

Official positions vary widely among educational institutions. A college in the Midwest, which labels itself Christian but is not church-related, requires its students to sign pledges of total abstinence during their enrollment. A Methodist-related university in the South permits male students to have alcoholic beverages in their dormitory rooms. The usual position, es-

pecially among Methodist colleges, is somewhere between, although closer to the first position than to the second.

About a year ago, some students were being questioned on television about college drinking. One young man, when asked if drinking were permitted at his university, answered, "Of course not! Syracuse is Methodist!" Syracuse University's rules are rather typical of those found at most Methodist education-al institutions—and at a number of others as well. They forbid the use of alcohol on the campus, in residence halls, or at university functions.

There usually are four rules:

1. *No alcoholic beverages on the campus or in college buildings at any time (with the simple fact of possession being sufficient cause for disciplinary action).*
2. *No alcoholic beverages at any college-sponsored or college-controlled event on or off campus.*
3. *No off-campus drinking at any time in violation of the age law or other community regulations.*
4. *Drunkenness or ungentlemanly (or unladylike) conduct resulting from drinking are subject to discipline.*

Punishment for infraction of drinking rules also varies—both between and within institutions. It usually starts with suspension of privileges, moves through temporary suspension from college, and ends with expulsion. The level of penalty is determined by such factors as the number and extent of offenses, but it may be influenced by such other factors as community pressures or the makeup of the faculty discipline committee.

AT LEAST one Methodist college has taken the view that punishment is not the answer. Its catalog states that "the college disapproves of the drinking of alcoholic beverages while in residence or while living under college rules." It believes that the use of alcohol is detrimental to the development of the individual and that the college gives up its opportunity to help when it separates a student from its influence. The present policy is one of careful counseling—medical, psychological, academic, and religious—in an attempt to determine and remove the reasons for drinking. Such an approach is not the usual one. The older pattern of faculty and administrative action is widespread.

Enforcement of the no-drinking rule is extremely difficult. Complete enforcement, backed up by penalty, is impossible. As David Boroff pointed out concerning Methodist-related Birmingham-Southern College in a *Harper's Magazine* article, there is always "a little nothing of a place" across town or a few miles down the road. Anyone who believes that a college can declare all such places off limits and then effectively police them fails to recognize the development of the automobile. Beer is available easily at the corner supermarket. It is impossible to keep all contraband out of residence halls and fraternity houses without the use of police-state methods. Contrary to certain mythology current both off and on campus, deans of students do not have extrasensory perception.

Moreover, enforcement is hampered by a quiet conspiracy. Students who keep the rules will not turn against those who break them. Alumni, neighbors, parents, and occasional faculty members have been party to student violations.

The feeling that rules are unenforceable sometimes leads to a careless attitude toward them. On one Methodist campus in the East, the students speak of "the double standard" in regard to the college policy on alcohol. They mean that there is a rule on the books, but it is rarely enforced. A sophomore made it very specific: "Nobody pays attention to it until you drink too much and get in a jam downtown. Then, powie! You've had it!"

Although there is no official Methodist position in regard to college-drinking rules, there is little doubt as to how Methodists assembled in official bodies would vote. When Dickinson College of Carlisle, Pa., attempted an experiment in control as against absolute prohibition, the Philadelphia Conference withheld its financial support to the college. When Duke University changed its rules in the direction of more student responsibility accompanied by stronger penalties for unworthy conduct, the Western North Carolina Conference adopted resolutions in protest.

A number of college officials believe that control is more realistic and less hypocritical than prohibition. The trouble is, of course, that any program of control involves a certain amount of permission, and permission implies approval. Thus, when a college permits drinking in fraternity houses on Saturday nights only, even though it tightens enforcement at all other times, it puts itself on record as approving social drinking. And an official position of the college becomes contrary to the official Methodist position on the use of alcohol.

THE problem on the Methodist-related campus is not made any easier by what appear to be present trends among church members. More Methodists are drinking these days—or so it seems. The pastor of a large urban Methodist church on the edge of a major university campus told his congregation that he had witnessed more drinking during the 4 years of his present pastorate than during the other 37 years of his life—and that most of it involved members of that church.

Situations like this lead college officials to ask: "How can you expel a student for what he has learned in a Methodist home from parents who are active members of the church?"

Church people have a right to ask their colleges to maintain high standards. They should, however, recognize that the current problem of alcohol on the campus is part of an older and wider problem. Some church leaders, both clergy and laymen, seem to expect the colleges to do what they have not done, cannot do, or are unwilling to do: make members of the group stop drinking or get out.

In the vestibule during an annual conference west of Chicago, a Methodist minister sharply criticized a certain college president for what he called failure to discipline students for drinking. When reference was made to Paragraph 207 of the *Discipline,* the same man admitted that he supposed "there are

members of the official board who take one now and then" but he had no plans to ask them to withdraw.

The Methodist Church and the colleges and universities related to it are working with the same dilemma. It would be unrealistic and naïve for anyone to think that an educational institution can solve its part of the problem by passing a rule and expelling a student now and then.

All our colleges are struggling for workable answers. In their search, they ask for the understanding and support of ministers and church members. In return, they will continue to work toward the development of thoughtful, clear, persistent, redemptive approaches to the drinking student. □

In the spirit of liberal arts, each student must see the issues and, in freedom, make up his own mind . . .

Declares Charles H. Lippy
Methodist Student and Campus Leader
Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

LET'S FACE the facts: Methodist-related colleges are in an impossible position when formulating policies regarding alcoholic beverages. If these schools permit the use of alcohol, they are at odds with the church; if they adopt prohibition policies, students violate them.

My intention is not to debate the right of The Methodist Church to call for abstinence among its members. Nor am I questioning the validity of this position. My aim is to point to four significant issues which I, a Methodist student in a Methodist-related school, believe face both church and college regarding drinking regulations:

1. *The nature of the liberal arts makes it difficult to establish a "dry" campus.* The liberal arts are indeed the liberating arts: they free mankind from narrow-mindedness, ignorance, superstition, and the easy way out. A liberal education should force the individual to widen his horizons by exposure to differing, conflicting viewpoints and to judge their respective values.

A spirit of curiosity, experimentation, and searching after truth keynotes good education. On campus, freedom should pervade the atmosphere. Options available for the whole of life must be laid bare. Nothing should be withheld from students.

With reference to drinking, a college should require each student to examine his own views and to recognize that others hold equally valid, well-reasoned, but opposing views. There can be no universal delineation of what a student may or may not believe regarding drinking. Each must see the issues and, in freedom, make up his own mind. Neither church nor college can or should do this for him.

THE PLACE to make this self-analysis is in the liberal arts atmosphere. If a college atmosphere does not permit examining the question of drinking, that college has failed in its mission to develop reasoning power among its students.

2. *The social atmosphere of a college should prepare the student for assimilation into the world beyond the campus.* And whether for good or for ill, alcohol is present in our world.

The United States tried national prohibition; it failed. Church-related colleges have tried prohibition; it, too, often has failed. Banning alcohol on campus immediately places an unnecessary and undeserved premium on its use. Drinking becomes "the thing to do" because it is against the rules. As a result, social pressures to drink soar. No longer is there a unified academic community but a split society where academic values openly conflict with social mores.

Again, let me be specific. If prohibition is the policy, liquor will be smuggled into dormitories and fraternity houses; bars set up in vehicles in back alleys; two punch bowls provided, one in view, the other hidden, at parties. All these situations are real. I have witnessed some myself; others I know about through friends.

What happens? The college and its students become ashamed of the campus social life. Such an atmosphere is negative, destructive, unrealistic. It should be positive, creative, and realistic if students are to be prepared to meet the greater pressures and tensions of society.

3. *Methodist-related colleges and universities do not enroll only Methodists.* Some other denominations and faiths do not oppose the use of alcoholic beverages on religious grounds. Indeed, many individual Methodists do not subscribe to their church's official position. Colleges must consider that alcohol is part of the family life of many students. One must ask if it is fair to create a campus environment which would coerce students to submit to principles contrary to those nurtured by home and church practices.

If campuses are pluralistic and cosmopolitan, attitudes and policies must reflect this composition. Regulations must parallel the nature of the college community's constituency.

4. *Students who are religiously oriented are more concerned with theological issues than with questions of legalistic morality.*

The questioning, probing collegiate mind asks: "Why believe in God? What is the nature of God? How is God related to man and the world?" It is not concerned with whether drinking is sinful or immoral.

If a consensus of convictions were obtained from students who take religion seriously, I feel the basic affirmation would be that God is love. An examination of the Gospels reveals that love motivated

Jesus. Following this example, Christians seek to live a life of love.

Transferred to social ethics, love becomes a guide which chooses from several alternatives that one which is consistent with the individual's relationship with God. For some, this selection may mean abstinence; for others, moderation.

Love also breeds tolerance, the acceptance of the validity and worth of another's views, even those which may diametrically oppose your own. Love also requires living so as to bring others to your own perspective. But outright condemnation of another because of conflicting positions has no place in Christian thinking.

What is the answer? It is trite, but nevertheless true, to say that there is no answer. No position which a college assumes will be acceptable to all.

I believe a college should require students to understand the liquor laws of the state in which the school is located. As far as students are concerned, this encompasses the whole of the college's responsibility. The problem of law enforcement belongs to the state, not to the college.

Colleges should demand exemplary conduct and behavior from students. Loose and reckless behavior because of excessive drinking cannot be accepted by any institution. But all too often, cases of unbecoming conduct are treated as disciplinary matters when they should be regarded as counseling situations. In most cases, a person without the ability for rational decision needs help, not expulsion. Any inferred liberty with regard to drinking does not indicate license or lack of control.

IT ALSO is a college's responsibility to provide a wholesome, comprehensive social program which will eliminate the premium placed on alcohol. The purpose of education extends beyond the learning process; it advances into personality and social growth, for man's life is not only a life of the mind, but also a life of interpersonal relationships. To survive social existence after college, a person must be able to act discriminately at all times. College should foster development of these selection powers.

In conclusion, I point with pride to the social climate at Dickinson College. Through the creative efforts of a committee of students, faculty, alumni, trustees, and administrators, a social philosophy was established which neither sanctions nor condones alcohol, and clearly points to the potential inimical effects of alcohol on academic life. It recognizes the necessity of freedom of choice, reminding students of Pennsylvania liquor regulations. We have a comprehensive social life focused on both fraternities and activities under the auspices of a student center. Exemplary conduct is expected.

Practically overnight, shame of social conditions was transformed into pride. Dickinson's efforts to admit and cope with the drinking enigma merit serious exploration by all church-related colleges. But the burden is not light. □

Colleges must set limits, but action on violations should not be arbitrary and impersonal . . .

Says Lawrence Riggs
Dean of Students
DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

IT SHOULD come as no surprise to anyone that large numbers of students bring to their colleges a drinking custom taught by their parents and supported by strong social and economic forces.

At least 62 of every 100 American adults use alcoholic beverages. They annually spend 2½ times as much on these drinks as the total population spends on religious and welfare activities.

College deans constantly meet parents who say, "We allow some drinking at home, but we're very happy that our children are attending schools where there are rules against it." Parents are expecting the impossible when they lay the groundwork for a cultural and social habit, then expect the colleges to reverse it.

Because of widespread social and economic pressures for drinking, because of the nature and functions of a college operating in a Christian context, and because of a general questioning about authority, the control of drinking at college is no longer a simple matter of issuing an edict.

The college should, indeed, act in ways that protect the welfare of its students. It is obligated to provide an atmosphere in which responses can be made effectively, with increasing maturity of judgment. The final decision for such responses rests squarely with each student. The college also is responsible for clearly outlining the limits of behavior beyond which students can expect disciplinary action.

Alcohol is an unreliable crutch, a potentially dangerous and deceptive source of relief and false status feelings. The college campus presents an unnatural concentration of an age group whose status needs are great and for whom there are mounting and unusual pressures about themselves, their achievement, and the development of social and personal responsibility. Alcohol often is used as self-medication in a search to relieve stresses. To anyone who knows the facts, this is potentially dangerous.

If these matters are fully understood, it will follow that *responsible college officials can in no way support the use of alcoholic beverages by their students.* However, college authority cannot be properly extended into personal decisions unrelated to the college. Rules that attempt this are unenforceable, causing campus disciplinary bodies

to frequently experience conflict over their feeling of responsibility to act in areas where they do not have proper authority. I believe colleges must take a strong, clear stand on the limits of behavior acceptable within the college community.

There seems to be a widespread belief that all one needs to do is to dismiss a few students from school and the problem of drinking alcoholic beverages will be solved. This is completely unrealistic. I strongly advocate a procedure by which each particular circumstance is fully reviewed and each case is treated in terms of its own psychological and social aspects, with the best interests of both the particular person *and* the college community clearly in mind.

When this is done, the results sometimes seem weak to uninformed observers. The charge is often made that college officials really do not mean to "crack down" on drinking because they have not taken severe action in every case of known drinking. To be sure, the easiest approach is to exercise the power and authority vested in administration and to take automatic, severe action without regard to the individual situation.

IT IS my experience that colleagues who claim to have no difficulty with their campus drinking problems are usually those who take such arbitrary action. For them, the whole problem is automatically, easily, and—let me emphasize—*impersonally* handled. I firmly believe this negates our announced purpose to recognize the importance of personality and take individual differences into account. To me, appropriate action in cases involving violations of drinking regulations may range from counseling to dismissal.

It is the role of education, and especially Christian education, to insist that recovery is more important than punishment. At the same time, college officials must not be weak or indecisive in declaring a stand and taking action on behavior that is outside the limits of tolerance established and maintained by official campus rules and policies.

The college population comes into public attention on this matter in a peculiar way, and yet colleges cannot realistically be asked to develop effective controls faster than business, industry, the church, government, medicine, law, and other segments of our society. This, however, does not excuse the college as an educational institution from carrying on an educational function about alcohol. Alcohol education has been almost nonexistent in colleges.

However, some remarkable progress now is being made. The Intercollegiate Association for the Study of Alcohol has conducted with increasing success a summer program in the form of an Intercollegiate School of Alcohol Studies. The Board of Christian Social Concerns of The Methodist Church has placed on its staff a full-time man in the field of alcohol education and has conducted numerous seminars on college campuses. College students appear willing and interested to examine objectively the facts on how alcohol affects persons and our society.

College deans and counselors are becoming more aware of their needs for better education regarding the nature of alcohol and its effects. As this information is passed on to students through seminars, campus workshops, and by individual contact, I am hopeful that students will respond to positive leadership, fundamental facts, and the development of a sense of responsibility regarding beverage alcohol. It is my firm belief that this can come about only when this leadership is shared by faculty, staff, and students. No one group can do it alone.

It becomes of paramount importance that we continue to have staff members who encourage the development of values and who know why they are supporting restrictions in this area. This is no task for easy moralists. It requires an understanding of the means of student growth and development, healthy personality, clear, well-defined motivations, and professional skill as advisors and counselors.

Obviously, unless we are informed and have sound, objective data at our command, we will not have the respect of students in our attempts to explain the college's position. There are those who feel that no explanations are necessary. This is an absolutely antiquated thought on the contemporary college campus, where explanations in all sorts of areas are expected if not demanded—but in an atmosphere of reasonableness which should characterize the college campus.

TODAY'S college young people will no longer merely take our word that alcoholic beverages do not mix with a college education. This is especially true in light of the fact that so many of their parents and the surrounding culture do not support this position. When presented with the facts and when open discussion is a genuine possibility, however, students do respond thoughtfully.

This is definitely a bigger problem than one related to the mechanics of administering a college community. It is a question of values. One student said he thought the solution to the problem is to "remove mankind's sickening fear of himself. When man no longer needs to prove himself or to hide from himself, he will be without the compulsion which causes alcoholism."

One of the most pertinent student comments is this: "Alcohol must be incorporated in our mores, not as a symbol of adulthood but as a symbol of immaturity and weakness."

Is it possible for college students, so given to conformity, to develop conformity to a nondrinking culture based on facts, reason, and concern for the common good? This appears to be our challenge in a society largely committed to more selfish and less well-reasoned values. It is a challenge with great redemptive potentials and one to which we must respond with clarity as to our position.

We cannot do this, however, without personal conviction based on facts and a sense of respect for ourselves and others as individuals responsibly working for the common good. It seems to me these are genuine Christian concerns. □

You, too, would smile as broadly as the Rev. J. Paul Rowe if your church were enriched by such live-wire helpers as these Japanese.

y offering the hand of Christian fellowship
) six lonely servicemen far from home, this Alabama church
xtended its witness to the other side of the world.

Our Mission Came to Us

By L. W. BENNETT

WE DID NOT have to go erseas—or even across the street -to beeome missionaries. Our mis-on came to us!

Ford Boucher amazed some of at chureh that sparkling June nday morning. Flawlessly, he ade the introduetions, first to our astor, the Rev. J. Paul Rowe, then members of the eongregation: "I ould like to present Capt. Yoshio atayama. This is Sgt. Kazuyuki atanabe, and this is Sgt. Yoshiichi kuma." Then followed three ore names. He pronounced the riental names as easily as Smith, own, or Jones.

We exehanged timorous Ameri-n handshakes for quiek little panese bows and, for the time ing, the event passed as just a vel experienee. Later months ere to reveal how mueh our urch life would be influeneed—d enriched—by the visit of the rprising guests: six smiling, faultlessly uniformed young men of the Japanese Air Force, Buddhists and Shintoists, not a Christian in the lot.

The most descriptive thing to be said of Ford Boucher is that he is a praeticing Christian. It happens he is also an instruetor at the Army Ordnance Guided Missile Sehool at Redstone Arsenal near our city, Huntsville, Ala. The young Japanese were students in Ford's elasses, sent to this country by their government for a year's study of American military missiles. Such schooling regularly is earried out through agreements between the U.S. and other members of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

To Ford, however, the six were more than his students. They were disoriented young men 8,000 miles from home in a strange land. Nothing was more natural for him than to invite them to his church, and ours, Latham Memorial Methodist.

After their introduction to Methodist worship that first Sunday, the Japanese men attended services regularly, both on Sunday and at midweek. Soon, strange names appeared on the roll of the junior-high chureh-school class: Saihei Taniguchi, Kazuyuki Watanabe, Yutaka Koga. Although an age gap separated the visitors from their classmates, the junior-high vocabulary level best suited their limited knowledge of English.

Gregarious by nature, interested in everything American, and eager to expand their English vocabularies, they joined many church activities. At a work party on the church grounds, the athletic young military men labored with a zest that made our more mature members contemplate their expanding waistlines. Their singing with our Methodist Youth Fellowship members resulted in a blend of Alabama drawl and Oriental sibilance.

The smiling good nature of the

visitors, their impeccable manners, and genuine friendliness brought invitations to the homes of many church families. Usually such occasions proceeded as harmoniously as the MYF songfests. One in particular had a comic quality when viewed in retrospect, but at the time it assumed more critical proportions.

The incident took place at a formal dinner which began with a soup course. The Japanese guests enthusiastically attacked their bowls in the Oriental manner, sucking soup noisily from their spoons. In their country, this would have been a gracious compliment to the hostess' culinary art. But in Huntsville, the visitors' audible appreciation contrasted noticeably with the decorum of others present. Five impressionable youngsters stared openmouthed, their several years of table training jeopardized.

Host and hostess exchanged meaningful looks, then asked Capt. Katayama, senior member of the Japanese group, to confer with them in another room, where they explained the effect upon the children. On his return, a few curt instructions were issued in Japanese, and the soup course moved quietly to completion. After dinner, eating customs of our two countries were reviewed casually, and an "international incident" dissolved in smiles.

Gradually, and without formal definition, it dawned on our church members that instinctively, perhaps subconsciously, we were conducting a "mission campaign." Here in our midst was a group of intelligent fellow beings who embraced religious beliefs alien to ours. It was our opportunity to introduce them to Christianity, not only by seeing our church in action as visitors but by participating with us in our worship and coming into our Christian homes.

Our mission was conducted without ever being formalized. No one called a closed-door meeting to announce, "All right, men, we've got a real challenge here. Let's get these boys converted! Now, I suggest we get organized along these lines . . ."

No, our campaign was quiet, unorganized. An overnight camp-out and cave exploration with the church-sponsored Explorer Scouts demonstrated to the Japanese that Christians do not leave their faith at home or practice their religion only in church. The Explorers conducted their customary brief morning devotional before taking up the day's activities.

On a Saturday evening in September, prior to a Sunday Communion service, the Japanese were guests at a family cookout. After coffee around the glowing charcoal, the conversation gravitated to the morrow's church service, and members of the family were able to give personal witness to the meaning and symbolism of the Sacrament.

Wherever they were invited, the Japanese saw Christian families giving thanks to God before meals and listened with respectful interest as their hosts explained this observance.

With the church being the focal point of our relationship, discussion of religion was easy, never forced, and the visitors' searching questions revealed alert interest. Despite the language barrier, most of us found that our faith, being simple and basic, could be explained in simple and basic terms.

At different times, each Japanese told us that our church impressed him as a center of religious and social activity for all age groups, a friendly and warm place contrasting sharply with Japan's cold, impersonal shrines where one went, usually alone, to meditate and reflect.

It was in June that Ford Boucher first brought his group of strangers to Latham Memorial. In October, just when most of us had mastered pronunciation of their names, we had to say reluctant good-byes. Sunday, October 14, the last day we would worship together, was designated "Sayonara Sunday."

Flower arrangements that day had a Japanese motif. A large poster in Japanese brush strokes proclaimed, "Good-bye to our Japanese friends." Mr. Rowe's sermon was devoted to the brotherhood of man, and following the service each of the guests was presented a Japanese-English version of the Bible through arrangements made with the Gideon Society. A dinner completed the day.

On Monday, the Japanese left for their homeland, but the work of our "mission" did not end. Pastor Rowe wrote at once to the United Church of Christ in Japan, listing the names of our friends and telling of our experiences together. A recent letter from one of the boys sustains our optimism that the association we shared continues to influence their lives. Yoshio Katayama wrote:

"A few weeks ago I've got a letter from Mr. [John H.] Skillman, Japan field representative, Methodist Division of World Missions. He is American and teacher of Aoyama Gakuin University, Tokyo. He introduced me Tokyo Union Church which they have service in English, so I will be the church next week."

Direct communication between Huntsville Methodists and the Japanese continues. Christmas cards have been exchanged in profusion. Many of us at Latham Memorial maintain regular correspondence, and gifts have crossed the Pacific in both directions.

Eventually, one or more of the young men may embrace the Christian faith. But even if that is not to be, our mission will not have been a failure. We know that our friends have a better impression of our country, its Christian religion, and its people because of our efforts. And in exerting these efforts, we have become better Christians. □

EYES

BY PIERRE H. DELATTRE

People
Are seeking
People,
Oh, their loneliness
At the contact!

Too much
Light,
Not enough
Vision.
Soften the
Light
Or deepen our
Eyes.

Jettie, the RICH RELIEFER

By CELESTINE SIBLEY

JETTIE was a welfare client—nd easily the richest woman I ever new. She lived in a slum—with as uch grace as a dowager queen. he had no kin of her own but doz-ns of friends.

They buried her a few weeks ago n a pauper's grave in the county emetery, and the old carnival oman who stood among the other ourners on the red clay hillside id wistfully: "I wish I had of went ith her. . . . All of them jokes of ers wasted on folks that don't need m. *Angels,* for Pete's sake!"

It's inconceivable to some of us at tough, knotty little Jettie, with e shock of gray hair and the bright blue eyes, might be an angel. She was a retired snake charmer, and you'd think her talents might be more useful in the Other Place. Besides, as her old carnival friend would point out, she had picked up on earth quite a few tricks for coping with hell.

At least it never seemed to me that she ever had any ease or comfort. And yet she must have had wisdom—if it's true, as Emerson said, that to the wise, life is a festival.

Jettie was born on a little farm in the Midwest and then her parents died and left her with her grandmother. When she was old enough to walk she turned to and started helping her grandmother wrest a poor living from their poor land.

One night when she was in her early teens, her grandmother slipped on the icy ground and suffered a spine injury that kept her an invalid the rest of her life. Alone, young Jettie planted and harvested the crops, kept the house, and nursed her grandmother.

She seldom left the farm because she couldn't leave her grandmother alone; and, too, she really had no place to go. They ate what they grew, and had very little money for store-going.

She was in her late twenties when

a small carnival passed through her country and she met Ed Duggan. He came by with signs he wanted to plaster on the barn, for which he offered her free tickets to the show.

"I couldn't leave Grandma for any such frivolity as that," she told me. "But when that Irishman with his black, curly hair and blue-green eyes smiled at me, I come close to telling him to put his circus signs on every building in the place and never mind the tickets!"

Ed Duggan was no ordinary circus handyman. He was part of the show. He had an act of his own, he told Jettie proudly, and he'd be pleased to have her come and see it. Jettie, who had never seen a show of any kind, was fascinated by his stories of the carnival, and she offered him coffee and cut him a piece of pie and kept him in the kitchen talking for an hour.

THE next day the carnival passed on its way to the town fairgrounds, and Jettie neglected her work to stand by the window and call out to her grandmother the strange and wondrous sights as they went by.

"I guess it wasn't so fine," she recalled later. "But it looked like a glory train to me—all them painted wagons, glittering red and gold in the sun. They had caged animals and a hootenanny to ride on and . . . oh, I don't know what all. Grandma wouldn't believe I was seeing all I told her, and I did something I never could have done before. I pulled her bed to the window so she could see for herself!"

She was silent a moment but her eyes continued to smile. "Was good I did," she said. "That was the grandest sight Grandma ever saw. That night she died."

After the funeral, Jettie locked the door to the farmhouse and set out down the road, walking in the direction the carnival had taken. A day later she caught up with it—and Ed Duggan.

"We were married," she said with a touch of awe that stayed with her all her life. "That Irishman loved me!"

It was not until after their marriage that Jettie really realized that Ed Duggan's act was snakes. If there was anything she mortally feared and despised, it was snakes. The mere thought of one gave her the "all-overs" and the idea of touching one sent her into hysterics.

"He wanted me in the act," she said. "He said I was pretty, and with my yellow hair hanging down my back I would look like a little girl, tender and young, down in the pen with the snakes. He thought the customers would like it—and they did."

"How did you bring yourself to do it?" I asked her. "I'd have left him first!"

She lifted her eyes in astonishment. "Leave Ed? I'd never do that. He was patient. He helped me get over the silly superstitions I had about snakes and he taught me how to handle them. It was all right."

"Weren't you terrified?"

She nodded. "At first. But isn't there a Bible saying about love casting out fear? With Ed looking at me and depending on me, I couldn't be afraid long."

Although she lost her fear of snakes, Jettie never really liked them.

"Pansy, the python, was the most valuable thing Ed and I ever owned," she said. "I've seen the time when we'd buy live chickens to feed Pansy, and us so hungry we'd have eaten the feathers if she'd let us."

People were always "acting according to their nature" with Jettie. When I met her she had just been evicted from a slum for nonpayment of rent. Ed had just died in the local charity hospital and Jettie was an old woman, grief-stricken and half ill. The landlord who had set her pitiful belongings out on the street was known as the meanest man in the neighborhood—but not to Jettie.

"He has a right to his money," she told the women from the church who came to help her and fumed indignantly at the landlord. "I guess he hasn't got much else, poor man."

"Why, he's rich," they said scornfully. "He's got money, plenty of money, and you have nothing."

JETTIE's numb grief gave way to anger and astonishment. "He's money-poor," she said, "like some folks are land-poor. But don't say I have nothing—don't dare say that!"

Looking at the few possessions huddled there on the sidewalk, they could not know what she meant. Later, when she was established in another dismal little room at the back of a dilapidated old rooming house, I guess all of us who knew her came to understand her riches. She was not old enough to draw Old Age Assistance nor ill enough to be classified as totally and permanently handicapped and get one of the pensions sent to those people. The best the county relief could do for her was $28 a month.

"Look!" she told me jubilantly, holding out the welfare check. "Manna! That's what it is—pure manna!"

"It's not a living," I protested glumly. "No human being can live on that. Twice as much wouldn't be enough."

"Oh, my dear," she said, laughing lightly and patting me on the shoulder, "don't you see what it is—something I never lifted a finger to earn—no more than I earn the summer rain. And yet it comes! I'll live on it. And just think, I'll have *time*—all that blessed *time!*"

Later, I was to understand about Jettie and time. She used—and savored—time better than anybody I ever knew. That may have been the secret of richness with her.

But back then I was more impressed by the fact that she could and did live on $28 a month. Out

READER'S CHOICE

"It's poverty only if you're grim and fearful about it," says the charming Jettie who sparkles through the pages of this month's *Reader's Choice* feature. She might well have added, for us who live on much more than $28 a month, "It's poverty, *if* you're grim and fearful about it."

First to nominate the delightful story was Miss Mildred Doub of Pfafftown, N.C. She will receive the $25 *Reader's Choice* award with our thanks. *Jettie, the Rich Reliefer* first appeared in *Everywoman's* magazine, December, 1957, and is reprinted by permission of author and publisher. Suggestions for *Reader's Choice* must be at least five years old, and between 800 and 3,000 words in length.—EDS.

of that amount she paid $15 for a mean little room, the kitchen of a once-proud Victorian mansion, now broken and sagging. The single bathroom was shared with nine other tenants—two flights up a dark and hazardous stair.

"Yes, but my room gets the morning sun," she said. "And at night across that vacant lot you have the nicest view of the city—the buildings all tall against the sky and lit up like Christmas."

I gave up my efforts as a detractor, and in a few weeks she asked me to a housewarming "tea." I couldn't believe my eyes. She had used 50 cents' worth of lime to whitewash the walls of the room and had made a curtain for the window out of an old-fashioned ruffled cotton petticoat.

Her bed was a couch she nailed together out of scrap lumber and covered with a bright blanket from carnival days. Orange crates held books borrowed—a dozen at a time—from the public library. She had made herself a lamp out of an old wine bottle from a neighborhood dump and pleated a shade out of brown butcher's paper. The Degas print back of the couch was on loan from the public library.

Pictures of Ed and carnival friends were everywhere, and the sunny window was filled with pots of earth in which she had planted seeds pulled from the shrubs in the park. She served me tiny tuna fish sandwiches and tea.

HER canny blue eyes saw my reluctance to reach for another sandwich and she laughed heartily. "Look," she said, "it's poverty only if you're grim and fearful about it. Tuna fish is cheap, and fortunately these little-bitty sandwiches are stylish for company. Tea—I really like it better than coffee, but I'd drink it anyhow because it's unbelievable the mileage you can get out of one tea bag if your water's hot!"

Little by little I learned how she managed—cracked eggs from the nearby market at half price, day-old bread, spotted apples, and wilted lettuce—at bargain rates. She ate simply but she insisted her diet was varied and ample.

In winter she couldn't afford the fuel needed to keep the high-ceilinged, drafty old room warm all day, but she even turned that to her advantage. "The public library," she confided. "Warm and free! And the picture galleries. Honey, ask me a question about the news. I read all the papers, the expensive magazines and books I never dreamed existed! I listen to records and look at pictures. Such a time as I have—a lady of leisure yet!"

These were just a few of the fruits of Jettie's precious "time." And she showed them all to her neighbors in the slums, too. She collected the young children on the street one afternoon a week and walked them to the zoo. Only she called it a "hike," which somehow made the 20-block trek an exciting adventure instead of a weary walk.

Her landlady's boy got into trouble with the police over a car some friends of his stole. "Meanness in him!" his distraught mother wailed. "Where we live he falls into bad company and it brings out the meanness in him."

"Don't be silly!" ordered Jettie with a touch of asperity. "Nobody's built a fence around this street. He can go anywhere he pleases and learn what interests him!"

She took the boy with her to the free Sunday afternoon "pop" concerts sponsored by the city, and the last time I saw him he was making horrible but happy noises on the saxophone. Jettie found an organization that lent instruments and gave free lessons to young people who were interested.

"Full of music!" she cried, doing a wicked imitation of his mother. "He fell into musical company and it brings out the music in him!"

The fact that she had time enabled her to do things for people that the town's richest citizens couldn't have afforded to do. She pushed Old Man Sloan, who was confined to a wheelchair, to the park on fair days. She read aloud to Mrs. Pickens, who had never learned to read. She taught a 12-year-old girl to sew and was a willing baby-sitter for harassed young mothers in the neighborhood. An old carnival friend on the edge of town was so crippled with arthritis she was almost helpless. Jettie went twice a week to clean her house and give her a bath.

And then, out of a kind of imaginative generosity and a childlike sense of fun, she would go back wearing an old pair of pants and a man's slouch hat and serve as "yardman" for her.

"She's crazy about flowers," Jettie explained to me. "She used to have a yardman she could yell at and boss around. It was her greatest pleasure. When I dress up like a man she forgets it's me and gets just as biggety and bossy as she used to be. Does me good to see her that way."

A SHORT time before she died, somebody gave me two dollars to give to Jettie. She had been ill, and when I went to see her she looked hollow-eyed and tired.

"Do you want me to use this to buy you something special to eat or to get some medicine?" I asked when I handed her the little gift.

"I should say not!" she cried. "This is special and grand and deserves to be used that way. I'll take care of a social obligation with it, that's what I'll do. My landlady has been so good to me since I've been sick, I'm going to give her a treat!"

The treat was a trip to the movies—one thing Jettie adored but had figured no way of getting out of $28 a month.

"We saw a double feature," she reported to me exultantly. "And my dear, there was money enough left over for a bag of popcorn each and a trolley ride afterward!"

"Why a trolley ride?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a lovely way to spend money," she said dreamily. "We went out to the end of the line where it's real country and sat on a hill and watched the sun set. It's not every day in the week you can give a friend a country sunset."

Not long after that Jettie died and, as I said, they buried her in a pauper's grave. But I don't think she would have minded that.

I think she would have been pleased with the hospitable earth and pointed out that the red clay was a beautiful color, and that the spot afforded an exceptionally fine view of the setting sun. □

After Sunday worship in the old parish church, Prior Roger Schutz (with cross), Frère Max Thurian (left), and brothers welcome visitors to the village of Taizé.

The Brothers of TAIZÉ

Protestant religious communities are relatively new, but they are experimenting on the frontier between the concerns of the Christian Gospel and the values of today's world. Here is a report on two in Europe, one for men, the other for women, which have broken new ground—and helped to expose the superficiality of many churches.

IF YOU HAD WALKED the last mile and a half to the summit of Pine Mountain in New England's Presidential Range last summer, chances are you would not have noticed anything unusual about three men leading activities at a religious retreat center on the mountain's broad top. Without the flowing white robes which they wear on this month's TOGETHER cover, nothing beyond the slight accents of their speech would have told you that the trio had come from an unusual community in southern France.

The three are "brothers"—not because of any blood ties but because they profess the Rule of Taizé in perhaps the most important Protestant monastic order of our century. The Taizé (pronounced Tay-zay) Community, which will celebrate its 25th anniversary next August, is in ancient Burgundy, 70 miles from the Swiss border.

The brothers came to Pine Mountain to work, worship, and talk. The three were hosts to several groups of 25 to 50 members each, including New Hampshire lay preachers, Harvard divinity students, laymen, older youth, university faculty members and students.

Like these Taizé brothers, others in twos and threes and some alone, were "on mission" in scattered places. In Coventry, England, Brother Antony labored as a forklift truck driver, Brother Gerard as warden of a cathedral chapel. Others were in Algeria and the Ivory Coast in Africa. One lectured in Scandinavia and the United States. Some were on mission in their professions or trades close by their Community house in Taizé.

Things are different from the way they used to be in the once-sleepy little farm village in Saône-et-Loire. You can get to the tiny station of Taizé from Paris on an afternoon's journey via diesel railcar, and, on Sunday mornings, many visitors usually see the white-robed brothers go in procession to worship.

At Easter, and for autumn retreats, all the brothers return from their missions. On Maundy Thursday, before Easter, they gather for foot washing, an attempt to take Christ's example seriously. The head of the order washes the others' feet, just as Jesus did.

The most unusual thing about this international brotherhood of 60 members is that it is Protestant. Communities like Taizé were rare in Protestantism until World War II, but since then more than a dozen have developed, mostly in Reformed and Lutheran traditions. Strangely, Taizé is in a part of France where only two out of every thousand persons are Protestants.

But Taizé *is* authentically Protestant. It makes no attempt to ape either Roman or Eastern monasticism. Behind it is an idea which contrasts sharply with the negative attitudes of early Reformers. Both Luther and Calvin rejected monasticism, believing that its followers would rely

Taizé's Church of the Reconciliation, its lines stark at nightfall, was built by Germans.

too heavily on their own merits for salvation. Few orders survived from the 16th century. The Taizé brothers' key to monasticism is not to isolate themselves but to live in a real community with one another while they serve the world.

The community started as an idea in the mind of Roger Schutz, son of a Swiss pastor, while he was still a theological student in 1939. Today he is the prior, or head, of the order. Once an agnostic, he later reversed his position and began to study for the ministry. With a few friends, he organized study dialogues and lay retreats based on a life of common prayer, similar in some respects to the Holy Club organized by Methodism's Wesley brothers at Oxford University two centuries before.

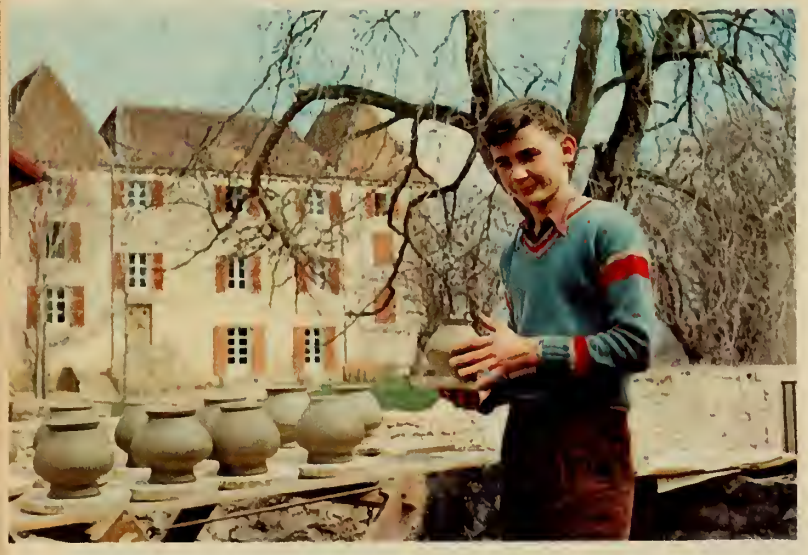
Always dreaming and praying for a monastic community, Roger Schutz left his friends temporarily in 1940 to look for a place to settle in France. A graceful 17th-century mansion in the almost abandoned village of Taizé was one of several possibilites he found. Schutz wanted to locate a mile or so inside the free zone of war-torn France to serve as an underground relay point. Taizé met that qualification; and when an old woman begged him to locate there, he did. Then he began preparing for a community of young men willing to give their whole lives to Christ. For two years, Schutz lived alone, giving shelter to many, mostly Jews fleeing from the occupied zone. Early in 1942, three students joined him.

By autumn that year, France was totally occupied by German forces, and Prior Schutz was forced to go to Switzerland. With his companions, he started a religious community in a Geneva apartment. After France's liberation in 1944, they returned to Taizé.

Men in other vocations followed. On Easter morning in

Monks lead brothers and visitors in prayer offices inside the spacious but plain new sanctuary.

In his studio, a brother works on a design which he and other artisans will translate into stained glass in the Taizé workshop. This is one of the community's contributions to Protestant liturgical renewal.



A ceramics apprentice from the village displays a sampling of useful clay jars made in the brotherhood's pottery shop. This is one means of support for members, who live entirely by their own work, never accept gifts.

Brother Bernard, one of the sculptors, works on a frieze in his studio. When it is completed, the ornamental strip will join other pieces to adorn old village walls of Taizé.

)ne of many visiting groups is led by a brother in dialogue about Christ's unity, a central theme of the order.

1949, the first seven brothers took the three vows of classic monasticism, by which they accepted a life of celibacy, community of property, and authority of the community. Later came the Rule of Taizé, worked out in its final form by Prior Schutz in 1953.

In 1953, a Protestant order of sisters of Grandchamp, near Neuchâtel, Switzerland, adopted the Rule of Taizé, though this order's own roots actually go back farther.

Two phrases of the Rule summarize the vocation of the Taizé Community: "burning zeal for the unity of the Body of Christ" and "open yourself to that which is human." Their life and work built around these two themes, the brothers believe the Rule gives them the greatest possible freedom to respond to God's call.

The brothers live by the Reformation principle that secular vocations can be holy. Only a few serve as pastors. Most do secular work—farming, printing, painting, architecture, and pottery. Sometimes a brother will become a hermit for a year. Frère Eric, one who did this, has become a noted painter and sculptor whose works have been displayed in Europe and North Africa. His most famous painting, *David and Goliath,* depicts the dehumanizing forces in today's world. He works in his studio, eats one meal a day with his brothers, but otherwise lives alone.

The idea of reconciliation permeates the Taizé Com-

Electrical milking equipment and other modern methods have led to new prosperity in the region, now dotted with silos. Brothers instruct local farmers in care of their animals and marketing of products through a co-operative with 1,200 members.

munity. The order's new Church of the Reconciliation, dedicated in 1962, was built by Germans in a movement started by a Berlin lawyer in 1958 called *Aktion Sühnezeichen* (Signs of Reconciliation). At the church's entrance, a sign states: "You who enter here, be reconciled; father with son; husband with wife; believer with unbeliever; Christian with separated brother."

For years, before the new church was built, members of the order worshiped in Taizé's 12th-century Romanesque parish church which had fallen into disuse. Authorization came from the local Roman Catholic bishop, who has followed Taizé's work with appreciation.

The community does not accumulate wealth or accept gifts. Whatever is earned above needs, on the farm and in the shops, goes to the bishop of Talca, in Chile, for development of farm co-operatives and rural education.

The brothers' search for visible unity in Christ keeps Taizé in touch with other Christians. Prior Schutz first talked with Pope Pius XII, later and more fruitfully with Pope John XXIII. He and Subprior Max Thurian attended sessions of the Second Vatican Council on invitation of Pope Paul VI. Frère Max is attached, as a theologian, to a department of the World Council of Churches.

In 1962, contacts with Eastern Orthodoxy bloomed. After the prior's trip to Istanbul, Patriarch Athenagoras decided to build an Orthodox center beside the Community of Taizé, as a symbol of the unity of all Christians.

Interviewed in England recently, a brother of Taizé said, "I believe very much that the whole church, meaning the laity as much as the clergy, has to get really seriously involved in this search for Christian unity.... In drawing near to Christ, all churches will find themselves in unity."

Eating together in "family-size" groups in their refectory shows the monks' human side. Usually they wear ordinary clothes, whatever is proper for their work. At worship and on some other occasions, snow-white robes are required

In the quietness of his private cell, a Swiss brother intensely packs time set aside for study with reading in sociology. It will help him later when he is away from the community on mission work.

Unloading a cart, these Sisters of Darmstadt work with as much enthusiasm at building a road as they do in their continuous prayer vigil. The road leads from the community's entrance to the new Chapel of the Call of Jesus, in the background, where they present plays.

The Sisters of DARMSTADT

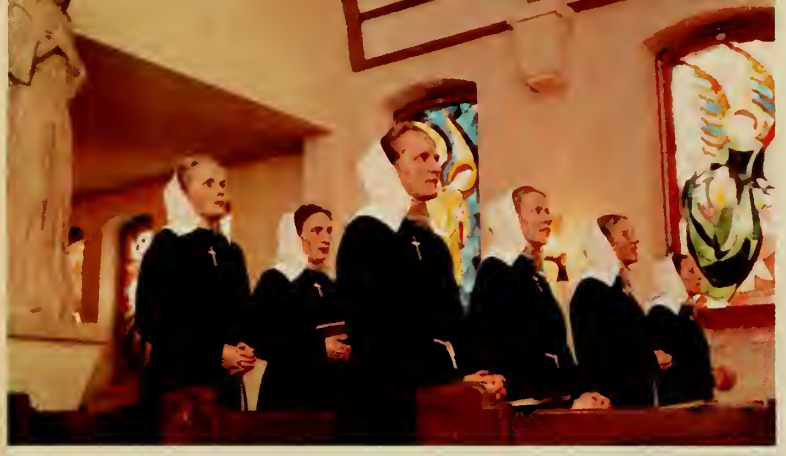
FOOD PACKAGES, sent to hungry people in war-torn Germany by American Methodists after World War II, helped start the first Protestant ecumenical sisterhood. Today, almost 20 years later, it is flourishing. The link was the Rev. Paul Riedinger, a German Methodist minister, who advised the group when they taught Bible classes through the war.

The story goes back to 1936, when the position of Christians under nazism was becoming increasingly difficult. In the city of Darmstadt, six girls asked young Klara Schlink to form a private Bible circle. Soon there were more than a hundred members, and she appealed to her friend Erika Madauss for help. While their biblical ministry was frowned upon by the German government, officials failed to stop it.

Near war's end, when western Germany was being ravaged by Allied air power, a saturation bombardment on a September night in 1944 wiped out industrial Darmstadt. Thinking about the atrocities of war, members saw this as God's judgment and set out to do penance, on behalf of their people, for war atrocities.

Following a retreat by 15 of the young women, 7 agreed

The two mother superiors took new names after founding the Sisters of Mary in war-torn Darmstadt. Mother Basilea (Klara Schlink), at left, is the theologian; Mother Martyria (Erika Madauss) helped start the sisterhood by teaching Bible classes.



In their old church, the sisters pray under stained-glass windows that one of them designed. They pray continuously in repentance for the war sins of their people, especially against Jews.

A chief tool for the sisters' work is their printshop which yields such items as placards (above) announcing an original "herald play." Art of another form is seen below in the sculptured bas-relief being created by one sister for the convent's garden, which attracts numerous guests.

to begin sharing all they had in common. They also began rooming together in the attic of the Schlink residence. Amidst a food shortage and with more mouths to feed, one of their first "practical" prayers was for a large cooking pot. They accepted the gift of a kettle, a luxury item in bombed-out Darmstadt, learning later it was the only thing which had been saved from the giver's destroyed home.

Ideas for a permanent community soon began developing. Mr. Riedinger, superintendent for Bavarian Methodism, had been a friend of the two founding members, and when he visited the sisters after the war, he usually brought food packages from America. His sermons influenced them to start their community in 1947 and also suggested their name.

One sister recalls, "He had great love for Jesus and, expressing this adoration, he said simply that 'he who loves the Son will love the Mother.'" So they named themselves the *Ökumenische Marienschwesterschaft* and became the Ecumenical Sisterhood of Mary.

They are not a part of German Methodism's strong dea-

coness movement, which is older. The Sisters of Mary are of a newer type Protestant community in which members live together in a kind of monastic setting, but according to Protestant principles. They welcome women of all denominations.

The order started, and has continued, with two mother superiors—Mother Basilea (Schlink) and Mother Martyria (Madauss). Both are well-educated and gave up social-work careers to organize the sisterhood.

Living together in a narrow Darmstadt attic under conditions of extreme poverty taught the women fraternal charity. Under their rules, taken from Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, the order lives from day to day, not knowing or being anxious about where the next day's subsistence will come from. But it always has come in due time.

By 1949 the order had far outgrown the Schlink family home. The sisters had thought of securing a building but had no money. Unprompted, according to them, the father of one offered a large lot on the Heidelberg road in Darmstadt's outskirts. It was an answer to their prayers.

When a passing architect saw the sisters at work on the lot and offered to help, they quickly accepted. After getting permission and lugging stones from the town's bombed out rubble to their new site, they got the architect to serve as foreman for their do-it yourself building operation.

In a year and a half, a chapel and main residence building were finished. They still remember that new construction, built with their own trowels and saws, and that, somehow, the needed materials always came. Now *Land Kanaan*, as a sign over their gate reads, consists of five main buildings, including a nursing home, guesthouse, and workhouse.

Jewish people in Hitler's Germany were one of the sisters' first worries, but it was not until 1955 that they could confront their guilt aloud. "Finally we did what should have been natural," one sister says. "After the war a single house could hold all the Jewish Darmstadters of the thousands who had lived there before. Now we knocked and asked to be forgiven. We spoke for three hours with a couple who had never before expressed their feelings to anyone else."

The sisters still care for a deserted Jewish cemetery, and

Long trenches for planting are made by the women themselves as they work diligently to keep gardens lovely.

The places of silence and beauty which the sisters have created provide an authentic atmosphere for spiritual refreshment through meditation and prayer. Worship is balanced with work as ingredients of the common life in Land Kanaan, *as they call their settlement.*

Modern dramas written by Mother Basilea are produced to emphasize Christian themes. During the trial of Adolf Eichmann in 1961, Jews and Christians were invited to see their plays together; Germans were asked to admit shame and sorrow for sins of their nation's past.

many Jewish people now spend their vacations in the haven of the lovely gardens of *Kanaan*.

The sisters often go outside their convent to witness. They have transformed an old bus into a kind of classroom which they drive to carnivals, street fairs, or other popular festivities and park next to a shooting gallery or a merry-go-round. They get attention by telling stories, translations of the great parables of the Gospel into the actual language of the people.

In their new Chapel of the Call of Jesus, they present original plays. The first was entitled *Israel* and expressed repentance of national deeds against the Jewish people, as well as God's mourning for all people who do not recognize Christ as their Savior.

They say 40,000 people have seen their recent play, *The Time Is Near*, a drama warning that prophecies in the Book of Revelation fit our age in many ways.

The sisters these days are accused of pietism and sentimentalism. Their recent concern with adventism, pointing to the end of the world, leaves some Protestants cool to their theology. Yet, so far, they continue to be free and outgoing. They take their breakfast together, standing as a symbol of penitence. They pray regularly and have a weekly self-examination session. "We want to be the poor ones," they say. "We change rooms, have one dress, no pocket money."

A communist shoemaker several years ago offered to help them learn to sew their own shoes, as they do their simple habits of black, with white belt and a white cross at the throat. Today he is a Christian.

—Newman Cryer

Since World War II, the growing edge of Christianity in Europe has been among laymen experimenting with new forms of worship and witness which break sharply with traditional patterns. Today, many of those ideas have jumped the Atlantic and are sparking fresh efforts at church renewal in the U.S.

What We Can Learn From EUROPE'S LAY MOVEMENTS

By NEWMAN CRYER, Associate Editor

IN THIS age of new forms sweeping away the old, the church creaks along well behind the rest of society in a 1,000-year-old vehicle that is not taking Christianity where it needs to go.

Concerned Christians on both sides of the Atlantic have reached this conclusion reluctantly. It appears, in fact, to be contradicted by a strong renaissance of lay interest and activity within the church since World War II. This lay renaissance is grounded on rediscovery of the role of laymen in the church, plus recognition of the importance of their work and Christian witness *outside* the church and the need to train them for this task [see *Your Role as a Layman*, November, 1964, page 47].

Fresh attempts to expand the work and witness of Christian laymen and to renew the church have sprung up in many places, and in such varying forms as lay centers, monastic communities, and other unorthodox types of lay ministry.

Unfortunately, some of these new forms have either intentionally bypassed or grown up outside usual church channels. Their leaders have sought freedom to listen to other voices and to experiment in helping churchmen enter into real dialogue with the world. Often they have not found this freedom within the established church.

Today, as many of these experiments have proved their effectiveness, there is a great amount of cross-fertilization across the Atlantic. Thousands of Americans, for example, have visited Germany's lay academies. And two brothers of the Taizé Community [see page 34] spent several weeks last summer in New Hampshire, sharing their philosophy and their experiences with churchmen in the United States.

While the pace has picked up in the last few years, some of the new-look lay movements in the U.S. date back to the late 1940s. Julia Lacey, an American who has made special studies in this area, says the first wave caught hold in the form of farmhouse and refurbished, city-mansion type centers which brought groups of laymen together for retreat—to study, pray, and experiment in new forms of mission. A second wave, also stemming from prototypes in Europe, includes industrial missions which take the church into factories, law offices, urban centers, and vocational groups—not initially to make converts but to establish and strike up dialogue.

Problem of Irrelevant Forms

The church's greatest problem today—as always—is how to reach people with the Christian message. And at least a part of the problem is rooted in the ancient parish system of organization, created in the Middle Ages when most people lived, worked, played, worshiped, and died in the same neighborhood.

In the centuries since, especially the past 60 years, the importance of a geographical community as the center of a person's life and experience has greatly diminished. Today, the overwhelming majority of people in the Western world have a much broader sense of community. Many feel a part not just of one, but of several communities. Yet the church, for the most part, continues to work almost entirely within the medieval parish pattern.

If life in a medieval neighborhood was compact and integrated, life today is moving so fast that few of our traditional roots remain. Millions have lost the sense of who they are, why they are here, where they are going. Fearing change, they may retreat into closed little circles—the company, the club, the nation, the union, the association, even the church.

But even that does not help. Within these tight circles of relationship, too, the individual finds his life still splintered into fragments he does not know how to put together.

Despite its pretensions of universality, the church itself has become too busy or too bulky to reach into new areas. Consequently, except in small and scattered experiments that break away from limitations of the ancient parish system, it has tended to become increasingly irrelevant for many segments of society.

Here is the significance of the new forms of lay work and witness. One response to the threat of obsolescence and irrelevance, for example, is found in a lay center in the Caledon Hills section of Ontario, Canada. Called the "Open Circle Centre," it is a sort of human-relations college where all sorts

of persons—from outside as well as inside the church—can meet to talk creatively about truth, justice, work, play, and God.

Five Types of Renewal

The new efforts by laymen to bring renewal to the church and find modern vehicles by which it can penetrate every aspect of human activity fall into five general categories. There is a good deal of overlapping in forms and methods, but a study of the five major types shows their extent and variety.

1. *Protestant Communities.* Like Taizé and Darmstadt, featured on pages 34 to 42, these communities are new forms of authentic Protestant monasticism. Others include one for women at Grandchamp and another at Pomeyrol in France, a men's community at Agapè in northern Italy, and in the U.S. the controversial Koinonia Farm in south Georgia. These and others are deseribed by Donald G. Bloesch in his book, *Centers of Christian Renewal* (United Church Press, $3).

The center that perhaps has influenced American lay movements most is the Iona Community on an island off the northwest coast of Scotland. There young men pledge two years as members after graduation from seminary. They work in pairs throughout Great Britain for subsistence wages as industrial chaplains, rural pastors, missioners to new housing projects, or wherever they are most needed.

Inspired mainly by Iona is the Kirkridge community in Bangor, Pa., a retreat and study center. At their farmhouse center, participants commit themselves to a style of life based on an eight-point rule binding them, among other things, to prayer, identification with needy persons, study, stewardship, church responsibility, and retreat.

Last fall in more than a dozen retreats, each of three or four days duration, participants considered subjects ranging from marriage to nursing as a vocation, from the feminine mystique to collective bargaining.

2. *Lay Academies and Institutes.* These sprang up in Germany and Holland after World War II, as Christians who had stood against nazism began to search for guidelines for the future. They founded the academies as places where people of the church and of the world could meet and talk about life's deepest problems.

In America, the Ecumenical Institute of Chicago, for example, was started in 1958 as a counterpart of the first World Council of Churches' Ecumenical Institute in Switzerland. Today its staff regularly conducts lay institutes at various locations in metropolitan Chicago, and has been working with New England leaders to set up corporate ministries throughout six states that will be "cadres of renewal."

3. *Saturation Evangelism.* One pioneer form of this is the German Kirchentag, a mass rally sponsored by the churches of one community. Its nearest counterpart thus far in the United States was conducted last fall in the 60,000-population center spanning the Red River at Fargo, N.Dak., and Moorhead, Minn.

Two bishops and a former governor spoke on radio and television on current religious and social issues. Discussion groups were set up for professional and vocational groups. The five local novie houses scheduled commercial films like *Becket, Lord of the Flies,* and *Black Like Me.* After each showing, audiences stayed in their seats to discuss what the movies meant to them.

4. *Business, Vocational, and Industrial Projects.* Several now are underway in American cities, but the pioneer was the Sheffield (England) Industrial Mission, started in 1944. One of its first projects was to send a staff member into the city's steel and cutlery-making mills. Beginning with informal lunch-hour and tea-break discussions, he soon had managers and foremen meeting evenings to talk about real industrial problems in the light of Christian faith.

Gossner-Haus, founded in Mainz-Kastel, West Germany, in 1949, grew out of Pastor Horst Symanowski's concern that the church was not relating to the people, particularly in industrial life. Today, one of its main projects is a six-month seminar for ministers and lay workers. Participants (who have included Americans) spend the middle two months working at an unskilled factory job.

5. *Small Study and Worship Groups.* Most closely related to the local congregation are lay groups variously called house churches, cells, and *koinonia* (fellowship) groups. Such groups existed in many World War II prison camps. A Methodist pioneer in starting these groups in the U.S. is the Rev. Robert A. Raines of Philadelphia, who offers guidelines in his books *New Life in the Church* (Harper & Row, $3) and *Reshaping the Christian Life* (Harper & Row, $3). Undoubtedly Methodism's founder, John Wesley, would have approved these groups, which in several respects parallel the "class meetings" he urged all Methodists to attend regularly and seriously. He once said of the class members, "I have found by experience that one of these members has learned more from one hour's discourse than from 10 years preaching."

What Americans Can Learn

After 30 years of experimentation, today there now are more than 60 active lay centers in Europe and over 20 in the United States and Canada. Each, in its own way, is a sign of renewal. Each has helped in a rediscovery of the authority of the Bible, the role of the laity, or the meaning of worship. And nearly all have shown the values of working on an ecumenical basis. As Donald G. Bloesch points out, "There are no noticeable points of failure so far, but it may be too early to tell."

One notable success of the new forms has been their ability to attract young persons. Says Dr. Bloesch: "American Christianity can learn from these experiments that young people in increasing numbers want to serve the church full time, not as pastors or teachers but as lay witnesses and mission workers."

There should be more and more varied opportunities, he thinks, for Protestants to devote their lives to service, witness, and mission. The United States, he believes, needs a new kind of pietism and a new emphasis upon doctrine, Christian life, and prayer.

Dr. Bloesch sees dangers, however, in the experiments of community living. One is ghettoism, or isolation from the surrounding culture. A second is archaism, harkening too much back to the past. Still another is the holier-than-thou conviction that one's own style of life is superior to that of others.

But Dr. Bloesch agrees with Reinhold Niebuhr that there often is value in dramatizing the conflict between the ideal of love and the compromises often required in the culture we live in.

A pastor who recently visited the German academies writes, "They are not asked to justify their existence by what they do for the local church, so they have freedom to be a witnessing arm of the church. They need freedom to be bold, to experiment, to make mistakes, and to find new forms for the church."

In the U.S., he adds, denominational structures often stand in the way of this freedom to experiment. This is in contrast with lay centers of Europe, which typically represent a cross section of Protestants. It makes little sense, he points out, to set up meetings solely for Methodist doctors, for example. Yet any group attempting to work ecumenically in the U.S. may find itself on the fringe of the organized church.

There is, of course, an opposite extreme. One Canadian observer has pointed out that some of the German lay academies, formed to bridge the gap between church and world, have become so engrossed in the world that they sometimes appear deliberately to have abandoned their foothold in the church.

Despite these warnings, many positive things can be learned from the new lay movements—although this may require shaking the foundations of some structures and changing prevailing attitudes within the present institutional church.

For one thing, we Christians must learn to listen, according to Frederick K. Wentz, author of *The Layman's Role Today* (Doubleday, $4.95). Before a Christian pastor or layman can get a hearing from an assembly-line worker, says Dr. Wentz, he must leave his authority and dignity at the factory gate. Before the church can speak effectively to any problem, it must listen without prejudgment or moralizing.

On the frontiers of lay renaissance are centers like Chicago's Ecumenical Institute, where seminars include breakfast discussions.

Through its laity, he adds, the church must get into the common life of modern man—into his politics, his economic life, his daily round of work and play—and must show concern for a man's whole life, not just his soul.

The church also needs to develop forms of congregational life that are more fitting to contemporary society. As Dr. Wentz puts it, the church must "give evidence of the secular relevance of the Gospel." One way Pastor Symanowski did this in Germany was to start groups of 12 to 20 men who met after the late shift, from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Dr. Franklin Littell thinks America must go farther in rediscovering the authority of the Bible. The German Christians did it amidst the hell of nazi tyranny and persecution. We also need to experience "the miracle of invigorated faith," he says. This is a feeling of the fellowship within the community of faith, which is the church, the willingness to sacrifice, and the ability to see these as worthwhile, no matter what.

Europe's Protestants are more open to learning from Roman Catholics. In America, up to now, there has been more isolation between the two great branches of Christendom, and more prejudice that is hard to rub out.

Requisites to Renewal

At least two things are necessary to open the church to genuine renewal. William Gowland, a Methodist pastor in England, found that the first step was to understand the conditions of the people. He took a broken-down parish in a densely industrial district of London in 1954 and set up an industrial college.

Signs of repentance also are necessary. One form of this is posing honest questions and searching for answers, as Robert B. Starbuck says in his introduction to Symanowski's book, *The Christian Witness in an Industrial Society* (Westminster Press, $3.75). And we must hear the new challenge of the present time, not just look to the past in repentance, declares Mother Basilea of Darmstadt.

Ralph Young, who heads the Department of the Laity of the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland, called attention last fall to the urgency of training laymen in the search for renewal of the church in our time.

"Training is needed for leadership . . . for work in all vocations and in relations between the church and the structures of society," he said. "Every church should be a lay-training center and every pastor a lay-training director."

This gives a clue as to how the church in the United States can learn from Europe's lay movements. European Christians did not act until the society around them collapsed and the church had almost completely lost contact with the people. Only then did they begin in earnest to rediscover the meaning of the church and its relevance for this topsy-turvy world. □

Silhouetted against the rugged Bavarian landscape, two chaplains converse during a coffee break.

Hitler's Berchtesgaden:

Retreat Center in the Bavarian Alps

In a rugged wonderland where Adolf Hitler and Nazi elite once schemed for world conquest, Methodist chaplains and armed forces personnel meet for discussion and meditation.

Dr. McLaughlin (left) talks with Chaplain Edwin Silliman.

EARNEST MEN always have sought God amid surroundings of quiet beauty, far from strife, conflict, and work-a-day distractions. One such place in Europe is a high Alpine valley where spectral snows gleam in Bavarian skies, and the enormous bulk of Mount Watzmann is an 8,901-foot sentinel over the tranquil little German village of Berchtesgaden.

Methodist chaplains, along with officers and enlisted men of Methodist preference, met there again last October—the fourth consecutive year—for five days of worship, study, meditation, and prayer. An early fall of snow lent Christmas-card enchantment to the surroundings as the 50 chaplains, more than 100 laymen, 57 wives, and a number of children—256 persons in all—arrived from military stations in Germany, France, Italy, Scotland, Crete, and Newfoundland.

It was the largest retreat to date, representative of every section of the U.S., and to many it was "like coming home again." Plans for the fifth annual retreat next fall already are underway, says Dr. John R. McLaughlin, general secretary of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains.

"The aim is inspiration, fellowship, and training in Christian beliefs," he said. The retreats are co-sponsored by the Commission on Chaplains and the Board of Lay Activities. Sessions for chaplains and wives are separate from those for the laymen. General meetings are held for worship.

In the military sense, a retreat is a withdrawal, forced or strategically planned. In the Berchtesgaden sense, it is another kind of withdrawal—for mental and spiritual enrichment. Among the men who come may be the young soldier, soon to end his service, seeking guidance in planning his future. Or there may be a sailor or Air Force officer who plans to enter the ministry when he is discharged. (At least one Berchtesgaden retreatant every year has done exactly that.) All are there to worship and gain new inspiration through fellowship. The chaplains, for example, always gain further insight into the complex personal and moral problems facing military men.

"There is universal restlessness and confusion in the world today, and this applies to soldiers as well as civilians," says Dr. McLaughlin. "They have many questions that need to be answered.

"A chaplain wants to know the answers, for he is most often in a position to help. Increasingly, too, the chaplain is called upon as a counselor in marriage and family affairs."

Dr. McLaughlin, who served as an Air Force chaplain, says that similar retreats are held in many

R. S. Doenges, an auto dealer from Denver, leads a lay discussion at Berchtesgaden (top), while wives hold a session of their own (center). At right, the keen mountain air has inspired a large breakfast turnout in the hotel's dining room.

parts of the world. The military services grant chaplains 10 days a year of administrative leave to attend the Berchtesgaden retreats. Many denominations use this Alpine recreation area for such meetings, particularly the retreat house and chapel established there in 1954. These facilities, however, are not large enough to accommodate the number of Methodists who have attended, so the General Walker Hotel at Berchtesgaden has served as their headquarters.

Berchtesgaden won fame as the location of Adolf Hitler's wartime retreat, but his mansion there was gutted by bombs, then razed following the war. The Führer's lofty "Eagle's Nest," however, still commands one of the world's most spectacular views, and it has been converted into a restaurant.

Last year's five-day program was led by a number of Methodist educators, church executives, and conference lay leaders who could hardly be distinguished from the service personnel, because all retreatants wear civilian clothes. Among those taking leadership roles were Bishop Walter C. Gum of the Richmond Area, and Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary of the Board of Lay Activities.

Under the leadership of the Rev. Herley C. Bowling, commission staff official, three evenings were devoted to a "Planning for Life" series designed to help young men returning to civilian life. Dr. Iona McLaughlin (Mrs. John R.), former dean of women at Montclair State College in New Jersey, was a consultant on "Choosing a College" and led the chaplains' wives group.

Dr. McLaughlin said he has received many letters praising the retreats as "spiritually inspiring." But it was an enlisted man, PFC Russell K. Hackman of the Third Armored Division, who perhaps best described the real impact of a spiritual retreat at Berchtesgaden several years ago.

"It's peaceful here," he wrote. "It's night and the rain has stopped. A small mountain stream bubbles on its way. The Alpine valley smells of fresh pine. The few stars shine like diamonds cut by God. The moon sends its fluoreseent glow over the quiet land. Yes, it's peaceful here, for hand in hand we walk with God."

—H. B. Teeter

The day begins with morning devotions and ends with prayer groups, but there was time for those who would lift up their eyes "unto the hills," and for visits to Berchtesgaden's many scenic and historic attractions.

For them, the Berchtesgaden retreat is a family affair, but soon her husband will be in uniform again.

"I lifted the trunk lid and peered at the treasures he had gathered. . . . A trunkful of memories, a trunkful of dreams."

The Old Trunk

By R. P. MARSHALL
Pastor, The Methodist Church, Summerdale, Pa.

SOME YEARS ago I made a trip back to the old house which once had been my home. Still in the family, it was just as it had been when I was a boy.

Climbing the stairs to the attic, I noticed the familiar scarred red woodwork. Opening the door to what had been a playroom, I sniffed the aroma of mothballs and dust, the breath of memory. The odors of the past came back—pickle and biscuit sandwiches my brother and I had smuggled up on a rainy day, ink from the stacked magazines. In a closet, behind piles of magazines, was a round-top trunk.

Looking down at it, I remembered the last time I had seen it—back in 1926 when I had hurried a long distance back to be at the bedside of Grandfather, only to arrive the day after he was buried. Torn by grief that day, I had gone to the attic to be alone with memories of the dear old man who had been both grandfather and father to me. As I had done many times in childhood, I lifted the trunk lid and peered at the treasures he had gathered—letters from Reconstruction days, old clothes, his barlow knife which he had promised me.

Now, opening the lid, I wondered if the treasures still were there. I was not disappointed. A trunkful of memories, a trunkful of dreams.

Some time ago I read an article about an old people's home. It was an efficient operation, wrote the reporter, where everything was done for the comfort of the guests. Good food, good beds, and splendid medical care.

But one paragraph bothered me: the superintendent explained how he managed to keep everything in apple-pie order. "We have," he said, "one important rule: no pictures on the walls. When you start that, you spoil your walls. Buy good furnishings—a platform rocker, a bed, a bedside table, and one straight chair—and keep it that way. You'll have to crack down, for they'll want to bring all sorts of junk. And *no trunks*! Get it down to one suitcase, or one suit box you can dispose of."

No trunks full of memories, faded letters, curly locks of baby hair?

No trunks!

Grandmother would have died before her time had she been forced to live in a room like that, for her memories demanded room to grow in and stuff to feed upon. When the mood was upon her, she would take me by the hand, up the stairs and into the room where memories of 60 years lived in silence.

"What's this?" I asked one day, picking up a battered picture frame enclosing a lock of hair and a yellowed newspaper clipping. In the frame was a painted bookmark.

"That, my child," she told me, tears in her eyes, "is a lock of your mother's hair and the story about her funeral. And this," she pointed to the bookmark, "is what she painted for me on my birthday when she was a little girl."

"What does it say?" I asked. The words came quickly:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.

"That's what she believed," Grandma said in a whisper, trying to smile. "But she didn't grow old, my little girl. She died soon after you were born."

"She never grew old?" I asked in wonder. "I thought everybody did that."

"Not everybody. Jesus didn't, you know. He died when he was not much older than your mother."

Grandma's hands reached down into the trunk to smooth out the rustling folds of a silk dress. There was a faraway look in her eyes. I tiptoed down the winding stairs, for I had no memories—only dreams of the future.

Now side by side sat two trunks in the attic, Grandmother's and Grandfather's, smelling of lilac and violets, camphor and liniment.

"No trunks allowed," said the man. Is that the trouble with the present generation? Always on the move, they cannot keep their treasures. One by one, precious memories slip away, and age comes on without the softening influence of the past. Only the present matters to us who spend our days seeking enjoyment in the latest magazines or movie, the best seller.

I hold a photograph album that I filled when I was a boy: A skinny kid of 12, leaning against an iron fence. The prize pig that I raised and could not bear to sell, even when she was eating us out of house and home. The girl next door, with her freckles and pert tip-tilted nose. Grandmother. Strange, how small she was, and how frail. She had seemed much larger. But the smile is there, and I repeat:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.

No trunks? □

Recent court rulings, government programs, and new issues involving churches in public life have caused religious leaders to ask: How high is the 'wall of separation' which Jefferson envisioned? Does such a wall exist at all? A Methodist editor, seasoned in church-state matters, probes the questions of today—and tomorrow.

CHURCH and STATE

By ROBERT L. GILDEA
Director, Indiana Methodist Information

LIKE THE awe-stricken atomic scientists who were left with mixed emotions after unleashing nuclear fission, American Protestants in recent years have made an equally troublesome discovery.

For almost 200 years, church leaders have tossed about admonitions on the need to preserve, in Thomas Jefferson's phrase, "a wall of separation between church and state."

Now word has leaked out that there never really was a "wall"—and many really don't want one!

If any insight has been uncovered in recent debate over proper church-state relations, it is that separation is a prineiple everybody talks but doesn't neeessarily believe—at least not consistently or when vested interests are involved. Separation is too frequently understood to apply only to another sect or denomination.

Of course, a sizable number of churchmen don't yet know what they believe in this area. Methodists and Episcopalians, for example, are but two of the major denominations which have no comprehensive guidelines on the myriad of issues involved. They apparently cannot come to agreement even among themselves.

The 1964 Methodist General Conference received for consideration 22 recommendations from a study commission. The report was promptly assigned to a committee, but was not brought to the floor again until three hours before adjournment on closing day. Under those circumstances, it is not so surprising that the recommendations were shelved in a resolution calling for another four years of study.

General Conference delegates were preoccupied with their Central Jurisdiction problem, of course, and one can sympathize with conference officials who hinted that days of debate on church-state problems would have prevented action on other key issues. Still, it is tragic that our 10-million-member denomination must wait at least another four years for guidelines on issues which confront us today.

Division within the conference was apparent when delegates voted, 341 to 339, not to take a position on the proposed Becker Amendment, introduced in the U.S. Congress to nullify Supreme Court decisions and legalize devotional use of Bible reading and prayer in public schools.

Methodists, Episcopalians, and others cannot evade serious grappling with these questions much longer. When that time comes, they will confront many challenges to widely held views about the role of religion in public education, government assistance to church-related institutions, and tax exemption policies for religious groups—to name only three of the most timely issues.

Religion in Public Schools

Many church leaders were upset when the U.S. Supreme Court declared in 1962 and again in 1963 that state agencies may not prescribe religious exercises in public schools.

There were outcries that "free exercise" of religion was being violated, and that the majority in a given community has the right to operate the schools as it pleases. Some, who had not studied the decisions in detail, complained that the court was barring *voluntary* expressions of religious conviction—as if legislated exercises in the conformist climate of the public school classroom can ever be purely voluntary.

Oddly enough, Protestants have been most critical of Roman Catholics for precisely the same type of activity—in those situations where Catholics are a distinct majority. These, of course, are the so-called "captive schools," which are financed out of the public purse but function much like parochial schools.

When challenged in these communities, Catholics inevitably respond with talk about majority rights, home rule, and religious freedom. They are merely echoing their equally entrenched Protestant brothers from the next town.

Hence, the Supreme Court rulings are compelling Protestants to determine whether they hold one set of values when in a majority and another set when in a minority. If justice means anything, they cannot have it both ways.

The court's decisions also are forcing Protestants to face other problems related to public education—whether perfunctory ritual really is an effective means of imparting a sense of ethics, whether bleached-out "culture religion" is an insult rather than a tribute to God, whether attempts at nonsectarian prayer and nonsectarian Bible-reading really makes sense theologically, and whether the church and the home, not the public school, are the primary and legitimate reservoirs of Christian education.

Aid to Church-Related Institutions

Current church-state trends also are pointing to a reevaluation of the ties between religious denominations and their many institutions, notably schools of higher learning, hospitals, and homes for the aged.

If there is one area where there clearly has not been a "wall" between church and state, it is here. Government is deeply involved in helping to finance church-related institutions, and the trend is toward ever-increasing reliance upon such funds.

Church-related hospitals, for example, have obtained from government more than $500 million for new construction since inception of the Hill-Burton Act in 1946. Two thirds of church-related colleges in the U.S. have accepted federal funds for dormitory construction. Virtually all Protestant colleges have participated in another half dozen or more federal programs which make funds available either through loans or through outright grants.

A showdown is coming in which the denominations must determine how dearly they prize their institutions—and then prove it. The constant complaint of church-related hospital and college administrators is that their parent denominations fail to support them adequately, yet expect them to serve, at least to some degree, sectarian ends.

Meanwhile, government dangles before them much-needed funds on condition that the institutions serve the "public interest." Government, of course, has every right to impose ground rules such as the elimination of sectarian admission policies, denominational quotas, or preferential treatment based on religion. These demands are reasonable, since tax funds are involved.

Thus confronted with the choice of retaining a vague and often unproductive relationship with the church or accepting all the strings of government aid, can there be any doubt which choice the harried college or hospital administrator will make?

It is difficult to know whether the situation is driving a wedge between the church and its institutions or is merely bringing into focus an existing chasm.

A test case now in the Maryland courts illustrates another facet of the problem. Four church-related colleges have been sued on grounds that they are sectarian institutions and, therefore, are not qualified to receive grants from public funds.

The attorney for the defense prepared his case on arguments which could have far-reaching implications in future church-state matters.

"The plaintiffs," the lawyer said, "have set out to prove that the type of education offered in a church-related college is so different from that offered in a state-supported school that financial support of the strictly nonsectarian phase of education is in reality support of a religion. We intend to show that such a difference does not exist."

If he is too convincing in making his point that church-related education is not substantially different from that of so-called secular schools, church leaders may begin to wonder if the pains of maintaining church-related colleges are justified. Arguments have been heard in the case, and a ruling is expected soon.

Parochial School Aid Reconsidered

One side effect of the squabble over government aid is a softening of the once-hard Protestant line on the issue of assistance to Catholic parochial schools. This was readily apparent early last year in a church-state study conference called by the National Council of Churches.

By a slim margin of 30 votes, delegates approved a resolution which said, in part:

> Since parochial elementary and secondary schools are maintained by churches so that "religion permeates the entire atmosphere" of the school, government funds should not be authorized or appropriated for overall support of such schools as distinguished from aid in support of specific health and welfare programs conducted by such institutions to meet particular public needs. While we acknowledge the right of parental choice of schools, we do not admit that a choice by parents of parochial or private schools imposes on the state any obligation to support such choice through the granting of public funds in overall support of such schools.

Delegates did not explain what they had in mind in distinguishing between "overall support," which they obviously don't want, and "support of specific health and welfare programs," which apparently they approve. Conceivably, church schools could squeeze in about everything they need under the "welfare" clause of the proposal.

Although study conferences do not, of course, set policy for the National Council of Churches, the net effect of this resolution was to raise questions concerning the hard line laid down by the National Council's General Board in 1961, when it declared:

"We, therefore, do not consider it just or lawful that public funds should be assigned to support the elementary or secondary schools of any church."

Perhaps, in the intervening four years, Roman Catholics have influenced some Protestants with their argument that there is no significant difference between government assistance to higher education,

which both groups accept, and state aid for secondary and elementary schools, where the chief disagreements have centered. Admittedly, some of the arguments conjured up by Protestants to justify aid to colleges while denying it to secondary and elementary schools have a superficial ring—at least, to those who examine them without bias or involvement.

The Churches and Taxation

Trouble also lies ahead as church groups seek a clearly defined position on the question of tax exemption.

Many church leaders are concerned that church groups are abusing tax-exemption privileges and are amassing unnecessary wealth. Many believe existing federal and state legislation is too lenient with church bodies in both property and income tax policies.

Federal income-tax laws, for example, exempt *all* income of religious organizations, even so-called "unrelated business income." As a result, churches now own a wide variety of investment properties, ranging from sports arenas and hotels to office buildings, from food processing companies to textile mills. A question asked with increasing frequency is whether churches can justify unfair competition with private business in these fields, even though all profits are used to support worthy causes.

Christianity Today magazine has observed that the nation's religious bodies, encouraged by present tax exemptions, could own America in 60 years if they were so inclined.

Tax officials also are taking a closer look at possible church violations of property-tax exemptions. The stiffening attitude is caused by a steadily declining property-tax base. One study shows that 12 percent of all real property in the nation was exempt 30 years ago, but that the figure has climbed to 30 percent today.

Government, of course, owns most of this exempt property, but the church holds a substantial share of it. Fourteen percent of all exempt property in California, for example, is owned by churches. In Ohio, the figure is 14.9 percent; in Pennsylvania, it is only slightly less at 14 percent.

Tax pressure is being applied even to institutions that earlier were considered charitable. State officials in Indiana, for example, are pushing a test case to eliminate all or at least part of the exemptions of four church-related homes for the aged. Their argument is that a home in which 20 percent of the residents are legitimate charity cases should be only 20 percent exempt. The case hinges on (1) legal definition of the word "charity," and (2) whether partial exemption is lawful under state law.

In this case, no federal question is involved; the Indiana Supreme Court will be the final arbiter. The case is being watched across the nation, however, because of its legal significance in establishing a precedent that may be followed in subsequent similar cases.

Church groups have every right to claim the same tax immunities bestowed upon educational, fraternal, and educational organizations. Whether they have exceeded their rightful share is another matter. To many, it seems that they have.

Whether religious bodies will voluntarily clean up their abuses before government does it for them remains to be seen. Such action, it must be pointed out, rests with assemblies whose membership includes administrators and trustees with a vested interest in favorable tax policies. This is not to say these same persons would condone exploitation by church agencies. But it would be unrealistic to expect them to approach the issue with total detachment and objectivity.

Rigid Separation—Or Interaction?

These questions—the role of religion in public education, government involvement in financing of church-related institutions, and preferential tax policies for religious groups—only partly illustrate the dilemma of American Protestants. For years they have committed themselves verbally to the principle of separation—but without adequately defining it, and politely ignoring it when it seemed advantageous to continue existing practices.

Now, confronted with outside pressure to clarify their position, many—not all, by any means—are wary of the "wall."

The previously cited National Council study conference made this clear when it said:

> In the American experience, relations between church and state have generally been affirmative, friendly, and marked by mutual respect. In view of the nature of these relationships, any attempt to express church-state relationships in terms of an "absolute" and "complete" separation or a "wall" of separation between church and state serves only to obscure the fullness of their relationship rather than offering a fruitful basis for an understanding of the present situation. The history of church-state relations in the United States refutes such a rigid conception.

If these delegates are truly representative, American Protestants are heading down a confusing, chaotic path. If "interaction" rather than separation is the trend of the future, Protestants are storing up for themselves some vexing problems. They will run the risk of triggering a wave of anticlericalism, which historically has followed close identification of church and the state. They will gamble that American Protestantism can survive the religious sterility that inevitably follows government support of religious purposes. They may well speed up rather than impede the steady secularization of their institutions through increasing reliance on government doles and all that is implied therein.

There are notable exceptions to the trend, to be sure. The 1963 General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, for example, adopted a number of recommendations with strong separationist overtones. And Southern Baptists have laid down hard and fast rules against acceptance of tax monies. But even in these two denominations there are pockets of dissent and inconsistency.

Overall, the tide—for better or worse—seems to be running toward greater church-state cooperation. Before becoming totally involved, however, it might be well for American churches to pause long enough to reconsider the consequences of not having a solid "wall."

When all the evidence is in, they may want to build one! □

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 Warner Press, Inc.

"For weeks we've been planning this Youth Fellowship picnic, and now we have to call it off because of rain. . . . What I want to know is, who sinned?"

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

YOU HAVE lived about one fifth of your life. Four fifths still lie ahead. Will your years be good? Or miserable? Will you have a loving, happy family? Or will you divorce? Will you live a God-fearing life? Or will you be an agnostic, or an atheist? It is up to you.

The paths you choose to follow during the next few years will decide your future. Here are some thoughts worth pondering:

You will make one of life's most important decisions when you pick your husband or wife. I hope you will choose a person who has earned respect. Pick a spouse who is emotionally stable, honest, faithful, decent, generous, and capable. Appearances are much less important than character. Do not marry someone who merely excites you physically. If possible, choose a mate within your religious group. Have a fairly long engagement. Be sure you are right before taking your marriage vows.

Are you a girl? Then look ahead to homemaking and motherhood as your biggest job. You also should learn a vocation, as a safeguard. But do not downgrade your career as a parent. Prepare for it in school. Work at it when the time comes. Civilizations fall when mothers neglect their children.

Are you a boy? Then choose your occupation carefully. Use the vocational guidance opportunities available at your school. Be sure to cultivate needed occupational skills. Do not be afraid to move away from home to start your career. Expect to change jobs several times during your working years. No occupation is immune to change.

Plan to make church the center of your life. Almost anywhere you go, you will find active, well-led Methodist congregations. Join and take part. Your relationship with God matters more than anything else. May the Lord bless you in the years to come.

Q&A

I am a girl, 18, and an only child. My mother was 42 and my father 50 when I was born. All my life they have tried to keep me from growing up. Now I am going steady with a wonderful boy of 20. He comes from a fine Christian home. He gets A grades in most of his college classes. He is president of the college's Protestant Youth Club. However, my parents say no boy is good enough for me. They think I should never marry. They tell me to plan on taking care of them all the rest of their lives. Is it wrong for a girl of 18 to go with a nice boy? Don't I have a right to marry and raise my own children? —A.J. Of course you do. It is not wrong for a girl of 18 to go with a good young man. You have your own life to live. However, I hope you can avoid a break with your folks. Many parents have trouble realizing that their children grow up. Try to get your mother and father to discuss their views with parents of some of your girl friends. Possibly when they see how other parents feel, they will relax with you.

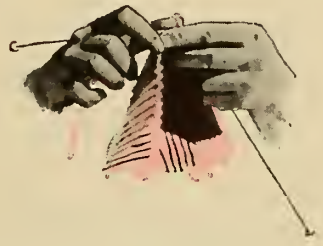
Q&A

I'm a boy, 13. Recently I got a paper route—the first chance I have had to earn money. I had expected to save my earnings for a 10-speed bike, but my father says no. He makes me put every cent into the bank to help pay for my college education. Do you think this is fair? Shouldn't I have the right to decide how to use the money I earn? Dad says he'll do whatever you suggest. Will you help us, Dr. Barbour?—J.M. I can understand how your father feels. Friends going to the university you mention tell me it costs about $3,000 a year. It is reasonable to expect you to help save up for it. However, there is something else at stake. Boys and girls need the opportunity to earn their own money and the experience of deciding how to spend it. It is better for a person to make mistakes with money while he is young and the sums are small than when he is grown and the sums are large. I suggest a compromise. Could you save half your earnings for your college education and the other half for the bike? That might be best.

Q&A

I am a girl, 16. Last week I was reading a book on psychology. In it was a statement from Dr. Sigmund

One Row Today



ONCE, when I was a girl, I decided to knit myself a long, blue sweater. Not only did I choose an elaborate pattern but I used needles almost too small for the thick yarn. I quickly became discouraged. "I'm not going to finish this sweater," I told my mother. "Not ever."

"But you must," she said firmly. "You will knit one row today and another tomorrow until the sweater is finished." I protested, "It's too big. I can't." But she assured me, "Anybody can knit one row."

Doubtfully, I picked up the needles and knit a row. Next day I knit another. And the next, until a month had passed. Finally, one of the sleeves was done.

My mother's encouragement continued. "You'll finish the sweater if you keep at it, one row a day."

She was right. My fingers became more nimble; my enthusiasm grew. And eventually the sweater was completed.

Apparently there is no "wear out" to that sweater, for I ran across it again just the other day in a closet. I held it, lost in memories for a few moments. Then suddenly I realized how my mother had used it to teach me about daily living.

Without that example, I might never have dared attack the rock-filled yard at our new house. I had carried one rock each evening to the back of the lot until the yard was cleared for grass, flowers, and trees.

Live each day through to the end; that was the lesson. Face its problems with courage and a determination to conquer them one by one. Just as the rocks were moved and the sleeve was finished, so the months are completed. Then the years can be worn as a wrap, warm and comforting as the old sweater. All that life requires is that we live it "one row today."

—RUTH C. IKERMAN

Freud that religion was a form of neurosis. He said we lean on religion as a crutch because we are afraid to face the real world. This knocked the wind out of me. Dr. Barbour, do you believe that Freud was right?—B.I. Sigmund Freud was the founder of a method of psychiatric treatment called "psychoanalysis." I would not call him the greatest psychologist of all time. However, he certainly was one of the great thinkers of his day. He worked with miserably unhappy, mentally ill people. His theories appear to be based on the conclusion that everybody tended to have the problems and traits he found in his sick patients. I think that is why a good many of his ideas no longer are accepted widely. There are some fanatical people for whom religion is clearly a crutch. However, there are millions of normal people whose beliefs are not the least bit neurotic. I believe that most of our present-day psychologists would agree with what I say. Religion is far more than a neurotic symptom in our lives.

Q&A

I am 15, my boyfriend is 18. He dropped out of school five years ago. I think he's swell, but my parents cannot stand him. He won't go to church with me. He is very jealous. If I even say hello to a boy, he threatens to knock me down. He has hit me very hard with his fists several times. Now he wants to get married. Would he make a good husband? —D.L. You should not even think about a husband at your age. I hope you listen to your parents. They have had more experience with all types of people than you. Almost certainly, their judgment is sounder than yours. You should expect your boyfriend to be the same sort of person all the rest of his life. That means he probably will not make a good husband. I suggest you stop dating him. Go out with a nice boy of 15 or 16. You will have a lot more fun. No girl should continue dating a boy who slaps or hits her.

Q&A

Are junior colleges any good? My grades are too low to get into the Methodist-related college my parents attended. There is a junior college within driving distance of my home. Any high-school graduate is allowed to enter. Could I go there for two years, then transfer to the school of my choice?—L.J. Yes, if you earn a high enough grade average during your years in the junior college. There are various sorts of schools called by the name "junior college" in different parts of the country. In California, they combine vocational-training courses with the first two years of regular college. They are easy to enter. However, reasonably good grades are necessary to stay in them. Some students who start are dropped. Most four-year colleges now accept academic work done in the junior colleges. Write to the school of your choice, to make sure. If it accepts junior-college units, enroll in your nearby school. Then crack the books as you have never cracked them before. Good luck!

Q&A

I am so mad at my grandmother I can hardly write. I am 15, a Christian girl. I have Christian friends. My grandmother says we all will burn in hell. Last night when my date called for me, she told him he was a "filthy emissary of satan," whatever that means. She said my parents must be crazy to let me have a date. The boy told me he would never come to my house again. I do not blame him. What can a girl do with such a kooky grandmother?—D.M. I'm sorry your grandmother treated you this way. However, I hope you will be patient with her. The world has changed a lot since she was a teen-ager. Probably she has suffered with each change. Give her credit for loving you, for meaning well. Go to your parents. They are the ones who should give you guidance. Get them to lay down some rules for your grandmother. Get them to help your grandmother see her mistakes. If they fail, ask them to have your grandmother discuss this with your religious leader. Probably she would take suggestions from him, which she could not accept from anyone else. You have a right to live a normal life without undue embarrassment.

Q&A

I'm a girl, 16. A boy in our neighborhood, also 16, has been paroled from a reform school. I have known him all my life. I'm sure he has changed; I am confident that he will be a good boy from now on. My parents also believe in him. They let us date. However, several of my friends tell me I'm a fool. They say no nice girl would go out with a parolee. How can I get them to accept him and help him?—M.F. I'm glad you have faith in the boy. The greatest problem for boys in his situation usually is the condemnation of the people who remember them as they used to be. Take the boy with you to church. Help him

ecome active in MYF. He'll find riends there who will want to help im. As he demonstrates his improve- ient, even the kids who now criticize im will accept him.

Q&A

I'm 16. A girl friend who is very lose to me used to go steady. Then er boyfriend met me. He decided he ked me better, so he broke up with er. Now he keeps asking me to go eady with him. I tell him he should o back to my girl friend. But when say that my heart is breaking, be- use I really care a lot for him. He ositively refuses to date her anymore. 'hat should I do?—G.F. One of ie bad things about going steady is ie trouble it causes when the inevi- ble breakup comes. However, the oy has a right to decide which girl e will invite out. You cannot force m to go steady with anyone. If he is decent boy and you like him, you ight as well accept dates with him. efusing him will not help your girl iend.

Q&A

I graduated from high school two ars ago. I am 19 and have a good b. I love a girl. Her parents don't ant her to go out with any boys. owever, we fooled them. She would to bed early. Then when her folks ere asleep, she would dress and imb out of the window and meet e. We made a bad mistake several mes. Now she is pregnant. You might ink we would be worried, but we en't. We are glad, because we want get married. Should we go to the thorities and tell them what has ppened? Or must we go to our rents? My girl will be 18 soon. Can r parents stop us from marrying? -H.E. I am sorry for what has hap- ened. You made many mistakes. It ould have been much better for you have waited, and not to have de- ived her parents. The law of your ate gives people of 18 the right to arry without their parents' consent. ou should explain everything to your lks and to hers. Ask them to give ou their blessings. Do all you can avoid a break with them.

ave a problem? *Dr. Barbour will swer through* Teens Together *if you write to him c/o* Together, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. His suggestion could be one to help in your puzzling predicament.* —Editors

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

How many are to be saved? This question is prompted by the reference in Revelation 7:4 to the 144,000 marked for entrance into heaven. And this number is an intensification of both 12 (the symbol of the Church in Hebrew numerology) and 10 (the symbol for "fulness" or "completeness").

The number of 10 thousand times 10 thousand (Revelation 5:11, KJV) is the symbol for "innumerable." As D. T. Niles says in his new book on Revelation, *As Seeing the Invisible,* "Ultimately the mercy of God's judgments is his will that all men must repent."

Thus, we may conclude that the number of those who stand before the throne is a multitude that cannot be numbered.

What are the qualifications of a bishop? There is no better answer than that of Paul writing to Timothy (1 Timothy 3:2-7 in the New English Bible):

"Our . . . bishop must be above reproach, faithful to his one wife, sober, temperate, courteous, hospitable, and a good teacher; he must not be given to drink, or a brawler, but of a forbearing disposition, avoiding quarrels, and no lover of money.

"He must be one who manages his own household well and wins obedience from his children, and a man of the highest principles. . . .

"He must not be a convert newly baptized, for fear the sin of conceit should bring upon him a judgment contrived by the devil. He must moreover have a good reputation with the non-Christian public, so that he may not be exposed to scandal and get caught in the devil's snare."

Is the church too institutionalized? Probably; it must fight this temptation continually. Some observers see the church so encrusted with obscure creeds and outmoded ceremonies, and so clogged with programs, that it makes a poor channel of God's grace, a sorry instrument of his will.

Some (and many of them are young people) have had their fill of institutional phoniness, and are ready to start a no-church movement, outside the established church but still loyal to Christ. This was done in Japan; but new churches grew up inevitably, because people do not attain Christian maturity in solitude. Those who led out of the churches became the centers of new churches.

He was right who said that an institution is "the lengthened shadow of a man." The church is different from other institutions in that it serves men because it serves God.

"Have you ever noticed how often a conversation starts with a question?" Bishop Nall asks. "And our answers should prompt new questions as we venture together in a quest for truth." The bishop—author, traveler, religious journalist—is leader of the Minnesota Area.

THE GIFT OF POWER

By JOHN C. SOLTMAN
Pastor, Mason Methodist Church
Tacoma, Washington

To all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God; who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God.—John 1:12-13

DESPITE ITS tremendous growth since World War II, there are alarming signs that the church in our day is seriously ill.

Church membership still is growing slowly, but worship attendance is declining. Even with the population explosion, church-school enrollments are going down. Church-school attendance also has been declining for five years.

The influence of the church, too, is declining. How little Christianity seems to have influenced the nuclear-arms race! And how silent most Christians have been as this country and others have struggled through the pain of racial revolution!

Another sure sign of decline is the dwindling number of men going into the ministry. Each year we Methodists have about 1,200 newly empty pulpits to fill—and not enough new pastors to fill them. This is happening while many other fields are overcrowded. It is happening in spite of the fact that ministerial salaries have increased and going to seminary is financially easier now than in the past.

Looking for a Cure

These are signs of a sickness in the church. But how shall we make a diagnosis and find the cure? I know of no more basic way than to turn to the very center of the faith: to the New Testament church, the life of Jesus, his teachings, and the towering first-century Christian who wrote the Gospel of John. Here we may discover the electrifying truth, the joy-giving peace, the power which caused the early Romans to exclaim in awed disbelief, "What people these Christians are!"

Why the Gospel of John? I admit a sentimental preference, for it was my favorite as a boy. Though I did not understand it, I memorized the prologue: *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him . . .*

This is also the best seasoned of the Gospels, for it was the last written. The author, whose identity is not known for sure, wrote this book near the end of the first century—about 70 years after the death of Jesus. He had observed the young church and the work of the Apostle Paul, and he had helped to form Christian doctrine.

By the time the Gospel of John was written, the church was facing some problems which have stuck with it until today. Christians were confronting challenges to their faith not unlike the adversaries of our own souls.

Without doubt, the writer of John had one principal purpose in mind. It is explicitly stated in the 20th chapter: *These [things] are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in his name.*

Heart of the Gospel

This declaration was the heart of Christianity for a man who was close enough to have listened to those who sat at the Master's feet, and far enough away to understand the meaning of Christ.

Christianity for him is not a fine ethical system—exalted principles which men and nations may follow. It is not the example of Christ, to be followed by people as best they can.

Christianity for the writer of the Fourth Gospel is not even the church, with its Baptism and Lord's Supper, its Christmas celebrations and Easter worship services.

What, then, is this Christianity? There is a clue in a single verse you learned in Sunday school: *For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.* It is the clear teaching of this book that God sent Jesus Christ to man, and that, believing in him, man receives the power and the right to become a child of God.

John does not minimize honest, ethical living, or trying to follow the example of Christ, or being a reverent and faithful churchman. But none of these is the central act of faith—the acceptance of Christ.

Belief Without Boundaries

Is it possible that this is the diagnosis of the illness of Christianity? Have we found the reason so many Christians have little spiritual drive, no vitality, no joy? Someone said, "I have liked Christianity all of my life; I have just never believed in it." Is it possible that those words could be yours? Does John 3:16 leave you out?

Possibly we so confidently believe we can do anything that we think faith no longer is necessary. There is debate as to whether or not we should put men on the moon. We continue to explore it with machines and instruments. Eventually we will send a man. We are committed to one of the most expensive enterprises in all of human history.

The question is not whether we can. It is only another case of enough time and enough money. Our minds are geared to the unrestricted capability of man's mind and energy.

Power for Life

Is faith any longer necessary? The answer of the New Testament, and of John's Gospel in particular, is unequivocal. God sent Christ, and man must receive him in faith, believing. There is no other way.

My family and I spent one vacation at the foot of the dry falls, in the Grand Coulee of the Big Bend Country. If you like sunshine and dry air, and don't fret too much about wind and dust, and will take the chance of a wandering rattlesnake, we recommend it. A string of lakes lies in the coulee—small quiet bodies of water, the merest remnant of the torrent which once plummeted 400 feet over the sheer walls, bigger than many Niagaras, ruthlessly carving a massive furrow through the layers of lava rock.

Now it is a quiet place—the lakes still, the rock walls slowly moldering away into piles of rotten stone. It is beautiful, but there is a sadness about it. The power is gone. The pulsing river has chosen another course. The river left its mark forever, but gone is the thrill of tumbling tons of tumultuous water —the force which could remake the face of the earth.

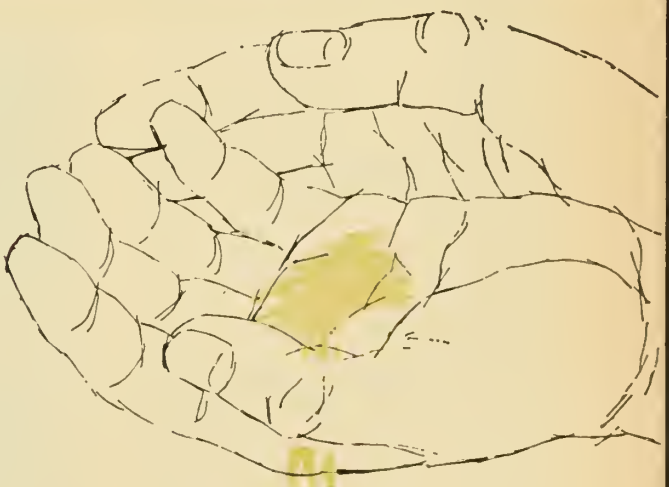
Is this a parable of the church? Is this a description of my own religious life, or yours? Has Christianity left its mark, but gone to flow in some other channel?

Only one thing could restore that splendor—the great river. Only one thing can revive the church and put the glory of God in your life and mine—that is the faith by which we receive him.

Believe in his name; receive the power to become the sons of God; be born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." □

HE WHO WOULD SAVE HIS LIFE

By Pauline Robertson



Hands which clutch the fluid that is life
Let life leak through; it trickles drop by drop
Through frugal fingers.
So stintingly it's spent, it peters out,
Obscurely, in the great ongoing river.

The danger seems to lie in gracious living,
When niceties become themselves an end,
The cause for being . . . .
When creature comforts of a small, closed group
Absorb one ordered day after another.

It's in arranging, rearranging *things*—
The pitiful, consuming things which keep
Us comfortable—
That we become ingrown. We hoard our lives
In tight-cupped palms, begrudging each drop leaked.

Sometimes amid the misers there's a spendthrift,
Expending all himself extravagantly
For some grand cause.
This prudent prodigal's life swells the mainstream
Significantly, for it's freely given.

The trick's to spill it all—the double handful—
So it makes a big splash when it joins the river.

Looks at NEW BOOKS

THE LATE Jesuit priest and paleontologist **Pierre Teilhard de Chardin** believed that what we see taking place in the world today is not merely the multiplication of *men* but the continued shaping of *man*.

In ***The Future of Man*** (Harper & Row, $5), papers that this mystical priest-scientist wrote over a period of 30 years maintain that Christianity is the only religion that can cope with such scientific ideas as evolution. But it was not evolution of the body with which Father Teilhard was concerned, it was that of the mind and soul.

Mankind is converging, or "coiling in on itself," in two ways, he believed. The first is toward the unification of persons, which will result in advancement of the total society. The second way of convergence is in mankind's approach toward a goal that Father Teilhard calls the omega point, or union with God.

His is not an easy book to read; to get the most out of it requires some sophisticated knowledge both of modern scientific theory and Christian theology, but it presents a sweeping challenge to those who would try.

Konstantin Paustovsky, in his 70s, is the grand old man of Russian literature. His style is reminiscent of Chekhov or Turgenev yet uniquely his own, and his uncompromising belief in the necessity for artistic freedom has been an inspiration to the younger generation of Soviet writers.

In ***The Story of A Life*** (Pantheon, $10), he begins what will become a multivolume autobiography with a chronicle of his own journey to manhood. His personal story, however, is only one thread in a richly woven tapestry of people and events, smells and sounds, sunshine and shadow. Here are the Russian people during the chaotic first two decades of the 20th century, not symbolic figures, but living, breathing people caught up in the giant wheel of history yet never ceasing to be individuals. And here is the Russian landscape in all its beauty and loneliness.

Joseph Barnes has done a masterly job of translating this book, which should become a classic.

Lowell Thomas' Book of the High Mountains (Messner, $10) sprawls over the subject as grandly as the Rockies stretch across the North American continent.

Jumping from one part of the globe to another, it imparts a tremendous amount of history, mythology, and geological information about the rooftop regions of the world in Thomas' always interesting style. Thus it not only makes good reading for a winter's evening but is a valuable book to place alongside the dictionary, encyclopedia and other reference books.

"Richard Claxton Gregory was born on Columbus Day, 1932. A welfare case. You've seen him on every street corner in America. You knew he had rhythm by the way he snapped his cloth while he shined your shoes. Happy little black boy, the way he grinned and picked your quarter out of the air. Then he ran off and bought himself a Twinkie Cupcake, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, and a pocketful of caramels. You didn't know that was his dinner. And you never followed him home."

In his autobiography, ***Nigger*** (Dutton, $4.95), **Dick Gregory** takes you home, home to a flat without heat, sometimes without water, where his mother had to "make deals" with the rats, leaving some food out for them so they would not gnaw on the doors or bite the babies.

He takes you to school where he was shamed by being reminded before his whole class that he was on relief. He lets you share his efforts to be a "big shot," both in St. Louis, where he went to high school, at Southern Illinois University, which he attended on an athletic scholarship, and in Chicago, as he was getting his start as a comedian. And he lets you share his bitterness, his terror, and his love as he takes up his active part in the battle for civil rights, wielding his humor as a weapon.

His story, written with **Robert Lipsyte**, reveals an angry man, scarred

Sunrise in the Antarctic, a continent crisscrossed with mountain ranges. From Lowell Thomas' Book of the High Mountains.

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and strengthened by poverty and prejudice, driven by a "monster" within him.

Gregory, born and raised in the North, has repeatedly risked life, career, and freedom in the Southern Negro movement. Now he makes the additional sacrifice of baring his inmost self in this autobiography, and by expressing his own pain, bitterness, hurt, and drive he speaks for his whole race.

At 19, **Bill Sands**, son of a politically prominent California judge, was arrested as a "thrill bandit" and sent to San Quention to serve three life sentences. This could have removed him permanently from society.

After three years, however, he was paroled, tough, intelligent, capable, determined to stay outside prison walls for the rest of his life. The two most important factors in his rehabilitation were Warden Clinton T. Duffy and his friend and co-worker in prison, Caryl Chessman, who was to die in the gas chamber.

In his search for a new life, Sands circled the world four times, was a sailor, prizefighter, Olympic swimming coach, corporation executive, auto racer, diamond hunter, pilot, and entertainer. But not even his happy marriage to a Los Angeles newspaperwoman brought him the fulfillment he sought. Finally, with his wife's help and backing, he found his purpose: helping other ex-convicts get on their feet and telling parents how to raise their children to be responsible citizens.

He tells his story in ***My Shadow Ran Fast*** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), and it is, literally, one of those books you cannot put down. More important, it is packed with practical, hard-won wisdom. It testifies, throughout, to the power of love, the kind of love Warden Duffy had for the hard-bitten criminals in his care, the kind of love Sands has come to have for the people he tries to help.

Jean-Paul Sartre, dean of atheistic existentialist philosophy, who refused to accept the Nobel Prize for Literature last year because "a writer must refuse to allow himself to be transformed into an institution," begins his autobiography in ***The Words*** (George *Braziller*, $5). The French writer's record of the first 10 years of his life is an eloquent revelation of the inner world of a child who was also a genius.

A baby when his father died, he was reared by his mother and grandparents. It was a household dominated by the grandfather, who "so resembled God the Father that he was often taken for him." Yet instead of the child worshiping the father figure represented by the grandfather, the grandfather worshiped the child.

"I keep creating myself," Sartre writes, "I am the giver and the gift. If my father were alive, I would know my rights and my duties. He is dead and I am unaware of them." Yet earlier in the book he refers to the death of his father as giving him his freedom, observing: "There is no good father, that's the rule."

Perhaps this, coupled with the fact that his grandfather never missed an opportunity to ridicule the Catholicism in which the young Jean-Paul was being reared, accounts for Sartre's conviction that God, like his father, is dead. "I needed God. He was given to me," he writes. "I received him without realizing that I was seeking him. Failing to take root in my heart, he vegetated in me for a while, then he died."

It is in books that Sartre has found his religion. He grew up taking it for granted that a literary career could do something positive on behalf of humanity. He has come to think otherwise, but his childhood joy in words persists, and he says: "I write and will keep writing books."

A distraught lawyer displays the contents of his briefcase to his wife: "And when I rose to address the jury I was clutching a handful of jelly sandwiches." . . . A startled friar in-

spects the window of a Redemption Center—for Red Stamps. . . . An executive confides to his psychiatrist: "Now that I've got status, I don't know what to do with it." . . . Over cocktails one mink-draped matron tells another: "Aside from the P.T.A. my life is a cultural desert."

So goes the picture of life in our affluent society in ***Here's Looking at You*** (Dutton, $3.50). These and other cartoons **Charles Preston** selected from *The Wall Street Journal* are funny on the surface, frightening in their undertones.

All Christians should look upon Lent, beginning this year on March 3, as a period of spiritual enrichment. How each of us goes about seeking this deeper spiritual meaning is a matter of personal preference and opportunity, but books can play an important part.

There is something for almost everybody, for instance, in ***Modern Religious Poems*** (Harper & Row, $4.95), an anthology edited by **Jacob Trapp**. With the exception of Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Gerard Manley Hopkins, all the poets represented here were born in or lived in this century, and those three were 20th-century "discoveries."

The late **G. Ray Jordan**, who was professor of preaching and chapel preacher at Candler School of Theology, Emory University, has left us a legacy of thoughts on the Lord's Prayer in ***Life-Giving Words*** (Warner, $1.50). This paperback book reminds us that the words of the prayer Jesus gave us are as relevant in the Congo as in St. Peter's Basilica, and suit our century as well as they did the first.

Welsh-born **Elam Davies**, since 1961 pastor of Chicago's historic Fourth Presbyterian Church, considers such matters as God's deliverance, and God's forgiveness, consequences of our Easter belief, and the reasons why we should go to church in ***This Side of Eden*** (Revell, $2.95).

A book of eight sermons by Methodist minister **Emerson S. Colaw** views the life of Jesus in ***The Way of the Master*** (Abingdon, $2.50).

In ***The Lord's Prayer*** (Rand McNally, $2), **Mary Alice Jones** describes how the disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray and explains each line in the prayer for young children. Dorothy Grider's drawings, some black and white, some color, help the child relate biblical background and religious faith to his own life.

Methodists have reason to be proud of Mary Alice Jones. Recently retired as director of The Methodist Church's Department of Christian Education of Children, she has 37 religious books for children in print. Their sales total more than 20 million copies. She is now consulting editor on all Rand McNally's religious publications.

Some 30 years ago I read a story I was to read many times since. And each time it has left me laughing so hard I have had to wipe the tears from my eyes. I honestly do not know why *Mr. K°a°p°l°a°n and Shakespeare* is so funny to me, but I have a lot of company; it has been reprinted many times since it appeared originally in the *New Yorker*.

The author was doing research for a Ph.D. thesis on Washington's corps of newspapermen, and this story and others he sold in those years were

published under the pen name of Leonard Q. Ross. Now **Leo Rosten** is so thoroughly respected as a social scientist that he does not mind a bit admitting that he is the author of short stories, articles on a multitude of subjects, and movies, too—he wrote *Captain Newman, M.D.*, which was one of my favorites.

Generous samples of his writing, picked by himself, are gathered into *The Many Worlds of L°e°o R°o°s°t°e°n* (Harper & Row, $5.95), and in addition to getting reacquainted with my old friend Mr. K°a°p°l°a°n I have been enjoying incisive discussions on psychiatry, sociology, politics, the arts, and travel. A generous portion of *Captain Newman* is included, too, and all are woven together by Rosten's recollections of how he came to write each. If I lend this book, I will put a very large chain on it first, so it will not fail to come home again.

An artist and a physician have combined to present the most graphic argument I have seen against smoking. In fact, if you do not intend to stop, I advise you not to read *Dying to Smoke* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95). It will haunt you.

The artist is the gifted satirist **Robert Osborn**. The doctor is **Fred W. Benton**, who supplied him with the medical information for drawings so pointed they need few words to underline their meaning. But the words that are used are strong ones: heart and circulatory diseases, ulcer, lung cancer.

The book concludes with equally succinct information on how to quit, and how good you will feel if you do.

For further reading on the subject, I refer you to paragraph 2022.4 of the *Discipline of The Methodist Church*.

For more than a century, John James Audubon has been the best-known, most-revered nature artist in the United States. Yet because of his secretiveness about his birth and childhood, his fondness for spinning tales, and biographers' failure to gain access to certain important records, he has remained an enigma.

Actually, Audubon's life was as exciting as the stories he invented. The son of a marine captain, he was taken to France as a young child to escape insurrection in his native Haiti. He arrived in France only to witness the French Revolution. Coming to the United States while still in his teens, he settled on the Mississippi frontier, suffering a succession of business failures before winning recognition with *The Birds of America*.

Alice Ford tells his story in *John James Audubon* (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95). The book reflects more than 10 years of research and is illustrated with reproductions of Audubon's art work. Only one plate is in color, but some of the black and white reproductions have a special luminosity.

If you have an interest in America's public affairs, and all Americans should, I hope you will not let the ponderous size of *The Journals of David E. Lilienthal* (Harper & Row, 2 volumes, each $10) keep you from reading them.

This is the first time within memory that one of the major—and most controversial—figures in American public life has allowed his personal journals to appear while he was alive. David Lilienthal occupied two key government posts between 1939 and 1950. He was head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, then became chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. He made entries in his journals whenever he could find spare time, sometimes writing in airplanes as he traveled, in hotel rooms before going to bed, at conference tables during breaks in negotiations. Once, after a meeting with Justice Frankfurter, he made an entry on the back of an envelope held against a pillar in the Supreme Court building.

Why did he keep the journals? "Partly because of a desire to write as I pleased," he says, "partly to gain perspective during difficult and exhausting fights, or to indulge myself in the emotions of exultation or discouragement."

Volume two, written during his years with the Atomic Energy Commission, is the faster paced, more exciting volume of the two. Both, however, give an inimitable look at history as it was being made.

Professor **Walter G. Williams** of Methodist-related Iliff School of Theology writes about biblical archaeology in a relaxed, interesting way in *Archaeology in Biblical Research* (Abingdon, $4.75), and it is a good first book on the subject for laymen.

As an example of how archaeological discoveries can illuminate the meaning of the Bible, Dr. Williams recalls Genesis 31:30, which records Laban's anguish because his teraphim or household gods had been stolen. Unknown to her husband, Jacob, Rachel had taken these images. The incident seemed to have little significance until tablets recovered from near Kirkuk (ancient Nuzu), Iraq, explained that ancient tribal law provided that whoever owned the family gods inherited the family estate, or in other cases, became the recognized head of the clan. Seeking to protect her own and Jacob's just inheritance, Rachel risked possible injury or death to take the images. —BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IT IS A common idea that novels are entertainment and nothing more. The educated man tends to make light of the fiction he reads, and usually he is apologetic for the time spent on novels. Of course, novels have to be entertaining or they will not be read, but the good novel reveals something about human life which we only suspected or vaguely understood.

Julian Green once put it in these words: "A novelist is like a scout commissioned to go and see what is happening in the depths of the soul. He comes back and reports what he has observed. He never lives on the surface but only inhabits the darkest regions."

After reading a good novel, a man ought to feel that he has glimpsed another dimension of life and has met a new and intriguing personality. The fiction that lacks this mark is never very important.

This month I comment on a book that fulfills this deeper purpose of fiction admirably. It is **HERZOG** by **Saul Bellow** (*Viking*, *$5.75*). It is in some ways a depressing book. At times, it is exhausting. It seems as if we cannot possibly bear to have anything more happen to Herzog as the poor man surely has suffered enough. But he is a man of our time, and in his greatness and smallness, his sadness and joy, we see in the perspective the frustration and unhappiness all around us.

This book is a very great accomplishment, and it helps us to view our contemporaries with more sympathy and pity. Saul Bellow, like the late Aldous Huxley, reveals an amazing breadth of knowledge about many disciplines.

Herzog is a gifted Jewish professor, author of a classical book in his own field, the history of culture. But his personal life is a mess. He is full of brilliant ideas which never materialize, for he is forever running after some new goal which eludes him.

His first marriage ended in a divorce when he met a very beautiful but unstable woman who seemed to offer everything he wanted. Then he took the money his father left him and bought a home in the New England country and, almost singlehandedly, rebuilt the old house to make it livable. While isolated from the city, his second wife fell in love with the husband of a couple they met socially. In a little while, there was another divorce, and Herzog was isolated again.

He tries this affair and that one, but he is afraid to risk another marriage. He is very fond of his daughter whom he can see only rarely, so that the experience is frustrating and upsetting. Nothing goes right and the final indignity is suffered when he has an automobile accident while entertaining the daughter. He ends up in the police station, discredited in her eyes.

Herzog is without spiritual roots. His second wife was converted to Catholicism, and he tried to go along for a while but nothing much came of it. His own faith is on the intellectual level, and he is too critical to find a simple trust. He writes letters to himself, or he writes letters to other people, but he never mails them. They are brilliant letters, for Herzog's keen mind can deal with the questions but not with the simple problems of living.

Yet this man who has made such a mess of everything arouses our concern, for there is goodness in him. One has the feeling that he is the victim of forces beyond his control. He is caught up in a mystery which he cannot even dimly comprehend. He is modern man lost, frustrated, and doomed.

And now let me close on a preacher's level. Herzog is man without God whose tragedy is the purposelessness of such living. We lov this man, but what religion has t give him for his salvation is too sim ple for him to accept.

And now for a sharp change of pace we turn to **THE BIG KNIVES** b **Bruce Lancaster** (*Little, Brown* *$5.95*). This is Lancaster's last boo because he died shortly after it wa finished. It is the story of Georg Rogers Clark from Virginia who, wit his men, saved the frontier from th British and their Indian allies. Hi task as he saw it was to keep the nev colonies from being hemmed in b the savages who raided the small set tlements along the Mississippi, tortur ing and killing at their will.

The story is told through the expe rience of a young man on his wa home from New Orleans to New En gland. Traveling up the Mississippi he is captured by some of Clark's men He finally decides he can only ge home by helping them accomplis their task. They march through flooded ground where for days at time they are hardly ever dry. Thoug suffering, they perform feats of cour age and valor, inspired and held to gether by the personality of thei captain. The story makes clear tha Americans will always be in debt t young George Clark.

We have had in recent years wha have been called "adult Westerns." was never quite sure of the differenc between an adult Western and a ordinary one, but apparently the treat the Western life more seriously *The Big Knives* might be called a adult frontier story.

Lancaster did a good deal of re search for his writing, and he is care ful to point out when he takes liber ties with facts. He makes us aware o the issues involved and of the under lying forces at work. From him, we get not only a good story but some early history which is accurate enough for us nonexperts.

It is a good story and a relief to get away from the neurotic men of our time. At least these frontiersmen knew what they had to do and why it had to be done. They had no time to spend on much introspection, and they were too busy for anything except the immediate task. It is when men have conquered the country and created the affluent society that the trouble begins.

It is hard to imagine George Rogers Clark in the 20th century or Herzog in the 19th century. Our only safety is to live with One whose character, life, and teaching are the same yesterday, today, and forever. And so on this religious and hopeful note, we take our leave from two men so very different yet so very similar to their deepest needs. □

n the school where he was carried to class as a polio-stricken teen, Larry now teaches and makes his own way.

People Called Methodists / No. 40 in a Series

Larry Carpenter: High-School Teacher-Counselor

Most Seneca teachers are young, and lunch provides time for fellowship along with sandwiches and Coke.

EVER SINCE he could remember, Larry Carpenter had been a sports enthusiast. As a high-school freshman, he plunged into track, basketball, and football at his home town of Seneca, Kans.

Then, in August of 1952, he contracted bulbar polio. During the next two years, he spent 14 months at the University of Kansas Medical Center in Kansas City before returning home, permanently con-

A student stops to see Larry in the converted cloakroom that serves as his counseling office.

Curbless streets in Seneca's downtown section are negotiated easily in a wheelchair.

fined to a wheelchair. He completed his second year of high school by correspondence then went back to Seneca High, where he was carried up and down the school stairs each day.

Today Larry, who will be 28 on March 25, is a mathematics teacher and counselor at that same school. There is a ramp now, protruding from an arched entrance of the old brick and stone building, and a first-floor cloakroom has been turned into an office adjoining his classroom.

Those minor changes were all that were needed for Larry to work unaided. Each day he drives the few blocks to school from his parents' home, where years ago a bath was added to his first-floor bedroom so he could operate independently.

His car is a specially equipped red and white 1964 Chevrolet with power steering—required by his driver's license—and air conditioning. With his left hand, he operates a lever that controls the brakes and gas pedal.

Since he was graduated from Kansas State Teachers College at Emporia in 1960, Larry has been a thoroughly competent teacher—and one of the students' favorites.

"I have heard many a student remark that, of all the teachers in our school system, their respect is greatest for Larry," says the Rev. Maclure Stillwell of First Methodist Church. "But I don't believe it's just because he accomplishes so much from a wheelchair. He commands the respect of our young people because of the love that he has for them."

He manages discipline easily, without raising his voice, and he makes use of a subtle sense of humor. "Work on page 289 till your heart is content," he tells an algebra class. "But my heart won't be content until you have worked the first 20 problems."

When he first came home to teach, Larry also led the senior-high church-school class each Sunday. But he gave it up when he decided it was not a good idea to deal with the same teen-agers in school and at church. He is, however, on the church's stewardship and finance commission and has served as financial secretary.

The church, with its high front steps, is about the only place in town that Larry cannot go alone. Each Sunday he is carried into the sanctuary.

"Never have I seen a depressed expression on Larry's face," says Mr. Stillwell. "Always there is radiance, and needless to say, it's contagious. He is an inspiration to all of us." —Carol D. Muller

Larry collects U.S. coins: "A little of everything, like a raven." He also enjoys painting and avidly follows Seneca sports events.

xie, Larry's mongrel dog,
kes a closer look at the selection
fered at the dinner table.

The high, wooden steps of the Methodist church
are barriers that Larry can't negotiate without help.
"It's the hardest place I go," he says.

after-supper table talk, Bernice and Herbert Carpenter reflect pride in their son's accomplishments.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

TOGETHER BOX 423 PARK RIDGE ILLINOIS

Letters

Divided Chancel Unequalled

CECIL D. SMITH, *Retired Minister*
Ada, Ohio

I cannot agree with the views of Harold E. Wagoner [see *Church Architecture,* November, 1964, page 30], slighting the divided chancel and the Gothic floor plan. No modern innovation equals it for worshipfulness or symbolism. Long use by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans, and others has proved its value.

Here, the point of focus is the altar with the lectern and Bible on one side of the chancel symbolizing the teaching ministry, and pulpit on the other symbolizing the prophetic ministry. If our churches are to be sanctuaries, places of worship, and not auditoriums for hearing sermons or lectures, the Gothic plan is best.

The location of the baptismal font at the rear of the church is not based on Methodist theology. Mr. Wagoner follows the Anglican and Catholic tradition that baptism symbolizes one's spiritual entry into the family of God. This may be true for adults, but Methodists follow the Arminian doctrine that "all children, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement, are members of the family of God," as the 1956 *Discipline* put it. For children, at least, the baptismal font should not be placed at the church entrance to symbolize entrance into the family of God, for they already belong to it.

The Christian church should look like a church on the outside as well as inside. Some of the churches pictured in 5 *Distinctive New Churches* [page 34] look too much like barns, forts, or giant storage bins. Let pastors, building committees, and architects consider more carefully that their sometimes grotesque plans may be objectionable to succeeding generations who appreciate the lasting values of traditional forms.

Appalled by Building Costs

MRS. RAYMOND GOETZ
Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Reading the article 5 *Distinctive New Churches* in your November, 1964, issue, I was appalled at the sums spent for these buildings—especially after reading *A Litany* by David Head in the same issue [page 28].

Among Mr. Head's lines are these: "We miserable owners of increasingly luxurious cars, and ever-expanding television screens, do most humbly pray for the two thirds of the world's population which is undernourished." Such words very easily could be read: "We miserable owners of increasingly luxurious churches do most humbly pray for our Christian brethren in the mission field who, having built their churches with their own hands, lack a $500 roof."

What is the matter with simple, inexpensive, concrete-block rectangles? Certainly God never has asked for beautiful houses of worship. Israel's prophets denounced preoccupation with temples and religious trappings while people suffered economic and social injustice. Jesus wasn't terribly impressed by the church buildings either (as in Luke 21:5-6), but was more concerned about the people who went into them.

Some justify the extra expense by saying church buildings need to inspire and to create a worshipful atmosphere. Phooey! If we need artificial adornments to inspire our hearts to worship, our faith is on shaky ground. While there is so much misery in the world and so many places where the Gospel has not yet been preached, let us use our money where it will do the most good.

'Just Right' for Reading

MRS. TWYLA GILKEY
Columbus Junction, Iowa

I want to thank you for the excerpt from *Les Miserables* by Victor Hugo which you published as *The Bishop's*

"Offhand, I'd say he's a six-footer weighing around 300 pounds!"

Candlesticks in the December, 1964, issue [page 64]. This story long has been one of my favorites.

This year I needed a story to read to the residents of my nursing home for their Christmas party. The story you printed was just right in message and in length. Reading it from TOGETHER gave it new validity and meaning.

January Made History

C. W. KIRKPATRICK, *Pastor*
The Federated Church
Chicopee, Mass.

I heartily commend TOGETHER for making religious-journalism history by giving birth control its due recognition in the January issue [see pages 14 to 16].

I hope this will make it clear to the confused and uninformed that it makes no difference what is done, or not done, about other social and economic problems unless the threat of "fertility suffocation" is somehow brought under control.

It is important to note also that the "longevity explosion" teams up with the population explosion to produce a result of too many people.

As Dr. Roger Revelle, head of Harvard University's new center for population studies, has pointed out: "Every human instinct is geared toward reducing the death rate and increasing the birth rate." So where do we go from here?

No Language Barrier

MRS. MARGARET E. RADLEY
Waupaca, Wis.

The depth of an artist's inner feelings and faith is vividly protrayed in the work of Tadao Tanaka. [See *Japan's No. 1 Christian Artist*, December, 1964, page 35.] This pictorial proves that a religious publication can be versatile, instructive, and spiritually enriching.

Publication of more artwork from other lands helps to unite the world on a cultural level. We have much in common with persons in other lands who have read and studied the Bible. We can all *read* pictures. The paint brush knows no language barrier.

Cover Inspires Idea

DAVID A. PASSET, *Pastor*
Onalaska, Wis.

TOGETHER's December, 1964, cover and the accompanying article on *Silent Night Town* [page 1] inspired our choir director, Mrs. Donald Willson, to incorporate something different into our Christmas-eve candlelight service.

The article mentioned that the hymn *Silent Night* was first sung to guitar accompaniment. At our service, one of the teachers of the local high school provided the guitar accompaniment and the choir sang the first three verses of the hymn with the congregation joining in the final verse. The church was full, and many commented on the deep meaning of the service. We thank you for this inspiration.

Thanks for December Issue

MRS. MAURICE PHELPS
Chaffee, N.Y.

I would just like to say that there are many fine things in your December issue, including *Silent Night Town* [page 1], but I especially want to commend you for *Gifts From the Heart* by Mary Reese [page 23].

Methodist College Lauded

JAMES F. BABCOCK, *Pastor*
Bethany Methodist Church
Bethany, La.

Mrs. Arlyne L. Schuett's letter [*Lament for Methodist Schools*, December, 1964, page 70] concerning lack of religious training in Methodist colleges should be of concern to all Methodists. If she wants her daughter to attend a Methodist-related college where religious training, chapel attendance, and a religious atmosphere are part of college life, I suggest Centenary College of Louisiana, Shreveport, La.

All students at Centenary must take two semesters of religion, usually in Old and New Testaments. Weekly chapel attendance is compulsory, and 15 staff members are ordained ministers. Religious organizations are active on the campus, and many students are preparing for full-time Christian service.

'An Invisible Presentation'

MRS. GLADYS MALIN BULL
Sun River, Mont.

Apropos of the letter from Mrs. Arlyne Schuett, I would like to quote from a letter I found in a recent issue of the alumni publication from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. The letter, from a fellow Cornell graduate, said, "I remember that there was an invisible presentation of the Christian faith at Cornell, along with the visible. . . . Four years culmination of observing this faith at work in individuals impressed me deeply." That statement expresses my own feeling about this Methodist-related school.

'Earned Right to Criticize'

MRS. RONALD DU FRESNE
Vancouver, Wash.

In his letter in the December issue, Pastor J. P. Greene accuses William Stringfellow of seeking to build a public image at the expense of racial animosity. [See *He Sees 'Racism in Reverse,'* December, 1964, page 68.]

Mr. Stringfellow, author of *Idolatry in Our Churches* [September, 1964, page 14], has earned the right to criticize the

church in America for failing to relate its profession of faith to contemporary human needs. With other young laymen and ministers of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, he forsook all personal advantage to live among those who exist in intolerable subhuman conditions because of racial oppression. These men have given new life to the Gospel in Harlem and new vitality to the doctrine of Christian love.

If we label Mr. Stringfellow's words "trash," we should also strike from the Bible most of the utterances of the Old Testament prophets, large portions of Paul's letters, and some barbed comments made by Jesus himself. The facts stated by Mr. Stringfellow cannot be honestly denied or the church excused. Only those who are wilfully blind to truth and who refuse to be informed because it is more comfortable to be ignorant will condemn either the man or his prophetic words.

Well Said, Mrs. Trout!

MRS. JOHN LYONS
Hampshire, Ill.

In *God's Work—Or Busywork* [December, 1964, page 14], Mrs. Robert Trout stated so well what Christians today need to hear: the church loses sight of its real purpose when it enters on a money-making program. Instead of the body of Christ, it becomes a group struggling to make ends meet.

People can work for a church project and believe they are walking in Jesus' steps but are really no closer to him than they were before. This opportunity for misinterpretation is wrong, for no one turns to Christ unless he first sees his need and recognizes what Christ through the church can do for him.

Making a living is so important in our daily lives that we neglect spiritual growth. If our church activities are a continuation of this false placement of values, how can we rise above it and learn to put first things first? If every hour spent on a church money-making activity were spent instead on calling a neglected friend, helping a neighbor in need, or preparing to teach a church-school class, or just reading our Bible and praying, we could fill our churches and our offering plates.

'If Only We Dared!'

LYMAN G. FARRAR, *Min. of Educ.*
Westbury Methodist Church
Westbury, N.Y.

I wish to express my appreciation to Mrs. Robert Trout for her excellent article. It was so very refreshing to hear a laywoman speak out in such a forthright way. Her article should be read by every president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service as well as all Methodist ministers.

If only we dared to hear her! Then, maybe, the church could find time to be the church in the world through persons who in the "gathered community" have had time to study and worship so as to gain an understanding of what mission really is.

This letter is written by a young minister who knows what Mrs. Trout has experienced.

Hoosiers Found a Way

FRED TROUT, *Lay Leader*
Madison Street Methodist Church
Muncie, Ind.

Thanks to Mrs. Robert Trout (no relation) and Webb Garrison for the December Powwow, *God's Work—Or Busywork?*

Would you be interested in the experience of a church which has gone 25 years without one money-making project, without collection plates, and without pledge-reminding by the stewards?

Our church has made more than normal gains in membership and benevolence. Several members have entered full-time Christian work, and several lay members have become local pastors. The church has had two building programs and has acquired property for future needs.

An envelope passed in each class on Sunday morning eliminates collection plates. The gifts and tithes are consecrated after a three-minute talk by a layman, telling why we believe in stewardship of time, talents, and income. These talks take less time than it would to pass the plates, and they yield more.

We think we are being blessed. We believe most churches would be blessed. We believe our method closely follows God's teachings. It is as simple as faith.

Most Toy Buyers Satisfied

MERRILL L. HASSENFELD
Hassenfeld Bros., Inc.
Educational Toys and School Supplies
Pawtucket, R.I.

Under the heading *Are Your Child's Toys Creative?* [December, 1964, page 20] Jean Wellington and your editors have put together an article that, in my opinion, is a sharp condemnation of the American toy industry. And frankly, I think you are more guilty of misrepresentation than anyone in the toy industry.

On page 21, for example, you discuss the pricing situation. We make one item of the type which your writer refers to as "a medical kit of cheap plastic parts," priced at $5. It is true that a $5 medical kit does combine a large quantity of all kinds of small plastic parts, but they are cased in a durable and beautiful vinyl case which can be used for other purposes. If the case itself were sold in the open market, it would retail almost at the $5 level.

Recently an independent agency con-

ducted a survey of toy buyers for the Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Inc. The survey results showed an overwhelming majority of consumers satisfied with the price, quality, educational value, and safety of toys.

A Suggestion—And a Reminder

MRS. FRANCES E. WEAVER
Reading, Mass.

I truly enjoyed my December TOGETHER. Thank you for *Are Your Child's Toys Creative?* by Jean Wellington. Looking ahead to December, 1965, why not consider reprinting that wonderful story *The Candle in the Forest* by Temple Bailey? It reminds us that there can be Christmas joy without price tags.

We are grateful for Mrs. Weaver's suggestion and are happy to remind her (and other readers) that Temple Bailey's beautiful story was TOGETHER's Reader's Choice *selection for December, 1958 [page 16].*—EDITORS

Article Stirs Inquiries

LEE KITCHENS, *President*
Little People of America, Inc.
Richardson, Texas

I wish to express my appreciation for the article about my family in the December, 1964, issue of TOGETHER. [See *Unusual Methodists*, page 18.] The objective of Little People of America, as you note in the article, is to help other little people get together and solve their mutual problems. We find out about other little people mainly through personal contacts and through articles such as this. We already have received several inquiries as a direct result of TOGETHER's article.

An Economic Sin

GEORGE C. MEGILL, *Supt.*
Instituto Ana Gonzaga
Inhoaiba, Guanabara, Brazil

Although it is late, let me comment on views expressed by Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri in TOGETHER's Powwow, *U.S. Methodism: 4 Views From Overseas* [August, 1964, page 14]. While I greatly sympathize with his views on the U.S. race problem and the ecumenical movement, I find his attitude toward drinking and the General Conference's concerns about alcohol and tobacco lacking in the bishop's usual keen insight.

Bishop Barbieri says that Latin America faces a different problem than the United States, and this is true. The amount spent on alcoholic beverages in the U.S. is more than the gross national product of Argentina.

But is the human situation different in Latin America? Does a country of European-Latin origin, where wine is accepted as water and the majority of people do not get drunk, have less of an alcohol problem than the U.S.? Here

NOTICE OF HEARINGS
OF JOINT DISTRIBUTING COMMITTEES

CENTRAL WEST with Central Kansas, Kansas, Lexington, Nebraska and Rocky Mountain.
HEARING—First Methodist Church, Emporia, Kansas. April 21—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Travis Siever, Box 363, Emporia.

LEXINGTON with Tennessee-Kentucky.
HEARING—Gorham Methodist Church, 121 E. 56th St., Chicago, Illinois. April 22—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Paul Ayers, 121 E. 56th St., Chicago.

LEXINGTON with North Central Jurisdiction Conferences.
HEARING—Methodist Manor, 3023 S. 84th St., West Allis, Wisconsin. April 23—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Clifford Fritz, P. O. Box 2828, West Allis.

EAST TENNESSEE with Tennessee-Kentucky, North Carolina-Virginia and Washington.
HEARING—Metropolitan Meth. Church, Carrollton Ave. & Lanvale, Baltimore, Maryland. April 27—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. James D. Foy, 3801 S. Dakota Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C.

WASHINGTON with North Carolina-Virginia.
HEARING—Metropolitan Meth. Church, Baltimore, Maryland. April 27—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Atty. Wm. I. Gosnell, 3208 Carlisle Ave., Baltimore.

WASHINGTON with Northeastern Jurisdiction Conferences.
HEARING—600 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, Maryland. April 27—1 P.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Arthur L. Hunter, 600 Maryland Ave., Baltimore.

DELAWARE with North Carolina-Virginia.
HEARING—Tindley Temple, Philadelphia, Pa. April 20—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Wm. C. Strother, Jr., 6119 Ellsworth St., Philadelphia.

DELAWARE with Northeastern Jurisdiction Conferences.
HEARING—Tindley Temple, Philadelphia, Pa. April 20—1 P.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. Wm. C. Strother, Jr.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY with New York.
HEARING—10 Morse Drive, Maplewood, New Jersey. April 20—10 A.M.
CHAIRMAN—Rev. W. G. Sorenson, 10 Morse Drive, Maplewood.

Any concerned and qualified party desiring to be heard at any one of these listed hearings is requested to notify the chairman of that respective committee at least 15 days in advance of the hearing date.

in the Methodist orphanage where I am superintendent are many children whose homes were broken at least partly because of alcohol. I have lived in Brazil three years, and I am convinced that alcohol is a very real, worldwide problem. (The World Health Organization of the U.N. affirms this.)

I attended the Yale University Summer School on Alcohol Studies in 1958, and one report of the Yale studies was that it is cheaper to get drunk in Brazil than any other place in the world. But I know, too, that a man with six children earning $30 a month is taking bread out of his children's mouths when he drinks or smokes.

And I am not at all certain that an economic sin as well as a threat to health is not involved when U.S. church members choose to drink and smoke when the world has so many people needing help.

From Toronto Pastorate

GORDON B. FEAR, *Pastor*
Emory Methodist Church
Hancock, N.Y.

Regarding the Rev. Ernest Howse, new moderator of the United Church of Canada [see *Named United Church Head*, December, 1964, page 12]: Did he not come to his post from the pastorate of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, rather than from Newfoundland, where the election took place?

Mr. Howse is a native of Newfoundland, but Reader Fear states correctly that his most recent pastorate was the Bloor Street Church.—EDS.

Public Forests Endangered

DENNIS D. NICHOLSON
Boston, Mass.

I feel compelled to reply to the letter of Fred Landenberger [*Redwood Park Not Needed*, December, 1964, page 68]. I lived four years in Fortuna, Calif., in the redwood region.

Mr. Landenberger noted that 262,000 acres of redwoods are in public parks. It should also be noted that few of these acres are preserved as whole watersheds. This means that as logging of private lands upstream progresses, the parks themselves are left vulnerable to destruction from flooding.

The state-owned parks have been partially ruined by the building of freeways. Routes threaten to destroy many trees or come so close as to disturb their water source or to make them noisy roadside litter catchers. It seems the only way to assure their preservation is to make a national park which can preserve whole watershed areas and protect them from highway encroachment.

Mr. Landenberger says that "rapidly growing young redwood stands will perpetuate the species forever." The problem is not to perpetuate the species as much as to preserve the majestic mature groves. We will have to wait 3,000 years for these "rapidly growing" trees to reach the state of present mature stands. And many cut acres have been replanted, not with redwoods but with other faster-growing evergreens.

Litany: A Disgrace

F. J. SCHWEINFURTH
Cincinnati, Ohio

There is much good in the November 1964, issue of TOGETHER. But what you copied from someone else and printed on pages 28 and 29 [*A Litany*] is a disgrace for our church magazine.

The majority of Methodists do not know what a litany is, and this one is a very poor illustration. Whatever you print in your magazine carries your approval unless you plainly say otherwise. This article will confuse more people than it will benefit. If such literature must be printed, let it appear someplace else, not in TOGETHER.

December Issue Commended

JOHN T. BUTTIMER, *Pastor*
East Bangor, Pa.

You are to be commended on the direction taken in your December issue. The articles concerning children's toys and theological implications in *Peanuts* [see *Charlie Brown—The Theologian!* page 43] are valuable comments on the current scene.

Especially meaningful (and needed) is Thomas C. Oden's clarification of current theological trends. [See *Theology*, page 47.] More articles in this vein by competent scholars would be welcomed. This type of article is needed by both pastors and laymen.

He's Still Delighted

DEAN LANNING, *Pastor*
Mountain View Methodist Church
Wayne, N.J.

Bob Short and Tom Oden used to delight us who were fellow students at Perkins School of Theology with their wit and learning. Now, I am delighted that our whole denomination can know them through the pages of TOGETHER's December issue.

Concerned for Teens

KEITH F. ARNOLD, *Student Pastor*
Meade-New Haven Circuit
New Haven, Mich.

This letter comes in response to *A Club for Teens* [page 51] in your December, 1964, issue. I am glad to know that from 400 to 700 teen-agers have been attracted to the Crossroads Club in Los Angeles. But what have they been attracted to? How have they been attracted? How will they be led into a personal encounter with Christ by

nethods that encourage the dance patterns of the day?

Are we forgetting the tools of God: aith, prayer, Bible-reading, singing, nd the doing of the Lord's work?

Criticism 'Narrow Minded'

SUE GRISWOLD
St. Paul, Minn.

I am a member of Janet Soule's age roup, and I think her letter in the anuary issue, criticizing Dr. Barbour's olumn, is really narrow-minded. [See *Euphoric Platitudes' Deplored,* page 0.] It seems to upset her that Dr. Barbour "thwarts individuality" by alking to teen-agers in plain English, iving them answers they can do someing with.

Is this so wrong? Is he really showng them the easy way out?

I am not a Methodist but we receive ne magazine, and I always read Dr. arbour's column. He always has letrs from kids who put a lot of trust n his advice. That should say someing for the man, don't you think?

CAMERA CLIQUE

replanning Pays Off: When our photographer arned months ago of plans to make a rmal portrait of the Council of Bishops ee inside front cover], he spent weeks in anning how best to handle the assignment. e made plans, revised them, listed the uipment needed, wrote letters, checked and uble-checked every detail, and made two spections of the room where the picture was be made. He finally decided that with the lp of several assistants, he could do the b within the 45 minutes the bishops had lowed him. All his preplanning paid off—e task was completed in 30 minutes.

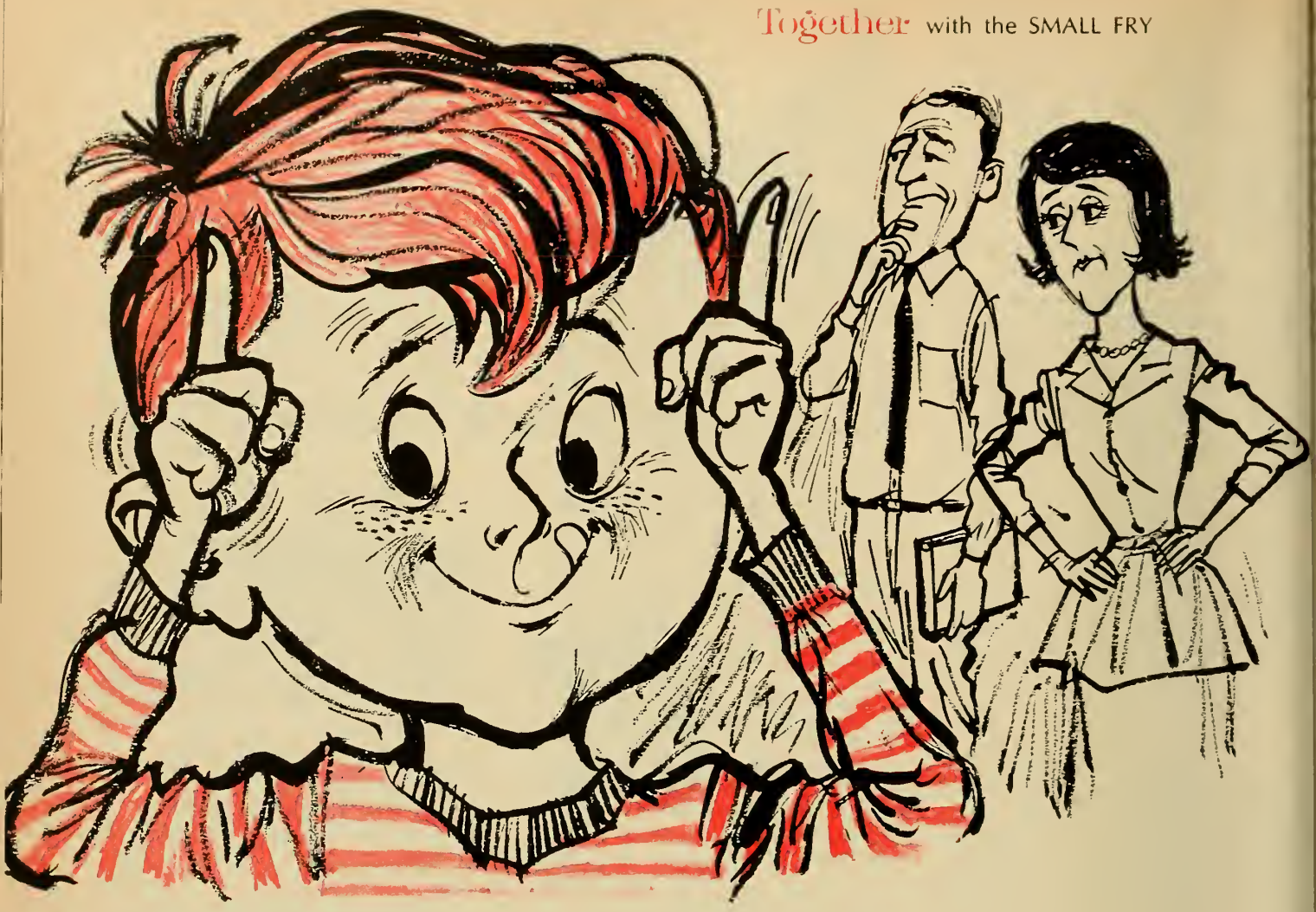
How many times has your subject waited hile you loaded film, searched for a tripod, had an electronic flash fail to fire? Moods both photographer and subject can change id affect the quality of your work in those nexpected delays.

As a photographer, your responsibility is to aster the technical aspects of a picture with e least inconvenience to the subject. Thus ou can concentrate on the picture, whether is of a group of bishops or your child's rthday party.

So, before that first exposure is made, set o your lights, check all your equipment to sure it's in good working order, prefocus ur camera if possible, instruct your assistants nead of time in what you want them to o, and smile! You'll find it pays off—even e smile.

PICTURE CREDITS

Cover—John Taylor • Page 5—Warren arberg • 14—RNS • 21 Top R.—Ed Maker, ot.—Dave Buresh • 29—L. W. Bennett • 1-74—WCC • 35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-46-47-3—John Taylor • 58—U.S. Coast Guard, om *Lowell Thomas' Book of the High 'ountains,* courtesy Julian Messner, Inc. •)—from *Here's Looking at You,* courtesy . P. Dutton & Co. • 1 & 2-16-17-18-19-20-21 op L. 45-55 Top-63-64-65—George P. Miller.



When Benny Was a Billy Goat

By PRISCILLA E. WURTZEL

ABOUT A week ago, Benny Blue decided to stop being a boy. Instead, he deeided to be a billy goat!

Billy goats don't have to mind their manners, or piek up their toys, or eat their vegetables as boys must.

As a billy goat, Benny didn't need to say, "Hello," or "Please," or "Thank you." He needed only to say, "Baa."

Billy Goat Blue didn't pick up his books, or his elothes, or his toys. He didn't eat his vegetables. In faet, the only things he would eat were eake and ice cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Blue didn't like having a billy goat instead of a boy. But Billy Goat Blue didn't eare.

"Where is my little Benny?" asked Grandma Blue when she eame for a visit with him one afternoon.

"He's not here any more," replied Mrs. Blue. "We have a billy goat, instead."

"Baa," agreed Billy Goat Blue.

"That's too bad," said Grandma Blue. "I eame to ask Benny to go to the zoo with me. But since he's not here any more, I guess I shall have to go by myself." So, off she went.

Later there was a knock on the front door. It was the Blues' little neighbor, Joanne.

"Hello, Mrs. Blue," said Joanne. "Is Benny here?"

"I'm sorry," replied Mrs. Blue, "but Benny's not here. There is only a billy goat in Benny's room."

"Baa," agreed Billy Goat Blue.

"Oh, dear," said Joanne. "I was going to ask Benny to my birthday party. If he comes back, will you tell him?"

"I'll be glad to, Joanne," said Mrs. Blue, "if he comes back."

That evening, Mr. Blue came home from work with a package.

"Where is our Benny?" he asked.

"He's still gone," said Mrs. Blue. "The billy goat is with us, instead."

"Baa," agreed Billy Goat Blue.

"What a shame," said Mr. Blue. "I have a book about Indians with a real arrowhead in it. I thought Benny Blue would like it. But since he's not here, I guess I'll have to give it to some other little boy."

"I guess you will," said Mrs. Blue.

"Please," said a voiee. "I would like the book very much. The billy goat has gone away. I've come home."

"Why, Benny Blue," exelaimed Mrs.

lue. "How nice to have you baek!"
"Splendid!" said Mr. Blue. "I was
out to have that billy goat live in
e baekyard and eat tin cans."
"It's not so bad being a boy," ad-
itted Benny Blue. "Boys have to
ind their manners, and pick up their
ys, and eat their vegetables. But
ys also get to go to the zoo, and
birthday parties, and they ean have
oks. Billy goats ean't."
Then Benny Blue gave his father
d mother a great, big, little-boy hug
d kiss. □

God Cares

Please bless and guide all those, dear God,
Whose eyes cannot see gay flowers nod,
Who cannot see a cloud-filled sky,
Nor watch the planes that fly so high.
Help them to know how much you care
For all your children everywhere.

—JANE PORTER MEIER

Egg Carton Gifts

Be a good egg and make this excellent gift for Mother or Dad—or for anyone who sews or uses tools. Have Mother save the carton in which she gets eggs. This must be the very stiff cardboard kind.

A SEWING KIT FOR MOTHER

Cut out a piece of colored paper,
ncy wallpaper, or figured material
st the size of the flat portion of the
x top. If your mother has pinking
ears, use them to cut a nice border
ect. Glue it neatly to the box top to
ver up the printing (if the material
thin, first paste a piece of white
per over the printing so it won't show through). Let it dry thoroughly.

About halfway from the end of the box, make a one-inch-long slit where the cover hinges onto the box. Insert a half-inch-wide piece of colored ribbon and tie around the cover with the bow on top.

The ribbon will hold a small pair of scissors inside the cover. (To make it tighter, you might first tie a short piece of elastic under the ribbon). The egg cups inside will hold a thimble, needles, buttons, pins, snaps, and spools of thread.

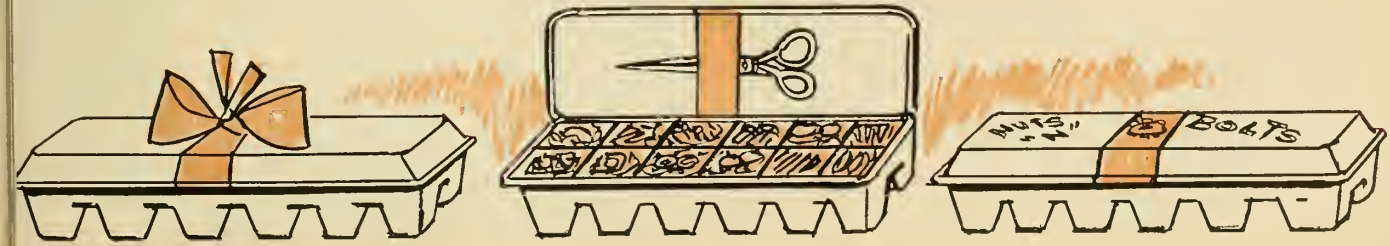
—NANCY D. DUNLEA

A SMALL-TOOL KIT FOR DAD

Use colorful wrapping paper, or paint some pictures on a piece of brown paper, and paste to the top of the box. Use a piece of colorful friction tape instead of ribbon. Starting at the hinge, stick it across the top of the cover and across the inside.

Make a design on the tape on the outside with thumbtacks, or draw pictures. The tape will hold small screwdrivers inside the cover, while the cups will hold small screws, nails, nuts, bolts, and soldering wire.

—RUTH BARON



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)

IN THIS ISSUE

FEATURES, DEPARTMENTS

After-Hour Jottings

Our man overseas . . . sometimes . . . is ***John Taylor***, artist and photographer who resides in Geneva, Switzerland. While he isn't a TOGETHER staffer, you'd think otherwise if you read the credit lines in *Camera Clique* [page 71]. In addition to **this month's cover**, Mr. Taylor's color pictures illustrate *The Brothers of Taizé* [pages 35-38]. *The Sisters of Darmstadt* [39-42], and the feature on an Alpine retreat at Berchtesgaden [page 46-48].

Mr. Taylor in Africa.

Skipping about Europe and orbiting other parts of the world, Mr. Taylor finds Switzerland not only beautiful but a convenient launching pad for his work as a photographer for the World Council of Churches. Meanwhile, he retains his membership at Christ Church, Methodist, in New York City, and you may recall his color pictures on Mas Soubeyran, rallying point of French Protestants, published back in July, 1962.

It so happened that ***Associate Editor Newman Cryer*** had written both text and captions for *The Sisters of Darmstadt* before meeting any of them. Shortly after, however, he became personally acquainted with the founder. ***Mother Basilea*** (Klara Schlink), and two of the sisters, when they stopped off in Chicago on a speaking tour of the United States and Canada. He found in them the active faith that enabled the sisterhood to carry on during the dangerous and difficult days of Hitler, and to continue without money or prospects after World War II.

"But our mission is the important thing," Mother Basilea told him. She did not want to emphasize what the sisters have built with brick and mortar: she was in America to sound an alarm against what she believes is a moral landslide engulfing the world: "Mankind is not only gripped in an intoxication of sexual desire and of brutality but also by a primitive mania for narcotics."

Moral standards and beliefs in God, she feels, are being replaced by nihilism—that is, the rejection of past beliefs in religion, morals, government and law; by a shameless excess of sexuality in films and books; by violence on television; by alcohol, hashish, opium, and marihuana. One of her particular concerns is the trend toward pornography in movie-making, here and abroad. All of which verifies that the Sisters of Darmstadt are no cloistered, ivory-tower group.

Last month we led off with some anecdotes about ***Dr. Romey P. Marshall*** in connection with his article on the new look in Roman Catholic worship. This month, we will merely call your attention to his *The Old Trunk* [page 49] as an example of one author-minister's versatility. We might add that he held *The Old Trunk* in the office icebox for about four years, mainly because this nostalgic little piece is timeless. It would be just as touching 40 years from now as it is today, and it could bide its time to help balance other material in some future issue.

Such things happen to authors of timeless things, and while we sympathize with every writer's impatience to see his work in print, the vicissitudes of magazine-editing sometimes make long delays in publication inevitable. Some authors are patient under these circumstances, but few are as patient as ***Mrs. Martha Orr Conn***, who sold us *Half Perfect* [page 22] about five years ago. Here, too, is one of those timeless things of the heart, well-done, good any time. Let other TOGETHER contributors find encouragement in Mrs. Conn's example. Her article made the magazine—but not once after she submitted the final version in 1960 did Mrs. Conn query: "When? Oh, when, will my article appear?" —YOUR EDITORS

TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone: (Area Code 312) 299-4411.

Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, S., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Phone: (Area Code 615) CHapel 2-1621. (For subscription rates, see page 6.)

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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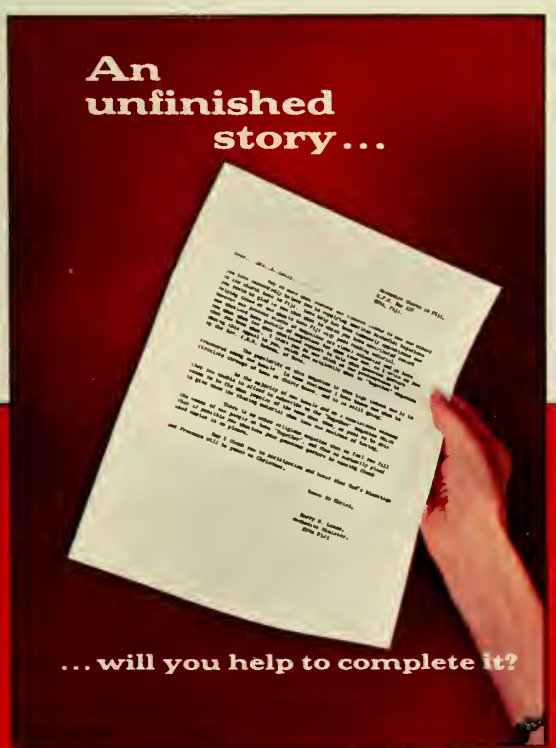
MTOKE-NYADIRI
DISTRICT
P. O. BOX 57, MTOKO
Southern Rhodesia

The Editor
Together Magazine
Nashville

Dear Sir,

In your October edition of Together I found on the back page an announcement about: "An unfinished story-----will you help to complete it?" We would like you to know about "a finished story".... One of our churches in the Pampa District, Texas, is sending us straight from Nashville 100 copies a month of Together. Our people here in Rhodesia are most grateful for that wonderful gift and for your good magazine. We would like to use this opportunity with your permission to thank our friends in the Pampa District for their excellent contribution to the people here in Rhodesia.

Sincerely yours,
Lennart Blomquist
Lennart Blomquist
District Superintendent



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